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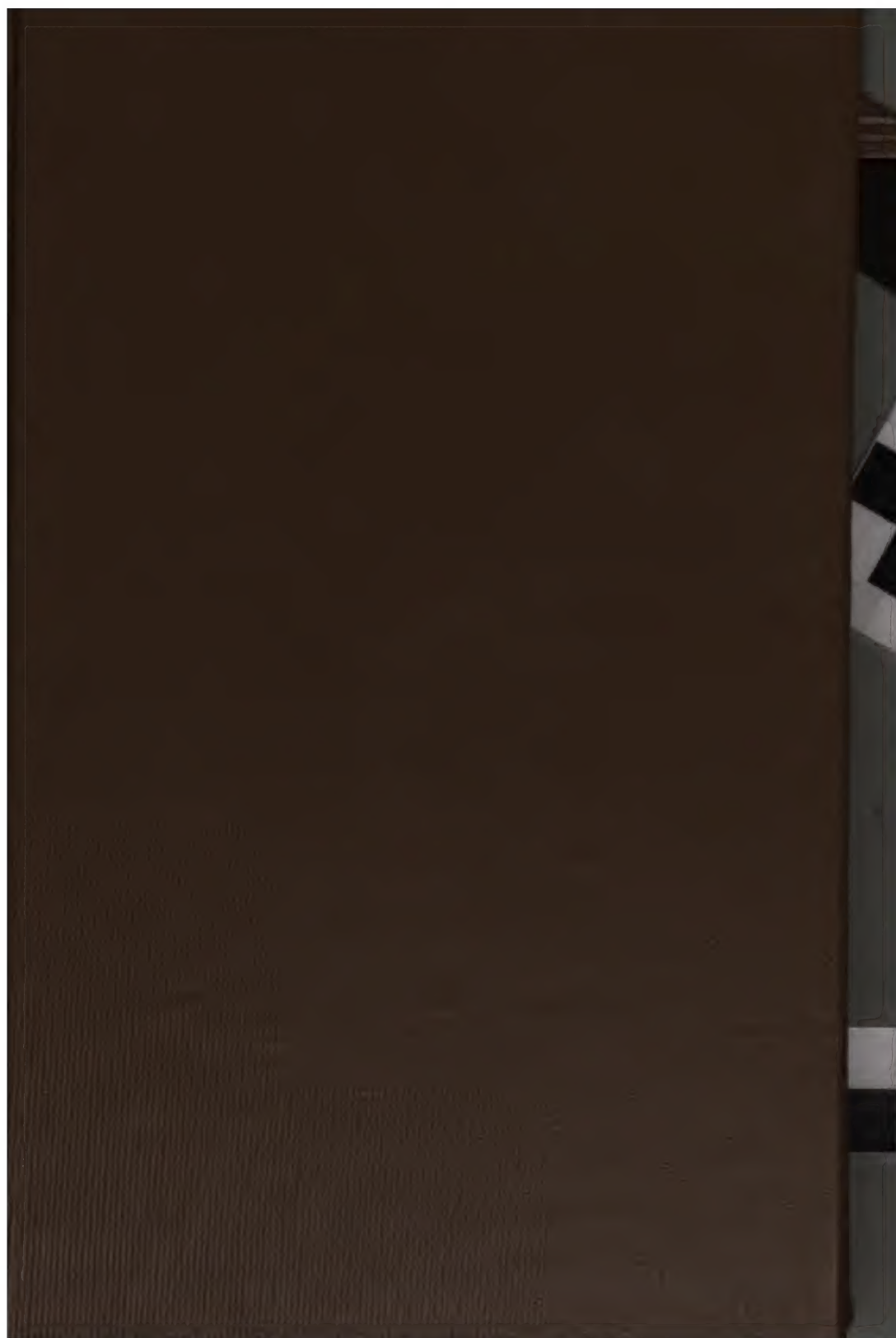
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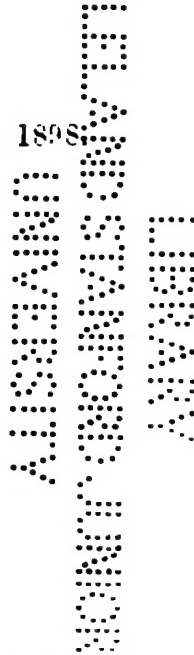
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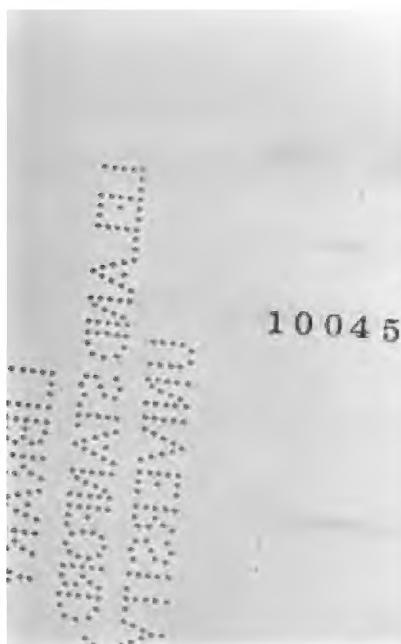
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CONTENTS

OF

No. 375.

Art.	Page
I.—1. Johann Reuchlin, sein Leben und seine Werke. Von Dr. Ludwig Geiger. Leipzig, 1871.	
2. Johann Reuchlin's Briefwechsel ges. und herausg. Von L. Geiger. Tübingen, 1875.	
3. Zur Biographie und Correspondenz Johannes Reuchlin. Von Adalbert Horawitz. Wien, 1877	1
And many other Works.	
II.—1. Bacon and Shakespeare. By William Henry Smith. 1857.	
2. The Authorship of Shakespeare. By Nathaniel Holmes. 1875.	
3. The Great Cryptogram. By Ignatius Donnelly. 1888.	
4. The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies of Francis Bacon. By Mrs. Henry Pott. 1883.	31
And other Works.	
III.—Curtis's 'Botanical Magazine.' Series 1-3. Vols. 1-123. London, 1787-1897 - - -	43
IV.—1. The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. 5 vols. Boston, 1882- 1898.	
2. Old English Ballads. Selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere. Boston, 1894 - - -	66
V.—1. The Mycenæan Age. By Chr. Tsountas and J. I. Manatt. With Introduction by W. Dörpfeld. London, 1897.	
2. Μυκῆναι καὶ Μυκηναῖος Πολιτισμός. καὶ Χρηστοῦ Τσουντᾶ. Athens, 1893.	
3. La Question Mycénienne. Par M. W. Helbig. Extr. des Mém. de l'Académie des Inscriptions; XXXV. 2. Paris, 1896 - - -	90
And other Works.	

b

66 89 125ST2 005 2 53 XL 2.64

ART.	Page
VI.—Old and New Astronomy. By R. A. Proctor. London, 1895 - - - - -	113
VII.—Reports as to Statistics by the University Courts of the Scottish Universities to the Secretary for Scotland. 1890-1898 - - - - -	139
VIII.—France. By J. E. C. Bodley. 2 vols. London, 1898	160
IX.—1. The Crawford Collection of Early Charters and Documents. Edited by A. S. Napier and W. H. Stevenson. Oxford, 1895.	
2. Ancient Charters, Royal and Private. Edited for the Pipe Roll Society by John Horace Round. London, 1888.	
3. Cartularium Saxonicum. By W. de Gray Birch. London, 1886, &c.	
4. Manuel de Diplomatie. Par A. Giry. Paris, 1894.	
5. Handbuch der Urkundenlehre. Von H. Bresslau. ..Leipsic, 1889, &c. - - - - -	183
X.—1. Cuba in War Time. By R. Harding Davis. New ..York, 1897.	
2. The New York 'Sun,' April-June. New York, 1898.	
3. New York 'World' Almanack. War Edition. ..New York, 1898.	
4. Our Navy—its Growth and Achievements. By ..Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N. London, 1898.	
..... 5. The Interest of America in Sea Power. By Capt. ..Mahan. London, 1898 - - - - -	216
XI.—1. L'Espagne en 1897. Par Gaston Rontier. Paris, ..1897.....	
..... 2. Don Emilio Castelar (Public Men of To-day Series). ..By David Hannay. London, 1896.	
..... 3. History of Spain to the Death of Ferdinand the ..Catholic. By Ulick Ralph Burke. London, 1895.	
..... 4. Note-book in Northern Spain. By A. M. Huntington. ..New York, 1897.	
5. Lord Salisbury at the Albert Hall, May 4th, 1898.	
6. Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, May 13th, 1898.	
7. The New York 'Times,' February to June, 1898.	
8. 'La Epoca.' Madrid, April to June, 1898.	
9. El Cuarto Poder. Por Armando Palacio Valdes. ..Madrid, 1888 - - - - -	242
XII.—1. Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., D.D. London, 1898.	
2. Advent Sermons on Church Reform. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Stepney. London, 1898 - - - - -	266

CONTENTS

OF

No. 376.

ART.	Page
I.—1. British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books. London, 1881–1898.	
2. Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum. With Minutes of Evidence. London, 1850.	
3. Centralkataloge und Titeldrucke : geschichtliche Erörterungen und praktische Vorschläge in Hinblick auf die Herstellung eines Gesamtkatalogs der Preussischen wissenschaftlichen Bibliotheken. Von Fritz Milkau. Leipzig, 1898	- 289
II.—1. A Romance of Two Worlds. And other Works. By Marie Corelli. London, 1886–1897.	
2. The Christian. By Hall Caine. London, 1897	- 306
III.—1. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. : a Record and Review. By Malcolm Bell. Third Edition. London, 1896.	
2. Sir Edward Burne-Jones : his Life and Work. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Re-issue. London, 1898.	
3. English Contemporary Art. By Robert de la Sizeranne. London, 1898	- 338
IV.—1. Das griechische Theater. Von Wilhelm Dörpfeld und Emil Reisch. Athens, 1896.	
2. The Attic Theatre. By A. E. Haigh. Oxford, 1889.	
3. Lehrbuch der griechischen Bühnenalterthümer. Von A. Müller. Freiburg, 1886	- 360
V.—1. Lettres Inédites de J. J. Rousseau. Publiées par Henri de Rothschild. Paris, 1892.	
2. J. J. Rousseau : sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par St. Marc Girardin. Paris, 1875	- 381

ART.	Page
VI.—1. <i>The Book of the Grayling.</i> By T. E. Pritt. Leeds, 1888.	
2. <i>Grayling and How to Catch Them.</i> By F. M. Walbran. Leeds, 1895.	
3. <i>The Encyclopedia of Sport.</i> Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peck, and F. G. Adale. Vol. I. London, 1897. - - -	419
VII.—1. <i>The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783.</i> By Professor M. C. Tyler, of Cornell University.	
2. <i>The Story of Canada.</i> (Story of the Nations Series.) By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. London, 1896. - - -	430
And other Works.	
VIII.— <i>Joseph Arch: the Story of his Life.</i> Told by Himself. Edited with a Preface by the Countess of Warwick. London, 1898. - - -	457
IX.—1. <i>The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio.</i> Translated by John Payne. Illustrated by Louis Chalon. London, 1893.	
2. <i>The Nights of Straparola.</i> Translated by W. G. Waters, M.A. Illustrated by E. R. Hughes. London, 1894. - - -	473
And other Works.	
X.—1. <i>Wireless Telegraphy Popularly Explained.</i> By Richard Kerr, F.G.S. London, 1898.	
2. <i>Submarine Telegraphy.</i> By Charles Bright. London, 1898. - - -	494
XI.—1. <i>Notes from a Diary.</i> By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. (1851-72). Two vols. London, 1897.	
2. <i>Notes from a Diary.</i> By the Same (1873-81). Two vols. London, 1898.	
3. <i>Miscellanies.</i> Collected and edited by Earl Stanhope. (First and Second Series.) London, 1872. - -	504
XII.—1. <i>Die politische Reden des Fürsten Bismarck.</i> Herausgegeben von Horst Kohl. Twelve vols. Stuttgart, 1898.	
2. <i>Persönliche Erinnerungen an den Fürsten Bismarck.</i> Von Ch. von Tiedemann. Leipzig, 1898. - -	523
And other Works.	
XIII.—1. <i>Correspondence with the French Government respecting the Valley of the Upper Nile.</i> Parliamentary Papers (Egypt, No. 2, 1898). London, 1898.	
2. <i>With Kitchener to Khartum.</i> By G. W. Stevens. Edinburgh and London, 1898. - - -	546

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Johann Reuchlin, sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von Dr. Ludwig Geiger. Leipzig, 1871.

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3. *Zur Biographie und Correspondenz Johannes Reuchlin.* Von Adalbert Horawitz. Wien, 1877.

And many other Works.

IN previous numbers * of this Review, we have endeavoured to exhibit certain distinctive characteristics of the time of transition from the mediæval to the modern age, as manifested in three typical or representative men: Erasmus, the philosophic man of letters; More, the Saint; and Luther, the Revolutionist. In the present article we propose to attempt a study of another, whose life also illustrates very vividly some important tendencies of that period of spiritual and intellectual change. John Reuchlin has not, like Erasmus, left behind him writings which are still the delight of cultivated men throughout the world. There is not around his head that aureole of sanctity which plays about the life and transfigures the death of More. His existence is devoid of that dramatic interest—the hurly-burly of the storm, the shock of the earthquake—which renders the career of Luther one of the most astonishing in human history. But through him spoke the still, small voice of scientific scholarship which was destined to transform the intellectual life of the world. He is the type of the Renaissance *savant*. Like others who played a prominent part in those polemical times, his character and work have been singularly obscured by the fierce religious controversies which surged around him.

* 'Erasmus,' 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1895, p. 1; 'Sir Thomas More,' October, 1896, p. 329; 'Martin Luther,' July, 1897, p. 1.

The theological dust has now long fallen ; and in what we are about to write we shall be careful not to disturb it. In this article we shall first present a brief sketch of Reuchlin's career. And then we shall endeavour to estimate its real significance in the dry light of secular history.

The chief authority for Reuchlin's life is Geiger's admirable work : far and away the best and completest biography of him : superseding, we may indeed say, all his former biographies, and not likely to be superseded by any subsequent one. It is a monument of careful and conscientious research, and in what we are about to write we shall fully avail ourselves of it : a general acknowledgment of indebtedness which may excuse us and our readers from the pedantic trouble of constant references. To Geiger's laborious diligence we owe, too, a collection of Reuchlin's correspondence—incomplete, indeed, but still extremely valuable ; and the forty-five letters which Herr Horawitz has printed—forty-two of them are published for the first time—form a welcome supplement to it. The importance of letters as documents of history for the period with which we are now concerned is not easily overrated. We need hardly observe how much to illustrate Reuchlin's life is to be found in the vast correspondence of his famous contemporaries, and especially of Erasmus and Luther, of Hutten and Melanchthon. In English, we grieve to say, there is little of much value regarding Reuchlin. More than half a century ago Mr. Barham published a 'Life' of him, which is, chiefly, a loose, and not always a very intelligible translation of Meyerhoff's superficial, inaccurate, and sectarian work. The Bishop of London, in his 'History of the Papacy,' gives the outlines of his career with clearness and candour, and some excellent pages about him will be found in Dr. Beard's 'Life of Luther.' In Mr. Froude's 'Life and Letters of Erasmus,' there occurs the following passage concerning him :—

'Reuchlin was born at Baden, in 1455. He came early under the notice of the Emperor Maximilian, who assisted and encouraged him. The jealousy of Hebrew among the clergy extended to the Hebrew race. A Jew-baiting cry was easily raised, and the orthodox German Church began to demand, through the mouth of a convert (Pfeffercorn), that all Hebrew books, except the Bible, should be burned. Reuchlin induced Maximilian to suspend so absurd a proposal. The Dominicans, who hated Reuchlin already, turned upon him, denounced a passage in one of his writings as heretical to the Inquisition, and the Inquisition, as it could not burn the Talmud, was willing to take Reuchlin in exchange. Young Germany, led by Ulrich von Hutten, swore that if Reuchlin was burnt, the Church should smoke
for

for it. The Emperor could not afford to quarrel with the Inquisition. Reuchlin was suspended from his office and imprisoned, while the question what was to be done with him was referred to the Pope.'

Ordinarily, it is the task of a critic to note any error into which his author may have fallen. But in the case of Mr. Froude the problem ever is to discover whether he has deviated into truth. This passage contains one, and only one, correct statement: that as to the date of Reuchlin's birth. He *was* born in 1455. But he was *not* born at Baden. He did *not* come early under the notice of the Emperor Maximilian. That potentate did *not* assist and encourage him. The jealousy of the Hebrew race among the clergy—whatever that may mean—was *not* an extension of their jealousy of Hebrew. A Jew-baiting cry was *not* raised upon the occasion in question. The orthodox German Church did *not* demand, through the mouth of Pfefferkorn, that all Hebrew books, except the Bible, should be burnt. Reuchlin did *not* induce Maximilian to suspend that proposal. The Dominicans did *not* already hate Reuchlin, who had been their faithful and trusted proctor for long years. They did *not* denounce a passage in one of his writings to the Inquisition. The Inquisition, which could have burnt the Talmud if it had chosen, did *not* express a willingness to take Reuchlin in exchange. Young Germany—whatever that may have been—did *not* swear the oath alleged under the leadership of Ulrich von Hutten, or of anyone else. The Emperor Maximilian did *not* decline a quarrel with the Inquisition: there was never any thought of such a quarrel. Reuchlin was *not* suspended from any of his offices. Reuchlin was *not* imprisoned. The question what to do with Reuchlin was *not* referred to the Pope.

It was on the 22nd of February, 1455, that John Reuchlin was born at Pforzheim. All his life long he retained a deep love for the place, and was in the habit of describing himself as a native of it (*Phorcensis*). Of his parents little is known except that they were reputable people (*ehrsame Leute*), and that his father was bailiff or steward of the Dominican convent there. The town possessed an unusually good grammar school, at which he received the first rudiments of his education. In May 1470 he was entered at the University of Freiburg, founded fourteen years before by the Archduke Albert. A great career lay before the new seat of learning. But in Reuchlin's undergraduate days it was as yet unvisited by—

* The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.'

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The mediæval tradition still dominated it. And Reuchlin's chief gain from the time—between two and three years—which he spent there was the advancement of his Latin scholarship. He appears to have been endowed with a musical ear and with a voice apt for singing. And, upon his return to his native town, these gifts won for him a place among the Court choristers of the reigning Margrave of Baden-Durlach, Charles II. Soon he attracted attention by his intellectual alertness and his proficiency in Latin, and was chosen as travelling companion to the Margrave's third son Frederick, a youth of pleasing character, who was destined to the ecclesiastical state, and who afterwards became Bishop of Utrecht. He travelled to Paris with his princely charge, who was a few years older than himself. They remained for rather more than a year in that city, which was asserted to contain three hundred thousand inhabitants, and reputed the intellectual centre of Europe. Here he was fortunate enough to find as his teacher the celebrated Johannes a Lapide, a German by birth—Johann Heynlin von Stein was his real name—who, after fruitful studies in Leipzig and Freiburg, had become Rector of the University in the French capital. A learned, eloquent, and capable man was this Johannes a Lapide; one of the last considerable masters of the mediæval school, but zealous for the new learning, and a moral force of much power. Here began Reuchlin's study of the Greek tongue, in which he was afterwards to attain so great proficiency. Here began, too, his friendship with Rudolph Agricola; a friendship unbroken and undimmed till the death of that remarkable man. From Paris Reuchlin followed Johannes a Lapide to Basle. This was in 1474. There he obtained instruction in Greek from Andronikus Contoblakas, and soon made sufficient progress to write a letter in that language. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Basle in 1475, and the degree of Master in 1477.

It was at this time that Reuchlin began his career of authorship by publishing a sort of Latin Dictionary, '*Vocabularius Breviloquus*,' a work of which the superiority to its predecessors consists, as Geiger observes, in this, that instead of being a mere Concordance to the Vulgate and the Septuagint, it professes to embrace the whole wealth of the Latin language stored up in classic and jurisprudential writers. Of course Reuchlin by no means completely transcended the traditional standpoint, as is shown in the fearful and wonderful things he gives by way of etymology. Thus, he derives '*uterus ab utendo*,' or '*ab utilitate*'; '*biblia*' from '*biblos*,' or '*bibo*'; '*castra*' from '*casa alta*'; '*barbarismus*,' he tells us, '= *barba*,

ars,

ars, mos'; and 'centauri,' he opines, ' = gentauri,' i.e. 'geniti ex aura.' Still the work was a most remarkable one for a boy of twenty, and a promise, amply to be fulfilled, of his future erudition.

In 1477, towards the end of the year apparently, Reuchlin left Basle and went to Paris, where he vigorously prosecuted his Hellenic studies under George Hermonymus of Sparta. It was from this teacher that he learnt to write fluently the Greek character; a valuable accomplishment in those days, by means of which he was enabled to add considerably to his scanty income. And now it was necessary for him to choose his career in life. He determined to give himself to jurisprudence, and proceeded to Orleans, where there was a famous school of the Civil Law, and where in 1479 he took his degree of Bachelor in that Faculty. Thence he proceeded to pursue his studies at Poitiers. There on the 14th of July, 1481, he received his diploma as Licentiate, after which he delivered a few public lectures.

Reuchlin now returned to Germany, and found himself once more in his native place, which he had left eight years before. After a stay of a few months there, he betook himself to the neighbouring town of Tübingen, where, four years before, a university had been founded by Eberhard the Bearded, Count of Württemberg, a wise, pious, and valiant prince. Men of distinction had been attracted thither by the munificence of Eberhard, who, although no scholar himself, loved to be surrounded by learned men. Among those who had accepted professorships at Tübingen were Conrad Summenhart, of note as a theologian and a preacher, and one of the first Germans to attempt the study of Hebrew; Gabriel Biel, the most highly esteemed exponent then living of the scholastic philosophy; and John Vergenbans (Naukler) distinguished as a jurist, a historian, and an administrator. Perhaps Reuchlin thought of teaching there in his own Faculty of the Civil Law. But it was otherwise ordered. His fluency in speaking and writing Latin, and his familiarity with the mode of pronouncing it current in France and Italy, led Count Eberhard to employ him as private secretary or interpreter. In that capacity he accompanied the Count to Italy in the early part of the year 1482. In March they reached Rome, and there Eberhard received from the reigning Pontiff, Sixtus IV., the honour of The Golden Rose. It was under this Pope—a poor Franciscan friar suddenly called to the Apostolic Throne—that the Renaissance culminated in Rome. His chief pleasure was in a brilliant literary Court, and he attracted to the Papal city, from all quarters,

quarters, the chiefs of the new learning. Conspicuous among them was Johannes Argyropulos, the most highly gifted among the Greek immigrants, whom he had won from the service of the Medici by great promises and pensions. Reuchlin, who is said to have surprised and delighted Sixtus by a polished Latin oration, was among the audience that attended the lectures of Argyropulos, and surprised but did not delight that scholar by a fluent off-hand translation of a difficult passage of Thucydides into Latin. 'Ah,' the chagrined Hellenist is reported to have exclaimed, 'through our banishment, Greece has flown over the Alps.'

On returning to Germany Reuchlin abode in Stuttgart, where Eberhard ordinarily resided. In 1482 he became assessor to the Supreme Court there. About the same time he took his degree of Doctor of the Civil Law, and married. The next year he was chosen by the Dominican Order as their proctor, not only for Swabia but for the whole of Germany, 'which office,' writes a contemporary historian, 'he discharged for twenty-nine years with great integrity, and without any hope of gain.' Thenceforth till the death of Eberhard the Bearded in 1495, he was employed by that prince in many arduous and honourable public affairs. Thus, in 1486, he went as one of the Count's representatives upon the occasion of the election of Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick, as King of the Romans, by the Diet held at Frankfort, whence he proceeded to Aachen to be present at the inunction and coronation ceremony. In 1492 he was sent to Italy, as guide, philosopher, and friend to Ludwig, a natural son of Eberhard, and a youth of much intellectual promise. It was then that he adopted the Hellenized form of his name, probably at the suggestion of the eminent scholar Hermolaus Barbarus, who was there as Ambassador from Venice, and whose acquaintance he had made at Frankfort in the preceding year. Henceforward he was usually addressed as Capnion by his learned correspondents, though he personally preferred, and habitually used, his German appellation. It was now, too, that some personal intercourse took place between him and Pico della Mirandola; slight indeed, but destined deeply to influence his future studies. Another friend—true and tried in the troubles of after years—whom he made at this time, was Jacob Aurelius Questenberg, a Saxon, who held the important and influential appointment of Papal Private Secretary.

This second visit of Reuchlin to Italy is stated to have lasted for nearly a year. He did not stay long at Stuttgart upon his return, but was despatched to the Imperial Court at Linz
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to procure the Emperor Frederick's sanction of the compact—the details of which need not detain us here—made between Count Eberhard and his kinsman and successor of the same name, for assuring the integrity of the Würtemberg territory. He successfully accomplished his mission, and received singular marks of the Kaiser's favour and esteem. He was ennobled, advanced to the dignity of Pfalzgrave, empowered to name as notaries-public any persons whom he judged competent for the office, and to create ten Doctors of the Law. Here he made the acquaintance of a learned Jew, Jacob ben Jehiel Loans, from whom he obtained some instruction in Hebrew, the study of which he had already begun. Loans was a man of great learning and probity, and Reuchlin conceived for him a true esteem, and, indeed, we may say affection. 'Valde doctus homo, humanissimus preceptor meus, doctor excellens,' he calls him in the '*Rudimenta Hebraica*.' '*Misericordia Dei veniat super eum*,' he adds after mentioning his name in another part of that work. It is a Latin rendering of the phrase used by the Hebrew people when speaking of the departed, and we may infer from it that in 1506, when the words were written, this excellent person, who unfortunately is but a name to us, was no more.

Reuchlin now pursued his Hebrew studies with the greatest ardour. Lack of books, lack of teachers, lack of time—for his public occupations left him scanty leisure—might well have discouraged him. But these difficulties were to him—

‘nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men.’

They served only to excite him to greater diligence. During the last decade of the fifteenth and the first of the sixteenth centuries, his intellectual activity was prodigious. He appears to have acquired a competent knowledge of the Hebrew tongue in a singularly short space of time. He at once devoted it to the mystic studies which he had learned from Pico della Mirandola to esteem so highly, and applied himself to unlock the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which he supposed to be contained in the Cabbalah. In 1494 he published the first fruits of his labours in his treatise, '*De Verbo Mirifico*,' an attempt, of which we shall speak later on, to give a Christian interpretation to the religious philosophy of the Hebrews.

And now the tranquil tenor of Reuchlin's life was to be interrupted. In 1496, his princely patron Eberhard—advanced to the ducal dignity in the previous year by the Emperor Maximilian—died, and Eberhard the Younger became Duke of
Würtemberg.

Württemberg. The new sovereign's chief Minister was the Augustinian monk, Holzinger. Reuchlin had been instrumental in procuring his imprisonment under Eberhard the Bearded, and now, not unnaturally, dreaded his vengeance. He thought it safer, and so did his friends, that he should quit Stuttgart. He betook himself to Heidelberg. There he had a friend and protector in John von Dalburg, Bishop of Worms, and Chancellor of the University, a cultivated prelate, under whose patronage Rudolph Agricola had spent his latter days, dying not long before Reuchlin's arrival. But the illustrious Wimpheling was still there, strenuously engaged in those endeavours for the promotion of liberal studies which had won for him the title of Educator of Germany. And around him were gathered many disciples of the new learning, of less account than he, indeed, but full of zeal and energy; 'intent on high designs, a thoughtful band.' Here Reuchlin was introduced to the Elector Palatine Philip, who delighted in the fresh intellectual life of the place: was nominated by him a member of his Council for one year, with a hundred gold gulden as salary, two horses, and a Court dress: and was further appointed chief instructor of his children. Reuchlin's Privy Councillorship was no sinecure. He was soon employed upon diplomatic business. Philip required a Papal dispensation for the marriage of his son Rupert to a kinswoman within the prohibited degrees. He required also the removal of the Papal ban, which had fallen upon him by reason of the violent proceedings of one of his vassals against a certain abbot. Reuchlin was sent as ambassador to the Pope to arrange these matters. The mission was successfully accomplished. It lasted, apparently, for four or five months, during which Reuchlin applied such leisure as he could command to the prosecution of his Hebrew studies under the learned Jew, Obadiah Sforno. By the end of the year he was again in Stuttgart, where a pacific revolution had deposed Eberhard the Younger, and had instituted a Council of Regency during the minority of his successor, Duke Ulrich. Reuchlin's friends at Heidelberg endeavoured to induce him to return thither, but in vain. His home and his interests were at Stuttgart. And there an honour higher than any he had as yet received, awaited him. In 1502, the princes of the Swabian Confederation appointed him Confederate Judge—*Cæsariæ majestatis, archiducis Austriæ, Illustrissimorum imperii electorum et cæterorum principum in Confederatione Sueviæ judex ordinarius.* He held this important and dignified office for eleven years.

But while discharging his public duties in a way which filled 'the lips of men with honest praise,' Reuchlin laboured with unremitting

unremitting zeal for the advancement of sound learning. He did much to diffuse the study of Greek, and introduced the pronunciation of it which he had learned from his Hellenic teachers, and which was called after his name. He did still more to promote the study of Hebrew. His '*Rudimenta Hebraica*,' published in 1506, was indeed a remarkable work, composed, as he tells us, '*multo sudore et algore, prece, premio, et pretio, per longa tempora.*' He was justly proud of it, and was well warranted in calling it '*monumentum ære perennius.*' We shall have to touch later on upon its value and significance.

Reuchlin's profound Hebrew studies had engendered in him a milder and more tolerant feeling than was common at this time towards the Hebrew people. And the scientific cast of his intellect—prompting the search for truth wherever it might be found, and the love of truth for its own sake—was alien from the dark dogmatism prevailing around him, which found in the Jews its favourite victims. Perhaps there is nothing in all history more pathetic than the position of that race during the Middle Ages.* Amid the crumbling away of the old civilization with the *Pax Romana* which had maintained it, amid the growth of the new nations destined to constitute the modern world, the children of Israel clung with persistent constancy to tribal traditions long anterior to the Semitic migration into Canaan, and to a religious creed far older than the date usually assigned to the eponym Abraham. Everywhere exiles and everywhere at home, unassimilated during all those centuries by the general life of the cities where they dwelt, they yet vastly influenced it by their mastery of money, by their philosophical speculations, by their scientific attainments. And during all those centuries, they were an object of mingled terror and contempt to the professors of the dominant creed, undeniably the offspring, and claiming to be the complement, of their own. Popular superstition, venting itself in paroxysms of sanguinary persecution, which Popes and Saints in vain endeavoured to restrain, sought, from time to time, to make a perpetual end of them. But the life of the race, however maimed and marred, has defied the most atrocious cruelties of its Christian assailants:—

'It is as the air invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.'

* We need hardly refer to the fine passage in '*Ueber Deutschland*,' in which Heine likens the mediæval Jews to a ghost guarding a buried treasure: 'Like a ghost that keeps watch over a treasure formerly entrusted to it in its lifetime, to ent this murdered people, this ghost of a people ("*dieses gemordete Volk, dieses Volk-Gespens*") in its dark Ghetto, and kept watch there over the Hebrew Bible.'

Yes,

Yes, the people of the Hebrews, during all those ages of rebuke and blasphemy, might well have applied to themselves the words of one of the greatest of their sons: 'As deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' And, wonderful persistence in mobility, the part they played in terror and concealment during the mediæval period they play openly and without fear in this modern world, upon an ampler stage and with more perfect instruments; dominating whole countries by the power of the purse, and by the power of the press; fulfilling in strange fashion the destiny announced for them by one of their sweet singers: 'To be avenged of the Gentiles, and to rebuke the people: to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron.'

But in Reuchlin's time, the old mediæval disabilities still pressed heavily upon the Jews. Nor, notwithstanding the mildness of his temper, and the openness of his mind, was he by any means exempt from the popular prejudices against them. That is evident from many places in his writings. He discerned, indeed, and in a striking passage strongly insisted, that the law of charity, binding us to love our neighbour as ourselves, extends even to them. He would have their conversion sought by gentle, not harsh means, '*blandimentis non asperitatibus.*' And his rigid sense of justice obliged him to allow that if they followed the noxious trade of usury it was at the request of Christians—'*ad petitionem nostram*'—and not probably from any evil motive. The deep interest which he took in Hebrew literature extended itself to the Hebrew race, 'to whom pertaineth the adoption and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises: whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came.' And, in 1505, he published a little treatise, not specially remarkable save as indicating the workings of his mind, under the title '*Dr. Johann Reuchlin's tüttsch missive warumb die Juden so lang im ellend sind*'—an inquiry into the reason of the calamitous condition of the Jews for so many ages; which reason, of course, he holds to be their rejection and crucifixion of the Messiah. He ends the work with an invitation to any Jew wanting instruction in Christianity, to come to him for it, at the same time promising to provide for the inquirer's corporal necessities.

It is not recorded that any Hebrew accepted the offer. At all times, except, we suppose, the very primitive times of Christianity,

tianity, the conversion of an Israelite to that religion has been an undertaking of much difficulty. Even at the present day, with all our resources and appliances of organization, converted Jews are the rarest of missionary trophies, and the most expensive. We came, not long ago, upon a statement, apparently the result of careful arithmetical calculations, that the average cost of every convert made by the British Societies which compass sea and land for Hebrew proselytes, is 1,001*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* Nor does this somewhat considerable sum ordinarily represent the whole of the expenditure. For, in the majority of cases, the convert once got has to be kept: experience proves that there is ever great risk of a relapse. Then, again, the proselytes from Judaism have seldom been quite satisfactory specimens of the seed of Abraham. They have been usually men of dubious antecedents, narrow understanding, scanty culture, and unpleasant personality.

Such an one was John Pfefferkorn, who in 1506 or 1507 was baptized at Cologne, and who forthwith received the appointment of administrator of a hospital there. The new convert proposed to himself, apparently, as the chief business of his life, the not very hopeful undertaking of inducing the religionists he had quitted to follow his example. And, without delay, he proceeded to discharge against them controversial works composed, it would seem, in German, and translated for him by various hands into Latin, of which language he was ignorant. The first of these was entitled 'Der Judenspiegel' (the Jews' Mirror), and was published a year after his baptism. In it, while vindicating the Hebrew people from the monstrous charge of sacrificing Christian children, he gave a sufficiently unfavourable account of them, upon the whole, and proposed, in order to their conversion, that they should be interdicted from the trade of money-lending, that they should be compelled to hear Christian sermons, and deprived of the books which were the chief cause of their obduracy. Novelty was not among the merits of these proposals, which had been made time out of mind by mediæval theologians and canonists. Pfefferkorn followed up this work by others of a like character, each more violent than its predecessor, and containing nothing worthy of notice here. His literary polemic seems to have been utterly infructuous, and he now determined to seek secular support for the carrying out of his programme. The Dominicans, of whom there were a large number at Cologne, were led by their traditions to sympathize with his ends and with his means. Through their influence he obtained an introduction to the devout Princess Kunigonde, sister of the Emperor

Emperor Maximilian, and was furnished by her with a letter recommendatory to the Kaiser, then encamped at Padua. Thither he repaired, and obtained an audience of Maximilian. That easily impressed prince received him favourably, and entrusted to him a Mandate, requiring the Jews throughout Germany to deliver to him all Hebrew books hostile to the Christian religion or apologetic for their own, and empowering him in the presence of the parish priest and two city councillors, to destroy them at his discretion. This was in 1509.

Pfefferkorn next endeavoured to win the approval and, if possible, the co-operation of Reuchlin in the task which he was about to undertake. But Reuchlin, while desiring the conversion of the Jews, did not, as he subsequently expressed it, 'like the look of Pfefferkorn.' Nor did the burning of books—time-honoured though the practice was—commend itself to him as a rational mode of proselytism. Nay, he characterized it as 'a ruffianly argument.' Moreover, he found certain legal flaws in the Imperial Mandate, and would in no wise be concerned in its execution. But Pfefferkorn, having at last put his hand to the plough, was not the sort of man to look back. He proceeded to make a visitation of Frankfort and other towns where Jews mostly congregated, and to seize such literature of theirs as he could find. His doings were unfavourably viewed by Archbishop Uriel of Mainz, a cultivated, dignified, and choleric ecclesiastic, who ordered his clergy to have nothing to do with them. Pfefferkorn thereupon repaired to the Archbishop to remonstrate, and that prelate expressed an opinion that others learned in Hebrew should be asked to co-operate with him. Pfefferkorn suggested Reuchlin. The Archbishop named Victor of Karben, a converted Jew, who had become a priest. A new Mandate was sought from the Emperor in confirmation of this arrangement. It was issued, and committed the management of the business to the Archbishop, who was desired to consult regarding it, not only with Reuchlin and Victor of Karben, but also with Jacob von Hochstraten, the 'Inquisitor hereticæ pravitatis' for the dioceses of Cologne, Mainz, and Trier, and with learned men from the Universities of Mainz, Cologne, Erfurt, and Heidelberg. The Conference thus ordered never took place, for what reason does not appear. Instead of it, under a further Imperial Mandate, Opinions (*Gutachten*) were submitted by the Universities and the learned persons above mentioned. The University of Mainz thought that all the books of the Jews should be seized and examined, and, especially, that they should be deprived of the Talmud, as being the chief hindrance to their conversion. The University
of

of Heidelberg gave a somewhat uncertain sound, and recommended further discussion of the subject. The University of Erfurt would confiscate only those Hebrew writings which reflected injuriously upon Christianity. The University of Cologne would suppress merely the Talmud. Hochstraten and Victor of Karben agreed with the University of Cologne.

The elaborate and carefully considered 'Opinion' of Reuchlin deserves more extended notice. It begins by making a clear distinction between those Jewish books which are libellous of Christianity, and those which are not. The 'Nizachon' and 'Toldoth Jeschu,' late Rabbinical writings, are, he judges, of the first class. These he would have destroyed, and their possessors punished. The other Hebrew writings he arranges in six categories. First the Talmud, of which, he avows, he knows nothing save what he had gathered from Christian sources; and he thinks that those who desire its destruction know no more. He touches upon the hardness of understanding the book, but holds that to be no valid reason for its annihilation. An equally invalid reason, he thinks, is the strange nature of the things it may contain. Superstition, he remarks, must ever be bound up with human reason. The more inept the Talmud is, the apter should it render Christians in answering it. The proper course, he holds, is to make the Talmud subserve the cause of the Christian faith, in conformity with the precept of Christ to search the Jewish scriptures for testimony of Him. Divinely forbidden is the course of rooting up what we deem evil in order to save ourselves the trouble of combating it.

So much concerning the Talmud. Secondly, as to the Cabbalah, no defence of it, he thinks, is required, Pope Sixtus IV. having approved of the use of it made by Pico della Mirandola. Thirdly, the Jewish glosses and commentaries on the Bible should, he urges, by no means be destroyed, but employed for the purposes of Christian exegesis. Fourthly, he would not interfere with the sermon- and hymn-books of the Jews, as concessions of Popes and Emperors allow of their use in the synagogues. Fifthly, he holds that there is no ground whatever for confiscating their poetical, philosophical, satirical, or scientific works, when there is nothing in these blasphemous towards Christianity. He urges that it is absurd to proceed against Jewish books as hostile to the Christian faith, while the heathen literature of Greeks and Romans, which is just as hostile, is endured, nay cherished: that a Christian has no right to pronounce authoritatively on the religion of Jews, who are not heretics nor apostates: that
they

the same rights as fellow citizens (*Mitbürger*) of the German nation, but the confiscation of their books would not advance the cause, but produce the contrary effect, and that they should rather order copies: that gentle means should be employed to win them, and that Chairs of Hebrew should be founded in the several Universities.

Reuchlin's 'Opinion' is notable for two reasons. In the first place, as Kinde has well called it, 'a monument of clear and higher insight': 'ein Denkmal reiner Gesinnung und überlegener Einsicht.' It manifests a breadth of thought, a maturity and moderation, a mild wisdom, rarely to be met with in that age. It is as a light shining in a dark place: it brings the earnest of the ampler day which was dawning upon the world. But it is notable for another reason. It was the occasion of a controversy which was to rage for ten years, and which, during Reuchlin's latter days, splitting Germany, and dividing the whole of European civilization, into two camps, and working, eventually, to issues little dreamed of by those who started it.

Reuchlin's 'Opinion' was written for the information of the Archbishop of Cologne. But it fell into the hands of Pfefferkorn, who, naturally enough, was displeased with its attitude towards his crusade, and who specially resented a passage in it which reflected upon himself as an assessor of the books which he desired to destroy. He immediately wrote into print, and in his 'Handspiegel' (Hand-mirror), he held up the mirror to Reuchlin, who is described as knowing nothing of Hebrew, as foisting off under his name books written by others, as covertly attacking the Church and the Pope, and as bribed by the Jews; in a word, as dishonest and dishonest. These charges Reuchlin could not have afforded to disregard. But he did not disregard them. He swung him to the quick, and led him, in his haste, to write his 'Augenspiegel' (Eyeglass), in which he answered his 'Opinion.' The 'Augenspiegel' is primarily a defence of himself from Pfefferkorn's attacks. He notes Pfefferkorn's lies—he reckons thirty-four of them—and answers him in language of much strength, describing him as doing worse things, as 'a scoundrel void of honour.' This defence, though largely excusable by the manners and customs of the age, renders the 'Augenspiegel' unpleasant reading. But apart from that, it cannot be considered an unsatisfactory production. Unquestionably in it Reuchlin somewhat 'hedges.' The signal merit of the 'Opinion' is its frank and fearless defence of the great mass of Hebrew literature.

literature. But in the 'Augenspiegel' Reuchlin seeks to reduce the difference between himself and his opponents to this: that they desired to destroy Hebrew books unconditionally, while he would destroy only such of them as were tainted with heretical sentiment. In the 'Opinion' he specifies two treatises as worthy of conflagration, the 'Nizachon' and the 'Toldoth Jeschu.' But in the 'Augenspiegel' he speaks of noxious portions of the Talmud, for which, in the former document, he had pleaded in its integrity, and advocates, not the retention of that volume by the Jews, but the preservation of some copies of it in safe Christian custody. Again, in the 'Augenspiegel,' he is ready to destroy indiscriminately all Jewish apologetic writings; and he explains away certain very sensible remarks in his 'Opinion' regarding the right of the Jews to reason in defence of their creed, as mere considerations thrown out for what they might be worth, in a discussion wherein the pros and cons were stated, and as not intended to express his own mature judgment. He treats similarly what he had said in his 'Opinion' about the Jews' ignorance of Christ's divinity, and professes his firm faith that such ignorance is culpable, and will damn them to all eternity. 'Hoc teneo firmiter et credo quod eorum ignorantia est culpabilis, et eam illos minime excusare a culpa mortali, verum cum ea æternaliter damnabuntur.'

It cannot be said, then, that in the 'Augenspiegel' Reuchlin attains the Horatian ideal of the 'justum et tenacem propositi virum.' But his course, if not very heroic, is very intelligible. A man no longer young, and eager to devote to the peaceful pursuits of scholarship all the time he could spare from grave official duties, he had no sort of desire to be drawn into theological controversy. He doubtless looked upon his explanations and concessions as so many bones thrown to the watchdogs of orthodoxy, and hoped thereby to stop their barking. The hope was not realized. The Dominicans had taken Pfefferkorn, more or less openly, under their protection. To them had been entrusted, by Papal authority, the censorship of books throughout Germany. And Reuchlin's book was suspected by the men who dominated the University of Cologne. And the theological faculty of that seat of learning betook itself to the examination of the 'Augenspiegel.' Reuchlin did all that he could—perhaps more than he should—to avert the storm which he saw gathering around him. Thus, in letters addressed to two prominent Colognese divines, Arnold von Tugern and Conrad Collin, he professed that he was no theologian, asserted his entire adherence to the teaching of the Church in all matters, and reminded them of his long and approved service

to the Dominican Order as their proctor. But the theological faculty was determined not to lose the opportunity of magnifying its office. In the event, the divines required of Reuchlin to recall as far as possible all copies of his '*Augenspiegel*' which had gone forth, and to publish a document retracting certain positions which he had taken, or was alleged to have taken, and declaring his hostility to the Jews and the Talmud. This was on the 29th of February, 1512. It was more than he could stand; and on the 23rd of March he published in German a vindictory pamphlet entitled, '*Ain klare Verstantnus in Tütsch*.' A volume written by Tugern and embellished with verses by Ortuin Gratian soon appeared in reply. Reuchlin's patience was exhausted. He resolved, as he wrote to a friend, to withstand his enemies and to continue his vindication of himself. A new pamphlet by Pfefferkorn entitled '*Brandspiegel*' (Fireglass), in which he was virulently abused, further incensed him. And in 1513 he published his '*Defence against his Cologne Calumniators*,' dedicating the work to the Emperor Maximilian. In it he repels, with much bitterness, their attacks upon him, speaks disparagingly of their theological attainments, and relieves his feelings by copious and unmeasured personal invectives against them. Most of Reuchlin's friends and supporters deprecated, or rather blamed, this loss of temper. The judicious Pirckheimer judged that he had followed his passions rather than his reason; and Erasmus, while sympathizing with him, tells him roundly that the licence of vituperation which he had permitted himself would be unbecoming in any one, and was especially indecorous in so learned a man. On the other hand, Sir Thomas More, who, to be sure, could himself indulge in strong language upon occasion, inclined to vindicate the tone adopted by Reuchlin. This great scholar, so grossly outraged—'*in tantum lacessitus injuria*'—had indeed expressed himself freely, More says, but not less freely than truly—'*libere, nec magis libere tamen quam vere*.' The Cologne procured from the Emperor a Mandate prohibitory of the sale of the '*Defence*,' as likely to cause trouble among the people. They then proceeded, in due course, formally to condemn the '*Augenspiegel*.' They also procured its condemnation by the Universities of Louvain, Mainz, Erfurt, and Paris.

Meanwhile Jacob von Hochstraten, who, as Dean of the Theological Faculty of Cologne, had been the leading spirit in its censure of Reuchlin, took action against him as Inquisitor of Heretical Pravity, and cited him to appear at Mainz on the 13th of September, 1513. Reuchlin appeared by a proctor, who, finding

finding that Hochstraten was acting both as prosecutor and judge, demurred to the proceedings. Hochstraten then offered to delegate his judicial office to some of his colleagues. To this Reuchlin objected as illegal, and appealed to the Holy See. Hochstraten was unwilling to allow the appeal. But the Archbishop of Mainz upheld it, and prohibited him from burning the 'Augenspiegel.' The volume was destined, however, to provide a theological holocaust. On the 10th of February, 1514, it was committed to the flames by the divines of Cologne with the approbation of the Archbishop of that see.

In 1513 Reuchlin resigned all his offices. Like Milton, he had hoped to dedicate the evening of his life to beholding 'the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.' But for him, as for Milton, it was otherwise ordered. In his declining years he found himself embarked upon 'a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes.' And the duty which lay before him was to quit him like a man in that uncongenial element. The controversy in which he was engaged had been forced upon him by the theologians. He had laboured for peace; but when he spoke to them thereof they made themselves ready to battle. He had no alternative, as an honest man, but to accept the combat, and to become a hero in spite of himself. The next eight years of his life were a protracted duel between him and Hochstraten. That inquisitor of Heretical Pravity, it must be admitted, does not seem to have been an over-scrupulous combatant. Perhaps a religious disputant seldom is. The *odium theologicum* deadens the moral sense. But there is no sort of reason for doubting Hochstraten's assertion, in his 'Apologia Secunda,' that he and his confederates simply sought the defence of Christian truth, as they conceived of it. They were upholding the traditions of mediæval Christianity, the only Christianity of which they had knowledge. 'Stare super antiquas vias' was their rule. For their anti-Semitic fervour in general, and for their hatred of the Talmud in particular, they could allege the prescription of centuries. They were fighting the battle of the Old against the New. And the dull conservatism of the clergy, and especially of the decadent monastic orders, was enlisted on their side. Around Reuchlin, on the other hand, were gathered the sympathies of the leading Humanists not only throughout Germany—there they had long looked up to him as their leader and head *

* Geiger well observes: 'Seit den fast 40 Jahren, dass Reuchlin wirkte, waren die Gelehrten gewohnt ihn als Führer zu betrachten: jetzt, seit er angegriffen war, wurde er immer mehr der Leiter um den man sich scharte, das Haupt, in dessen Vohrerung man eins war, nach dem man sich nannte,' (P. 324.)

throughout Europe: of such men as Erasmus and Budæus, of Cardinals Grimani and Ægidius di Capua; and they delighted to call themselves humanists. Unconsciously, they all knew that principles far more important than the immediate issue were at stake. When Reuchlin said 'the Talmud was the palladium' of Judaism, he was certainly indulging in a poetic fancy. Reuchlin did not know much, or care much, about the Talmud, and the great mass of the Humanists, knew and cared nothing. What seemed to cultivated men so monstrous was that the whole power and influence of theologians should be brought against such a man in such a cause. Even Erasmus, who usually lost his philosophic calm, breaks into bitter invectives against Pfefferkorn in his letters. 'From a mad Jew he has become a madder Christian,' we read in one of them. In another, 'He could render his former religionists no greater service than thus to betray Christianity, under the hypocritical pretence of serving it.' In a third the desire is expressed that secular authority—the power of the Emperor or of the magistrates in Cologne—should be employed against such a public pest.

Leo X. had just been elected to the Apostolic Throne when Reuchlin's appeal reached Rome. It is a curious irony of fate that from first to last the Pontificate of this most untheological of Popes should have been filled with theological strife. Into the details of Reuchlin's case he does not seem—at all events, at this time—to have personally inquired. He referred the question, why, is not known—to the Bishops of Speyer and Worms, or to one of them. The Bishop of Worms did not act. The Bishop of Speyer, a young and recently appointed prelate, feeling himself insufficient for such a matter, committed the inquiry regarding it to Thomas Truchsess, the Dean of his cathedral, who chanced to be a friend of Reuchlin, and to George von Schwalbach, a distinguished jurist. The decision of the Bishops, founded upon the report of his delegates, was given on the 29th of March, 1514. It was that Hochstraten had exceeded his powers: that the 'Augenspiegel' contained no heresy; that both parties should henceforth keep silence; and that Hochstraten should pay the costs. Hochstraten appealed to the Pope, and went in person to Rome to conduct his case. Reuchlin was represented by an advocate, obtained the aid of Quensteinberg, not without difficulty, owing to fear of Dominican influence and authority. Learned men from all quarters wrote to Reuchlin expressing their sympathy with him. And towards the end of 1514 he published a collection of these letters under the title of 'Clarorum Virorum epistolæ

d Joh. Reuchlin.' Many of his supporters also wrote to come to advocate his cause. Among them was the Emperor Maximilian. He had never been a patron of Reuchlin. With regard to the question of the Jewish books, as to many other matters, he followed the last counsellor who caught his ear. But the reputation and welfare of the greatest of those scholars whom he prized as the glory of Germany, he had much at heart. And his letter to the Pope was extremely favourable to Reuchlin. On the other hand, the young King of Spain, Charles, who was to be Maximilian's successor in the Imperial dignity, wrote to the Pontiff on behalf of Hochstraten; and the Dominican Order freely exerted their vast influence in support of his cause. Solicitation seems at that time to have played a large part in judicial proceedings at Rome. At last a Commission of twenty-two members was appointed to investigate the matter. And on the 2nd of July, 1516, it agreed—with the significant exception of Sylvester Prierias, the Master of the Sacred Palace—upon a report exonerating the 'Augenspiegel' and condemning the Opinions of the several Universities which had pronounced against it. Reuchlin's friends now confidently expected a decision of the Pope in his favour. Instead of that there appeared—doubtless through the influence of Sylvester Prierias—a Papal mandate *De Supersedendo*, the practical effect of which was to hang up the cause indefinitely.

Neither side was satisfied. And the matter continued to be vehemently debated before the tribunal of that educated public opinion which had now begun to grow up in Germany. At the end of the year 1515, the first collection of the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum' appeared. In August 1516 followed additions. In the beginning of 1517 the greater part of Book II. was published. In the spring of that year further letters were given to the world. These epistles were the work of a young school of Humanists, of whom the chief was Ulrich von Hutten, in some respects the most brilliant personality of that age in Germany. A bright impetuous soul, not very learned, not very pious, not very scrupulous, was Hutten: a knight and warrior rather than a student and scholar, but able to cut with the pen as with a sharp sword: a born rebel who, in that time of strife and revolt, found himself in a congenial element. His chief associate in the production of the 'Letters of the Obscure Men' was his friend John Jäger of Dornheim, who preferred the designation of Crotus Rubianus. Some were written by Hermann von dem Busch, better known as Hermannus Buschius. Erasmus expressly says the authors were three in number. It is not improbable, however, that

Herman, Count of Neuenahr, Petrejus Eberbach, and Eoban Hessus may have had some hand in them.* These 'Letters' were a curious token of the march of events. They could not possibly have been produced twenty years before. The grave, dignified, and religious pens of the older German Humanists could never have indited them. They are, indeed, singularly though unostentatiously political in their tone: an indication of that anti-Roman feeling which was rapidly developing throughout Germany. Unquestionably they are among the most pungent satires ever written. Their sting lay in their verisimilitude. Indeed, the persons ridiculed took them quite seriously at first, and supposed them to be composed in defence of decadent scholasticism and monkery. Of course they are not wholly fair—what satire is? The ridicule with which they overwhelm the enemies of Reuchlin, from the great Ortuin himself, glory of the University of Cologne, to the humble Magister Conradus de Zuicavia or Frater Conradus Dollenkopffus, is merciless: just as merciless as the ridicule with which Pope overwhelmed the dunces of his age. But however grave the ethical reservations which we may feel ourselves obliged to make with regard to them, it is impossible not to be amused with their cleverness, or to doubt their effectiveness against the ignorance and fanaticism of the times. Geiger, indeed, thinks that their actual effect is usually overrated. Public opinion, he says, had long decided in favour of Reuchlin, and the '*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*' were rather a trophy of victory than a new weapon. For ourselves, however, we agree with the Bishop of London that the book did much to popularize the conception of a stupid party opposed to the cause of progress. Indeed, is it possible to imagine anything more stupid than the picture—self-delineated as was supposed—of the rank and file of German clerics doltish and swinish and devout: animals, with a disfiguring touch of religion, manifested chiefly in crass credulity and fierce fanaticism.

'From all places, great and small,' observes Geiger, 'the monks write to Ortuin Gratus, the head of the Colognese. He is the master, and Pfefferkorn is his prophet. They know nothing about Reuchlin. They have not read his "*Augenspiegel*." But they are sure he is a heretic, and ought to be banned as such. They feel themselves so blissful in their ignorance. The intellect (*Geist*) the

* On this subject see a very learned and able article in the '*Edinburgh Review*' of March 1831. There are in it a few inaccuracies, but it is quite the best discussion of the subject with which we are acquainted, and we agree generally with its conclusions.

they have never exercised, and never want to exercise, lets itself so willingly be confined in the fetters of the scholastic method. The most barbarous and comic Latin-German conceivable sounds so melodious to them. And behold there come the new Humanists (*Poeten*) and make a mock at their ancient master, laugh at the antiquated ways, and bring a whole treasure (*Schatz*) of new poets forward, whom they vaunt as alone authentic (*gültige*) and worthy of imitation. Mere external piety pleases them so well. They gorge and guzzle and follow, undisturbed, their fleshly desires: they say Mass and get absolution from their transgressions. And now come worthy men who are not content with this formal religion, who, in the place of exterior practices of piety, set up interior.'

Yes; savage as the satire is, there can be no doubt of its substantial truth. The German clergy, unlike the Italian, were little touched by the Humanistic movement. The vast majority of them despised the new learning and the literary culture of which it was the instrument. They preferred the mediæval 'mumpsimus' to the Renaissance 'sumpsimus': their 'private darkness' to the general light. 'It is heresy with them,' writes Erasmus, 'to speak Latin correctly: it is heresy to know Greek: anything they cannot understand, anything they cannot do, is heresy.' But Erasmus, although he laughed heartily at the 'Letters of the Obscure Men'—so heartily, it is said, as to have ruptured a tumour which threatened his life—disapproved of a book so alien from his own temper of candour and moderation. Leo X., who 'had a pleasant wit and loved a timely joke,' doubtless laughed no less heartily at it. But he found himself bound to reprobate it, officially. On the 15th of March, 1517, a Papal Bull solemnly condemned the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum' as 'the work of certain sons of iniquity, having no fear of God or man before their eyes, and impelled by wicked, damnable, and temerarious loquacity.' The reading of it was prohibited to the faithful, and its destruction by fire was commanded. But the authors of the 'Letters' troubled themselves little about the Pontifical censure. Nay, it served them chiefly as an advertisement and incited them to fresh compositions.

The 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum' called forth a number of replies, upon which it is not necessary for us to dwell. We must, however, note that in 1517 Reuchlin published his treatise 'De Arte Cabbalistica.' It is the complement of his book, 'De Verbo Mirifico,' given to the world a quarter of a century before. We shall speak of them both presently. Hochstraten, ever on the watch for heresy, scented in the book unorthodox tendencies, and attacked it in his 'Destructio Cabbalæ';

Jobana Reuchlin.

...dedicated to Leo X. Reuchlin did not
...necessary that he should do so. The general
...men, not only in Germany but through-
...been given in his favour. Erasmus sums
...a letter to him dated the 8th of November,
...thy fame, are too deeply impressed upon
...for the slander of thy adversaries to root
...is unconquerable. It will exalt thy name
...makes thee great in the present.' More
...Erasmus had gone out of his way to address
...recommending to him the meekness
...become a Christian, and especially a
...nothing more full of the 'mitis
...a distinguishing characteristic of the
...proceeded from his heart and from his
...letter. But it was written in vain.
...now further complicated affairs. And the
...fallen back upon the old policy of repres-
...held himself entirely aloof from the
...their methods were uncongenial to him
...innovations he abhorred. But they saw their
...use of him. And they availed themselves
...a letter which obtained, as doubtless he had
...publicity — proclaimed himself Reuchlin's
...there be any question that the Reuchlin
...a sense, serve the cause of the Lutheran
...popular sympathies against the clergy.
...looked with anxiety at the situation. And
...a very curious sign of the times, was made
...a *coup de main*. A friend of Ulrich von
...Sickingen—not a learned man, but full of
...to learning—determined to bring to
...power of the sword. On the 26th of July,
...a formal notification ('Erforderung und
...Provincial, Priors, and convents of the
...Germany, and especially to Brother
...demanding that from that time forth
...Reuchlin in peace, accept the Speyer
...of the coats of the process: and requiring
...regulation within two months, in default
...would enforce it. The Dominicans
...Franz von Sickingen was a man of his
...with. They were at their wits' end,
...Reuchlin, who would have nothing to
...however, an extension of time from
...Sickingen;

Sickingen ; and on the 6th of May, 1520, at a general Chapter of the Order, held at Frankfort-on-the-Main, his demands were formally acceded to, and a letter was despatched by the Provincial to Rome, announcing this to the Holy See. But before that document arrived, Hochstraten had procured a definitive decision against Reuchlin. Leo X. had committed himself to a reactionary policy. That was the immediate effect at the Papal Court of Luther's revolt. Cardinal Cajetan, the General of the Dominicans, and the Master of the Sacred Palace, Sylvester Prierias, a luminary of that Order, had the ear of Leo. The Pope, no doubt, was heartily sick of the whole uncongenial business, and glad to end it in one way or another. On the 20th of June, 1520, the papal sentence was promulgated. It set aside the judgment of the Bishop of Speyer as untenable ; pronounced the ' *Augenspiegel* ' ' a dangerous book, offensive to pious ears, and too favourable to the Jews ' ; enjoined silence on Reuchlin, and condemned him in costs. It is worthy of note that at the very time when this pontifical decision was being prepared, Leo X., in his character of patron of learning, was promoting the printing of the Talmud, which was published for the first time in that year, 1520, at Venice.

The immediate effect of the Papal judgment was not great. The Dominicans seemed half ashamed of their victory. Hochstraten exhibited unwonted modesty, and published no jubilatory pamphlet. Pfefferkorn was the only one, as Geiger expresses it, to beat the drum ecclesiastic—if we may so translate ' *die Lärmtrommel zu schlagen* '—upon the occasion. Hutten says that Reuchlin appealed. But to whom? From the Pope badly informed to the Pope better informed? Or from the Pope to a future General Council? Nothing is known of any such appeal. Nor was Reuchlin the man to make it. The supreme Judge of Christendom had decided against him, and the pious and law-abiding man bowed his head to the sentence of duly constituted authority, though he believed it to be wrong. The Dominicans were content with their barren triumph, and did not follow up their victory. Reuchlin remained unmolested till his death. The general interest in his controversy had largely abated, indeed, long before its termination, in the excitement of the more momentous issues raised by Luther.

Reuchlin's defeat did not cause him to waver in his religious convictions, or in his loyalty to the Holy See. It is pretty evident, however, from expressions in his letters, that he felt it bitterly. But, at all events, he was now quit of the dispute. And the two years of life which remained to him were passed
in

in unremitting devotion to his favourite studies. The expenses of the long ecclesiastical litigation had been heavy. They had forced him in 1518 to sell a portion of his estate at Stuttgart—*'agellos meos ad xxviii. jugera coactus sum vendere,'* we read in a letter of his written in that year. One of the Obscure Men is made to say: 'I believe that he is reduced to beggary (*depaupertatus*) by reason of his great law expenses, and I am heartily glad of it.' But he was not exactly *'depaupertatus'*. A modest competency remained to him. And his habits were frugal, his tastes were simple, his friends—notably the excellent Pirckheimer—were generous. He was still able to indulge in his one luxury—books. But the troubles which arose at Stuttgart through the misrule of Duke Ulrich rendered his residence there perilous. In 1519 he left that city, and betook himself to Ingolstadt, where he found refuge in the home of John Eck, a learned man and a loyal friend, who afterwards achieved fame as the champion of orthodoxy against Luther. There, on the 29th of February, 1520, he was nominated by Duke William of Bavaria Professor of Greek and Hebrew, with a stipend of two hundred gold gulden, a magnificent provision for an academic chair in those times. Forty years had elapsed since he had publicly taught in a University.* And now, at the age of sixty-five, he was called upon once more to mount the professorial rostrum. His lectures were thronged. Students from all quarters flocked to them. His 'prosperous labour' refreshed and invigorated him. It was to him as a second spring or a St. Martin's summer, 'in that pure air, by the healthful Danube stream,' as he says in one of his letters. But in April 1521 the plague drove him from Ingolstadt. He returned to Stuttgart purposing, apparently, there to spend the remainder of his days in peace—*'ubi jam tibi quiescere licet,'* his friend Hummelberg writes to him. That, however, was not to be. The University of Tübingen wanted a Professor of Hebrew, and Reuchlin was induced to accept the office. He lectured daily on that language and on Greek, alternately, throughout the winter of 1521-1522. His pupils were numerous, and a great career of academic usefulness seemed still open to him. In one of his latest extant letters—it is dated the 24th of February, 1522—he speaks in noble and touching words of his future labours. They are indeed in the foundations, he says: but truth shall arise out of the earth for those that come after: light shall put to flight the

* Namely, at Poitiers. At Tübingen and Heidelberg his instruction was privately given.

darkness: the light which for forty long years has been obscured by sophisms: and he, old as he is, will, through the divine assistance, have some part in this.* The spirit, truly, was willing, but the flesh was weak. And in the early summer of 1522 he betook himself to the Baths of Liebenzell, near Hirschau, in search of health. He found, instead, death. He was struck down by jaundice, and on the 30th of June he passed away from the strife of tongues 'to where, beyond these voices, there is peace.' A week before his departure the poet Ursinus Velius visited him, bringing an eagerly welcomed letter from Erasmus, the last token of amity that reached him in this world from his fellow-worker in the cause of light. Death did not dissolve their bond. The 'Colloquy on the Apotheosis of Reuchlin' is no unworthy memorial of it, reared by the friend who was left:

'the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time.'

And now, how are we to account of Reuchlin's life work? In answering that question let us remember that we must contemplate the man and his labours in his environment. To his own age his erudition seemed something portentous.

'Reuchlin, wer will sich ihm vergleichen?
Zu seiner Zeit ein Wunderzeichen,'

says Goethe. But indeed he may well be a 'Wunderzeichen' to our age as to his own. Things which the progress of scholarship has made extremely facile to us were extremely arduous to him. It is not so much the breadth or the solidity of his learning—most broad and solid it was—but the fact that he attained it with such scanty appliances, and in spite of such colossal difficulties, that reveals the man's intellectual power. He was a pioneer: the pioneer of a new method. In him we may salute the first of the *savants* of the modern world; yes, and, in some sense, the father of them. Therein, and not in the permanent value of his work, is his true title to a place among the world's intellectual leaders. He has left us no 'great legacies of thought'; he has left us no vast structure of science; he has left us no masterpieces of literary form. Probably no human being would now read one line of his writings save under the compulsion of a sense of duty. They are of the things 'which have their day and cease to be.' They

* It is worth while to quote his own words: 'Jaciemus singuli fundamenta domus posteritati. Veritas de terra orietur et exactis tenebris lux clarescet quam obfuscavit jam annos quadragintos sophismatum perniciēs. Vigilabo etiam senex. Deus in adiutorium meum intende.' (Horawitz, p. 74.)

are stepping-stones on which the world has risen to higher things. They are of account to us merely as documents of history.

The work on which Reuchlin specially valued himself, and for which many of the best of his contemporaries—conspicuous among them the saintly Fisher—specially valued him, may needs seem to us, intrinsically, of no value whatever. Like Raymond Lully before him, like Pico della Mirandola and Cornelius Agrippa in his own time, like Van Helmont and Fludd and Henry More, who came after him, Reuchlin was greatly fascinated by the Cabbalah. There was in his mind a strong strain of mysticism; and, perhaps, he took seriously the marvellous claims which are made for that secret lore. It is asserted to have been taught by God Himself to angels in Paradise; to have been imparted to Adam as the means of regaining the high estate lost by 'man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree'; to have been transmitted to Noah and Abraham and the Seventy Elders, from whom it passed to David and Solomon, and in latter days, after the fall of Jerusalem, to Rabbi Simon ben Jochai. This master is supposed to be he who, assisted by visions and revelations, the prophet Elias, first committed it to writings, of which the volume called 'Zohar' is the great repository. A much higher antiquity, however, is claimed for the book 'Jezirah,'* although the most distinctive doctrines of the Cabbalah are not found therein—its authorship being attributed to Abraham. 'Round these mystical treatises cluster all the productions of the school which gradually came into existence in the course of time.'

The great themes discussed in the Cabbalah are the nature of Deity, cosmogony, the creation of angels and of men, the final end and destiny of the universe, and the esoteric meaning of the Mosaic law—'the wondrous things' for the seeing of which the Psalmist prayed that his eyes might be opened. It is, in fact, a system of pantheistic philosophy, largely the outcome of Persian influences. There can be little doubt, of Persian influences. It has much in common with Sûfism, although it is far less fascinating than that sweetest and saddest expression of poetical mysticism. The doctrine of emanation plays a great part in it. So does the doctrine of the pre-existence and transmigration of souls. In the solution which it offers of the insoluble mysteries of existence and sin, and suffering, matter is conceived of as a lower form of mind, evil as a lower form of good: the death of the righteous as 'a kiss of love,' by which the All Holy unites for ever Himself souls purified by the discipline of existence apart

* A very full account of both these works will be found in Franck's learned treatise: '*La Kabbale, ou La Philosophie Religieuse des Hébreux.*'

from Him; and those pure souls are regarded as a true sacrifice, yes, as an expiation: the sacrifice and expiation of the universe.

So much as to the doctrines of the Cabbalists. Nothing more fantastic is well conceivable than the exegetical method generally adopted by them, although we but rarely meet with it in the 'Zohar.' They attribute to the Hebrew Sacred Books a fourfold sense. And this sense they disclose to the initiated by the application of definite hermeneutical rules, which chiefly concern the letters whereof the words are composed. Every letter is reduced to its numerical value; every letter is taken as initial or abbreviative of a word: the initial and final letters of several words are respectively formed into separate words: two words occurring in the same verse are joined together and made into one: the words of those verses which are regarded as containing a peculiarly recondite meaning are ranged in squares in such a manner as to be read either vertically or boustrophedonally, beginning at the right or left hand; the words of several verses are placed over each other, and the letters which stand under each other are formed into new words: lastly, the letters of words are changed by way of anagram and new words are obtained.* All this complicated and ingenious trifling is conducted according to fixed rules devised and elaborated, with an infinity of trouble, by extremely subtle and ingenious minds. 'Quantum in rebus inane!' is the reflection which naturally occurs to us. It did not occur to Reuchlin, who took the Cabbalistic method most seriously. In fact, the extraordinary proceedings of the mystical interpreters of the Christian scriptures for fifteen centuries may well have prepared him for it. For the rest, we should observe that he found a certain analogy between some of the teachings of the Cabbalists and the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, and supposed himself to be serving the Christian faith by pointing that out. The analogy is quite superficial. It was but lost labour that he rose up early, and late took rest, and ate the bread of carefulness, in order to spin this cobweb.

'Vain wisdom all and false philosophy,' we must say, then, of this work of Reuchlin. Hochstraten was well warranted when he spoke of 'Reuchlinicæ Cabalæ deliramenta.' His admiring contemporaries were much in error in supposing that his real achievement lay there. As much in error were those Lutheran sectaries who, long after he had passed away, asserted as his chief title to fame that he was 'the Father of the German

* See Ginsburg, 'The Kabbalah,' pp. 49-54, where examples of all this may be found by those who desire to see them.

Johann Reuchlin.

ation.' A more grotesquely *incorrect* designation it be hard to invent for him. No doubt his long battle efferkorn and Hochstraten, in which he appealed to the through writings in the vernacular tongue, subverted, ly, Luther's rising against ecclesiastical authority. But t remember that Reuchlin's object, during the whole of est, was not to undermine that authority, but to vindicate yes, his own orthodoxy. How far removed he was from ng of Luther's breach with the Roman Church* is suffici- ident from the fact that his great-nephew, Melanchthon, icipating in it, lost the old man's favour, and the bequest ibrary; a collection such as probably no other private in Germany then possessed. But, indeed, it is abun- nifest from the whole tenour of Reuchlin's life, and any places in his correspondence, that, in the Bishop of 's well-weighed words, 'he had no doubts about the es of the Church.' Theology, her theology, was in his ion higher than any other science. 'We cannot call rites Geiger, 'a precursor of the Reformation: he stood e standpoint of the ancient Church.' 'He was a servant hurch, he was her subject. Highly as he prized scien- quiry, and unfettered freedom in stating its results, he omitted his particular writings, and the whole edifice of hing, to the judgment of the Church, and was ready to anything wherein he had erred.'

is the truth about Reuchlin. And yet it is also true was the pioneer of the modern scientific method in gy, necessarily destined to collide with the unscientific al method, and to make an end of it, and of such religious ions as were based upon it. The great difference, indeed, marks him off from the earlier German Humanists—Rudolph von Langen, Rudolph Agricola, and John for example—is that while they were first and before igs theologians, he was first and before all things gist. They either devoted all their life to the study y, or they ended their life in its study. He, though religious man, was, as he told Tungern and Collin, ian. He was devoted to learning for the sake of learni he endeavoured to make it subserve the cause of an faith. There is a memorable saying of his in t

ly doubt could have existed on this matter it would be fully dispel r of Ulrich von Hutten to Reuchlin, dated February 22, 1521, in wh terly reproached for repudiating Luther. The letter is No. cxcix 'Briefwechsel.' It was given to the world for the first time in the second half of the second supplementary volume of Hutt d was reproduced by Geiger in an appendix to his 'Life of Reuchlin

* Rudime

'*Rudimenta Hebraica*,' which indicates how deeply he was penetrated by the scientific spirit. 'I reverence St. Jerome as an angel, I prize Nicholas de Lyra as a great teacher, but Truth I adore as God.' It is not easy to overrate the importance which attaches to his Hebrew studies as the beginning of the higher Biblical criticism. We may, indeed, say that in his '*Rudimenta Hebraica*' the voice of scientific exegesis speaks for the first time,—speaks, or rather lisps, for the accents are infantine. The verse quoted in the Preface to his first book, 'Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child,' indicates truly the character of his scientific work.

Of course, in common with most of his learned contemporaries—Erasmus is a notable exception—Reuchlin possessed a most exaggerated conception of the importance of the Hebrew tongue. Like St. Jerome, and perhaps all the Fathers of the Church, he regarded it as the very source and fount of human speech. No dream, we may be quite sure, ever crossed his mind of that science of languages which relegates Hebrew to its proper place as one of the Semitic forms. Still, of the science of languages we may, in some sort, regard him as the founder. For this science is the outcome of that 'sense and tact of criticism,' to use Geiger's happy phrase, which Reuchlin possessed in ampler measure than any of his contemporaries. It is not easy for us to estimate his boldness in denying the absolute authority of the Vulgate, in pointing out its errors, in suggesting its emendation. Here, too, Erasmus was a fellow-worker with him. Both insisted upon returning to the original sources. But Reuchlin vindicated, much more effectively than Erasmus, the independence of the scientific method. He treats the text of the Hebrew sacred books like any other ancient text, and seeks to ascertain its meaning in entire disregard of traditional glosses. 'I am not discussing the sense of this passage as a theologian, but the words as a grammarian,' he writes in one place. The sentence may well be regarded as the starting-point of the higher criticism.

But it may be said that in his '*De Verbo Mirifico*' and his '*De Arte Cabbalistica*' Reuchlin gives no proof of the scientific faculty. That is true. Laboured and learned as those treatises are, they are absolutely unscientific; just as unscientific as the Apocalyptic aberrations of Sir Isaac Newton, or his exposition of Daniel's dream of the four beasts. They are confused and dreary visions of the night before the day-star of criticism had arisen. They are to criticism what astrology is to astronomy. Still, here too Reuchlin is the pioneer of the modern mind. He did the great service of directing the
thoughts

thoughts of men to that study of Eastern languages and religions which it has been reserved for our own age adequately to pursue. Wieland has finely said, 'Reuchlin spoke to Oriental literature the word of power: "Arise and come hither, thou dead man." And the dead man arose, and came forth as he was, swathed with Rabbinical grave-clothes, and his head wrapped about with the napkin of the Cabbalah. Incomparably easier was, and is, that second word: "Loose him and let him go."' Reuchlin laboured, as we all do, in his day, and, primarily, for his day. Primarily; but ultimately for the generations that should come after. And we have entered into his labours. Ours is the far-off fruit of his unwearied diligence, his tried veracity, his simple faith, his invincible fortitude—fruit indeed of which he never dreamed: '*non sua poma.*' He never imagined that the Oriental studies to which the best years of his life were devoted would unlock the treasures of languages far older and richer than the Hebrew, and reveal the secrets of religions anterior to the beliefs of Israel, and in some sense the source of them. Doubtless, he would have been distressed and dismayed if a vision had visited him of the achievements of the scientific method, whether in Biblical exegesis or in the comparative analysis of the world's creeds.

'Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.'

The intellectual freedom of our race would never have been wrought out if the men who have been its chief instruments had foreseen 'the long result of time.' For they would have judged it by the standards of their own age, and would have ceased from their work in fear and trembling. No; consequences are divinely hidden from us. '*Quod adest memento componere æquus*' is a precept binding upon us in a different and a deeper sense than that which the words bore for the poet. It is—

'Enough if something from our hands have power
To live, and work, and serve the future hour';

enough if we are permitted in any sense, in any measure, to labour for the truth which makes us free. Honestly to seek the truth, boldly to speak the truth, patiently to suffer, if need be, for the truth's sake, is the law of scientific enquiry. That was the law of Reuchlin's life. It was in loyal obedience to it that he fought his good fight against the rulers of the darkness of this world. And the victory which he won—in apparent defeat—was a victory for us and for all time; a conquest, never to be undone, of light for liberty.

- ART. II.—1. *Bacon and Shakespeare.* By William Henry Smith. 1857.
2. *The Authorship of Shakespeare.* By Nathaniel Holmes. 1875.
3. *The Great Cryptogram.* By Ignatius Donnelly. 1888.
4. *The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies of Francis Bacon.* By Mrs. Henry Pott. 1883.
5. *William Shakespeare.* By George Brandes. 1898.
6. *Shakespeare.* By Sidney Lee. In the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' 1897.

THE hypothesis that the works of Shakespeare were written by Bacon has now been before the world for more than forty years. It has been supported in hundreds of books and pamphlets, but, as a rule, it has been totally neglected by scholars. Perhaps their indifference may seem wise, for an opinion that can only be entertained by levity and ignorance may appear to need no confutation. On the other hand, ignorance has often cherished beliefs which science has been obliged reluctantly to admit. The existence of meteorites, and the phenomena of hypnotism, were familiar to the ancient world, and to modern peasants, while philosophy disdained to investigate them. In fact, it is never really prudent to overlook a widely spread opinion. If we gain nothing else by examining its grounds, at least we learn something about the psychology of its advocates. In this case we can estimate the learning, the logic, and the general intellect of people who form themselves into Baconian Societies, to prove that the poems and plays of Shakespeare were written by Bacon. Thus a light is thrown on the nature and origin of popular delusions. The Baconian creed, of course, is scouted equally by special students of Bacon, by special students of Shakespeare, and by all persons who devote themselves to sound literature. It is equally rejected by Mr. Spedding, the chief authority on Bacon; by Mr. H. H. Furness, the learned and witty American editor of the 'Variorum Shakespeare'; by Dr. Brandes, the Danish biographer and critic; by Mr. Swinburne, with his rare knowledge of Elizabethan and, indeed, of all literature; and by Mr. Sidney Lee, Shakespeare's latest biographer. Therefore, the first point which strikes us in the Baconian hypothesis is that its devotees are nobly careless of authority. We do not dream of converting them, but it may be amusing to examine the kind of logic and the sort of erudition which go to support an hypothesis not welcomed even in Germany.

The mother of the Baconian theory was undeniably Miss
 Delia

Delia Bacon, born at Tallmadge, Ohio, in 1811. Miss Bacon used to lecture on Roman history, illustrating her theme by recitations from Macaulay's 'Lays.' 'Her very heart was lacerated,' says Mr. Donnelly, 'and her womanly pride wounded, by a creature in the shape of a man—a Reverend (!) Alexander MacWhorter.' This Celtic divine was twenty-five, Miss Bacon was thirty-five; there arose a misunderstanding; but Miss Bacon had developed her Baconian theory before she knew Mr. MacWhorter, who cannot be considered responsible for this aberration. 'She became a monomaniac on the subject,' writes Mr. Wyman, and 'after the publication and non-success of her book she lost her reason *wholly and entirely*.' But great wits jump, and, just as Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace simultaneously evolved the idea of Natural Selection, so, unconsciously of Miss Delia, Mr. Smith developed the Baconian verity.

From the days of Mr. William Henry Smith, in 1856, the great Baconian argument has been that Shakespeare could not conceivably have had the vast learning, classical, scientific, legal, medical, and so forth, of the author of the plays. Bacon, on the other hand, had this learning, and had, though he concealed them, the poetic powers of the unknown author. Therefore, *primâ facie*, Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. Mr. Smith, as we said, had been partly anticipated, here, by the unlucky Miss Delia Bacon, to whose vast and wandering book Mr. Hawthorne wrote a preface. Mr. Hawthorne accused Mr. Smith of plagiarism from Miss Delia Bacon; Mr. Smith replied that, when he wrote his first essay (1856), he had never even heard the lady's name. Mr. Hawthorne expressed his regret, and withdrew his imputation. Mr. Smith is the second founder of Baconomania.

Like his followers, down to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, and Mr. Bucke, and General Butler, and Mr. Atkinson, who writes in 'The Spiritualist,' Mr. Smith rested, first, on Shakespeare's lack of education, and on the wide learning of the author of the poems and plays. Now Ben Jonson, who knew both Shakespeare and Bacon, averred that the former had 'small Latin and less Greek,' doubtless with truth. It was necessary, therefore, to prove that the author of the plays had—what Shakespeare had not—plenty of Latin and Greek. Yet none but 'the less than half educated,' as Dr. Brandes says, could believe that the plays contain proof of classical learning. They are rich in allusions to the ancient world, but the sources of the allusions are well known. They are not original sources.

On this point we shall compare the assertions of the laborious Mr. Holmes, the American author of 'The Authorship of Shakespeare'

Shakespeare' (third edition, 1875), and of the ingenious Mr. Donnelly, the American author of 'The Great Cryptogram.' Both, alas, derive in part from the ignorance of Pope. Pope had said: 'Shakespeare follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius.' Mr. Smith cites this nonsense; so do Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Holmes. Now the so-called Dares Phrygius is not a Greek author. No Greek version of his early mediæval romance, 'De Bello Trojano,' exists. The matter of the book found its way into Chaucer, Boccaccio, Lydgate, and other authors accessible to one who had no Greek at all, while no Greek version of Dares was accessible to anybody. The recent authors, English and American, have gone on, with the credulity of 'the less than half educated,' taking a Greek Dares for granted, on the authority of Pope, whose Greek was 'small.' They have clearly never looked at a copy of Dares, never known that the story attributed to Dares was familiar, in English and French, to everybody. Mr. Holmes quotes Pope, Mr. Donnelly quotes Mr. Holmes, for this Greek Dares Phrygius. Probably Shakespeare had Latin enough to read the pseudo-Dares, but probably he did not take the trouble.

This example alone proves that men who are not scholars venture to pronounce on Shakespeare's scholarship, and that men who accept absurd statements at second hand dare to constitute themselves judges of a question of evidence and of erudition.

The worthy Mr. Donnelly then quotes Mr. Holmes for Shakespeare's knowledge of the Greek drama. Turning to Mr. Holmes (who takes his motto, if you please, from Parmenides) we find that the author of 'Richard II.' borrowed from a Greek play by Euripides, called 'Hellene,' as did the author of the sonnets. There is, we need not say, no Greek play of the name of 'Hellene.' As Mr. Holmes may conceivably mean the 'Helena' of Euripides, we compare Sonnet cxxi. with 'Helena,' line 270. The imitation of Euripides appears to be—

'By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shewn,

and—

Ἐρώτων μὲν οὐκ οὖσ' ἄδικος, εἰμὶ δυσκλῆς,

which means, 'I have lost my reputation though I have done no harm.' Shakespeare, then, could not complain of calumny without borrowing from 'Hellene,' a name which only exists in the fancy of Mr. Nathaniel Holmes. This critic assigns Richard II., act ii., scene 1, to 'Hellene' 512-514. We can find no resemblance whatever between the three Greek lines cited from the 'Helena,' and the scene in Shakespeare. Among

Mr. Holmes's other parallels—of one line of the 'Orestes,' for example, to a whole scene of Shakespeare—we can discover no coincidences of the faintest interest. He cites whole long scenes of Shakespeare as 'resemblances with Euripides,' that is with one or two lines of Euripides. No scholar could act thus, and yet Mr. Holmes poses as an authority on Shakespeare's scholarship, and Mr. Donnelly innocently accepts him in that function. Mr. Holmes appears to have reposed on Malone, and Malone may have remarked on fugitive resemblances, such as inevitably occur by coincidence of thought. Thus the similarity of the situations of Hamlet and of Orestes in the 'Eumenides' is given by legend, Danish and Greek. Authors of genius, Greek or English, must come across analogous ideas in treating analogous topics. It does not follow that the poet of 'Hamlet' was able to read Æschylus.

The 'Comedy of Errors' is based on the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus. It does not follow that the author of the 'Comedy of Errors' could read the 'Menæchmi' or the 'Amphitryon,' though Shakespeare had probably Latin enough for the purpose. The 'Comedy of Errors' was acted in December 1594. A translation of the Latin play bears date 1595, but this may be an example of the common practice of pre-dating a book by a month or two, and Shakespeare may have seen the English translation in the work itself, in proof, or in manuscript. In those days MSS. often circulated long before they were published, like Shakespeare's own 'sugared sonnets.' Mr. Holmes says that 'the greater part of the story of Timon was taken from the untranslated Greek of Lucian.' Dr. Brande and Mr. Sidney Lee remark that Shakespeare might find the germ of the play in Plutarch's 'Life' of Anthony, for which the poet used North's translation. It was not difficult for him then to follow up the track, and get a 'construe' of Lucian from any young university man. There was also an older English drama derived from the 'Timon' of the Samosatene. Critics differ as to the amount of Shakespeare's work in the actual play, but he might clearly have acquired his knowledge without knowing Greek enough to read Lucian.

In 'Twelfth Night' occurs—

'Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love.'

Mr. Donnelly writes: 'This is an allusion to a story from Heliodorus's "Æthiopics." I do not know of any English translation of it in the time of Shakespeare.' The allusion, if we conceive, to Herodotus ii. 121, the story of Rhampsinitus

translated

translated by 'B. R.' and published in 1584. In 'Macbeth' we find—

'All our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle.'

This is 'traced,' says Mr. Donnelly, 'to Catullus, quoting:—

'Solas occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nec est perpetua una dormienda.'

The parallel is got by translating Catullus thus:—

'The lights of heaven go out and return;
When once our brief candle goes out,
One night is to be perpetually slept.'

But *solas* are not 'lights,' and *brevis lux* is not 'brief candle.' If they were, the passages have no resemblance. 'To be, or not to be,' is 'taken almost verbatim from Plato.' Mr. Donnelly says that Mr. Foullett says that the Messrs. Langhorne say so. But where is the passage in Plato?

Such are the proofs by which men ignorant of the classics prove that the author of the poems attributed to Shakespeare was a classical scholar. In fact, he probably had a 'practicable' knowledge of Latin, such as a person of his ability might pick up at school, and increase by casual study. For the rest, classical lore had filtered into contemporary literature, and there were translations, such as North's *Petrarch*. As to modern languages, Mr. Donnelly decides that Shakespeare knew Danish, because he must have read Saxo Grammaticus 'in the original tongue'—which, of course, is not Danish! Saxo was done out of the Latin into French, and there was an earlier 'Hamlet,' in English. Thus Shakespeare is not exactly proved to have been a Danish scholar. There is no difficulty in supposing that 'a clayver man,' living among wits, could pick up French and Italian sufficient for his uses. But extremely stupid people are usually amazed by even such commonplace acquirements. When the step is made from cleverness to genius, then the dull cry out of a miracle. Now, as 'miracles do not happen,' a man of Shakespeare's education could not have written the plays ascribed to him by his critics, companions, friends, and acquaintances. Shakespeare, *ex hypothesi*, was a rude unlearned fellow. Such a man, the Baconians assume, would naturally be chosen by Bacon as his mask, and put forward as the author of Bacon's pieces. Bacon would select an ignoramus as a plausible author of plays which, by the theory, are rich

in knowledge of the classics, and nobody would be surprised. Nobody would say: 'Shakespeare is as ignorant as a butcher's boy, and cannot possibly be the person who translated Hamlet's soliloquy out of Plato, "Hamlet" at large out of the Danish; who imitated the "Hellene" of Euripides, and borrowed "Troilus and Cressida" from the Greek of Dares Phrygius'—which happens not to exist. Ignorance can go no further than in these arguments. Such are the logic and learning of American amateurs, who do not even know the names of the books they talk about, or the languages in which they are written. Such learning and such logic are passed off by 'the less than half educated' on the absolutely untaught, who decline to listen to scholars.

We cannot of course furnish a complete summary of all that the Baconians have said in their myriad pages. All those pages, almost, really flow from the little volume of Mr. Smith. We are obliged to take the points which the Baconians regard as their strong cards. We have dealt with the point of classical scholarship, and shown that the American writers are not scholars, and have no *locus standi*. We shall next take in order the contention that Bacon was a poet; that his works contain parallel passages to Shakespeare, which can only be the result of common authorship; that Bacon's jottings, called 'Promus,' are notes for Shakespeare's plays; that in style, Bacon and Shakespeare are identical. Then we shall glance at Bacon's motives for writing plays by stealth, and blushing to find it fame. We shall expose the frank folly of averring that he chose as his mask a man who could not even write; and we shall conclude by citing, once more, an irrefragable personal testimony to the genius and character of Shakespeare.

To render the Baconian theory plausible it is necessary to show that Bacon had not only the learning needed for 'the authorship of Shakespeare,' but that he gives some proof of Shakespeare's poetic qualities; that he had reasons for writing plays, and reasons for concealing his pen, and for omitting to make any claim to his own literary triumphs after Shakespeare was dead. Now, as to scholarship, the knowledge shown in the plays is not that of a scholar. With the futile attempts to prove scholarship we have dealt. The legal and medical lore is in no way beyond the 'general information' which genius inevitably amasses from reading, conversation, reflection, and experience. A writer of to-day, Mr. Kipling, is fond of showing how easily a man of his rare ability picks up the terminology of many recondite trades and professions. Again, evidence taken on oath proves that Jeanne d'Arc, a girl of seventeen,
developed

developed great military skill, especially in artillery and tactics, that she displayed political clairvoyance, and that she held her own, and more, among the subtlest and most hostile theologians. On the ordinary hypothesis, that Shakespeare was a man of genius, there is, then, nothing impossible in his knowledge, while his wildly daring anachronisms could have presented no temptation to a well regulated scientific intellect like that of Bacon. The Baconian hypothesis rests on the incredulity with which dulness regards genius. We see the phenomenon every day when stupid people talk about people of ordinary cleverness, and 'wonder with a foolish face of praise.' As Dr. Brandes remarks, when the Archbishop of Canterbury praises Henry V. and his universal accomplishments, he says:

'Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration,
From open haunts and popularity.'

Yet, as the Archbishop remarks (with doubtful orthodoxy), 'miracles are ceased.'

Shakespeare in these lines describes, as only he could describe it, the world's 'wonder,' which he himself was. Or, if Bacon wrote the lines, then Bacon, unlike his American advocates, was prepared to recognize the possible existence of such a thing as genius. Incredulity on this head could only arise in an age and among peoples where mediocrity is universal, and all the world is 'ordinary.' It is a democratic form of disbelief.

For the hypothesis, as we said, it is necessary to show that Bacon possessed poetic genius. The proof cannot possibly be found in his prose works. In the prose of Mr. Ruskin there are abundant examples of what many respectable minds regard as poetic qualities. But, if the question arose, 'Was Mr. Ruskin the author of Tennyson's poems?' the answer could be settled, for once, by internal evidence. We have only to look at Mr. Ruskin's published verses. These prove that a great writer of 'poetical prose' may be at the opposite pole from a poet. In the same way, we ask, what are Bacon's acknowledged compositions in verse? Mr. Holmes is their admirer. In 1599 Bacon wrote in a letter, 'Though I profess not to be a poet, I prepared a sonnet,' to Queen Elizabeth. He *prepared* a sonnet! 'Prepared' is good. He also translated some of the Psalms into verse, a field in which success is not to be won.

Mr.

Mr. Holmes notes, in Psalm xc., a Shakespearian parallel. 'We spend our years as a tale that is told.' Bacon renders:

'As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end.'

In 'King John' iii. 4 we read:—

'Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

Now, if we must detect a connexion, Bacon might have read 'King John' in the Folio, for he versified the Psalms in 1625. But it is unnecessary to suppose a reminiscence. Again, in Psalm civ. Bacon has—

'The greater navies look like walking woods.'

They looked like nothing of the sort; but Bacon may have remembered Birnam Wood, either from Boece, or Holinshed, or from the play itself. One thing is certain: Shakespeare did not write Bacon's Psalms or compare navies to 'walking woods'! Mr. Holmes adds: 'Many of the sonnets [of Shakespeare] show the strongest internal evidence that they were addressed [by Bacon] to the Queen, as no doubt they were.' That is, Bacon wrote sonnets to Queen Elizabeth, and permitted them to pass from hand to hand, among Shakespeare's 'private friends,' as Shakespeare's (1598). That was an odd way of paying court to Queen Elizabeth. Chalmers had already conjectured that Shakespeare (not Bacon) in the sonnets was addressing the Virgin Queen, whom he recommended to marry and leave offspring—rather late in life. Shakespeare's apparent allusions to his profession—

'I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,'

and—

'Than public means, which public manners breeds,'

refer, no doubt, to Bacon's political behaviour. It has hitherto been supposed that sonnet lvii. was addressed to Shakespeare's friend, a man, not to any woman. But Mr. Holmes shows that the Queen is intended. Is it not obvious?

'I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you.'

Bacon clearly had an assignation with Her Majesty—so here is 'scandal about Queen Elizabeth.' Mr. Holmes pleasingly remarks that Twickenham is 'within sight of Her Majesty's Palace of Whitehall.' She gave Bacon the reversion of Twickenham Park, doubtless that, from the windows of Whitehall,

hall, she might watch her swain. If Bacon wrote a masque for the Queen, he skilfully varied his style in the piece from that which he used under the name of Shakespeare. With a number of other gentlemen, some named, some unnamed, Bacon once, at an uncertain date, interested himself in a masque at Gray's Inn, while he and his friends 'partly devised dumb shows and additional speeches,' in 1588. Nothing follows as to Bacon's power of composing Shakespeare's plays. A fragmentary masque, which may or may not be by Bacon, is put forward as the germ of what Bacon wrote about Elizabeth in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' An Indian *wanderer* from the West Indies, near the fountain of the *Amazon*, is brought to Elizabeth to be cured of blindness. Now the fairy, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' says, italicised by Mr. Holmes:—

‘*I do wander everywhere.*’

Here then are two wanderers—and there is a river in Monmouth and a river in Macedon. Puck, also, is ‘that merry *wanderer* of the night.’ Oberon, too, had ‘a lovely boy, stolen from an *Indian* king,’ but he is not the son of an Indian king, come to be ‘touched’ by Elizabeth. Then ‘a *bouncing Amazon*’ is mentioned in the ‘Midsummer Night's Dream,’ and ‘the fountain of the great river of the Amazons’ is alluded to in the fragment of the masque. Cupid too occurs in the play, and in the masque the wanderer is *blind*; now Cupid is blind, sometimes, but hardly when ‘a certain aim he took.’ The Indian, in the masque, presents Elizabeth with ‘his gift and property to be ever young,’ and the herb, in the play, has a ‘*virtuous property*.’ For such exquisite reasons as these the masque and the ‘Midsummer Night's Dream’ are by one hand, and the masque is by Bacon. For some unknown reason the play is full of poetry, which is entirely absent from the masque. Mr. Holmes was a Judge; sat on the bench of American Themis—and these are his notions of proof and evidence. The parallel passages which he selects are on a level with the other parallels between Bacon and Shakespeare. One thing is certain: the writer of the masque shows no signs of being a poet, and a poet Bacon explicitly ‘did not profess to be.’ One piece of verse attributed to Bacon, a loose paraphrase of a Greek epigram, has won its way into ‘The Golden Treasury.’ Apart from that solitary composition the verses which Bacon ‘prepared’ were within the powers of almost any educated Elizabethan. They are on a level with the lyrics of Mr. Lecky or the rhymes of Mr. Ruskin. It was only when he wrote as Shakespeare that Bacon wrote as a poet.

We

We have spoken somewhat harshly of Mr. Holmes as a classical scholar, and as a judge of what, in literary matters, makes evidence. We hasten to add that he could be convinced of error. He had regarded a sentence of Bacon's as a veiled confession that Bacon wrote 'Richard II.', 'which, though it grew from me, went after about in others' names.' Mr. Spedding averred that Mr. Holmes's opinion rested on a grammatical misinterpretation, and Mr. Holmes accepted the correction. But 'nothing less than a miracle' could shake Mr. Holmes's belief in the common authorship of the masque (possibly Bacon's) and the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—so he told Mr. Spedding. To ourselves nothing short of a miracle, or the visitation of God in the shape of idiocy, could bring the conviction that the person who wrote the masque could have written the play. The reader may compare the whole passage in Mr. Holmes's work (pp. 228-238). We have already set forth some of those bases of his belief which only a miracle could shake. The weak wind that scarcely bids the aspen shiver might blow them all away.

Vast space is allotted by Baconians to 'parallel passages' in Bacon and Shakespeare. We have given a few in the case of the masque and the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The others are of equal weight. They are on a level with Punch's proofs that Alexander Smith was a plagiarist. Thus Smith:

'No character that servant woman asked';

Pope writes:

'Most women have no character at all.'

It is tedious to copy out the puerilities of such parallelisms. Thus Bacon:

'If we simply looked to the fabric of the world';

Shakespeare:

'And, like the baseless fabric of a vision.'

Bacon:

'The intellectual light is the top and consummation of thy workmanship';

Shakespeare:

'Like cygnets that cry out on the top of the question.'

Variads of pages of such matter would carry no proof of the verity of the Baconian theory. Probably the hugest collection of such 'parallels' is that gathered by Mrs. Pott in 'Bacon's "Promus,"' a book of 600 pages. Mrs. Pott's 'sole object' in publishing 'was to confirm the growing belief in Bacon's authorship of the plays.' Having acquired

acquired the opinion, she laboured to strengthen herself and others in the faith. The so-called 'Promus' is a manuscript set of notes, quotations, formulæ, and proverbs. As Mr. Spedding says, there are 'forms of compliment, application, excuse, repartee, &c.' 'The collection is from books which were then in every scholar's hands.' 'The proverbs may all, or nearly all, be found in the common collections.' Mrs. Pott, on the other hand, remarks that in 'Promus' are 'several hundreds of notes of which no trace has been discovered in the acknowledged writings of Bacon, or of any other contemporary writer but Shakespeare.' She adds that the theory of 'close intercourse' between the two men is 'contrary to all evidence.' She then infers that 'Bacon alone wrote all the plays and sonnets which are attributed to Shakespeare.' This is lady's logic, a contradiction in terms. The theory that Bacon wrote the plays and sonnets inevitably implies the closest intercourse between him and Shakespeare. They must have been in constant connexion. But, as Mrs. Pott truly says, this is 'contrary to all evidence.'

Perhaps the best way to deal with Mrs. Pott is to cite the author of her preface, Dr. Abbott. He is not convinced, but he is much struck by a very exquisite argument of the lady. Bacon in 'Promus' is writing down 'Formularies and Elegancies,' modes of salutation. He begins with 'Good morrow!' This original remark, Mrs. Pott reckons, 'occurs in the plays nearly a hundred times. In the list of upwards of six thousand works in Appendix G, "Good morrow" has been noted thirty-one times. . . . "Good morrow" may have become familiar merely by means of "Romeo and Juliet."' Dr. Abbott is so struck by this valuable statement that he says: 'There remains the question, Why did Bacon think it worth while to write down in a note-book the phrase "Good morrow" if it was at that time in common use?'

Charles Lamb would have insisted on feeling Dr. Abbott's bumps, as an index of his extraordinary intellect. Bacon wrote down 'Good morrow' just because it *was* in common use. All the formulæ were in common use; probably 'Golden sleepe' was a regular wish, like 'Good rest.' Bacon is making a list of commonplaces about beginning the day, about getting out of bed, about sleep. Some are in English, some in various other languages. He is not, as in Mrs. Pott's egregious theory, making notes of novelties to be introduced through his plays. He is cataloguing the commonplace. It is Mrs. Pott's astonishing contention, as we have seen, that Bacon actually introduced the phrase 'Good morrow'! Mr. Bucke, following her,

her, in a magazine article, says: 'These forms of salutation were not in use in England before Bacon's time, and it was his entry of them in the 'Promus' and use of them in the plays that makes them current coin day by day with us of the nineteenth century.' This is ignorant nonsense. 'Good morrow' and 'Good night' were as familiar before Bacon or Shakespeare wrote as 'Good morning' and 'Good night' are to-day. This we can demonstrate. The very first Elizabethan handbook of phrases which we consult shows that 'Good morrow' was the stock phrase in regular use in 1583. The book is—

'The French Littelton, A most Easie, Perfect, and Absolute way to learne the French Tongue. Set forth by Claudius Holyband. Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautrollier, dwelling in the blacke-Friers. 1583.'

On page 10 we read:—

'Of Scholers and Schoole.

'God give you good morrow, Sir! Good morrow gossip: good morrow my she gossip: God give you a good morrow and a good yeare.'

Thus the familiar salutation was not introduced by Bacon; it was, on the other hand, the very first formula which a writer of an English-French phrase-book translated into French ten years before Bacon made his notes. Presently he comes to 'Good evening, good night, good rest,' and so on.

This fact annihilates Mrs. Pott's contention that Bacon introduced 'Good morrow' through the plays falsely attributed to Shakespeare. There follows, in 'Promus,' a string of proverbs, salutations, and quotations, about sleep and waking. Among these occurs 'Golden Sleepe' (No. 1207) and (No. 1215) 'Uprouse. You are up.' Now Friar Laurence says to Romeo:—

'But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there *golden sleep* doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art *up-roused* by some distemperature.'

Dr. Abbott writes: 'Mrs. Pott's belief is that the play is indebted for these expressions to the "Promus"; mine is that the "Promus" is borrowed from the play.' And why should either owe anything to the other? The phrase 'Uprouse' or 'Uprose' is familiar in Chaucer, from one of his best-known lines. It is as common a phrase as any in the language. 'Uprouse' is merely 'Rouse up.' 'Golden' is a natural poetic adjective of excellence, from Homer to Tennyson. Yet in

Dr.

Dr. Abbott's opinion 'two of these entries constitute a coincidence amounting almost to a demonstration' that either Shakespeare or Bacon borrowed from the other. And this because each writer, one in making notes of commonplaces on sleep, the other in a speech about sleep, uses the regular expression 'Uprouse,' and the poetical commonplace 'Golden sleep' for 'Good rest.' There was no originality in the matter.

We have chosen Dr. Abbott's selected examples of Mrs. Pott's triumphs. Here is another of her parallels. Bacon gives the formula, 'I pray God your early rising does you no hurt.' Shakespeare writes:—

'Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.

Here Bacon notes a morning salutation, 'I hope you are none the worse for early rising,' while Shakespeare tells somebody not to sit up late. Therefore, and for similar reasons, Bacon is Shakespeare.

We are not surprised to find Mr. Bucke adopting Mrs. Pott's theory of the novelty of 'Good morrow.' He writes in the Christmas number of an illustrated magazine, and his article, a really masterly compendium of the whole Baconian delirium, addresses its natural public. But we are amazed to find Dr. Abbott partly imposed on by such imbecilities, and marching at least in the direction of Coventry with such a regiment. He is 'on one point a convert' to Mrs. Pott, and that point is the business of 'Good morrow,' 'Uprouse,' and 'Golden sleepe.' It need hardly be added that the intrepid Mr. Donnelly is also a firm adherent of Mrs. Pott.

'Some idea,' he says, 'may be formed of the marvellous industry of this remarkable lady when I state that to prove that we are indebted to Bacon for having enriched the English language, through the plays, with those beautiful courtesies of speech, 'Good morrow,' 'Good day,' &c., she carefully examined *six thousand works anterior to or contemporary with Bacon.*'

Dr. Abbott thought it judicious to 'hedge' about these six thousand works, and await 'the all-knowing dictionary' of Dr. Murray and the Clarendon Press. We have deemed it simpler to go to the first Elizabethan phrase-book on our shelves, and that tiny volume, in its very first phrase, shatters the mare's nest of Mrs. Pott, Mr. Donnelly, and Mr. Bucke.

As we have mentioned Mr. Bucke, let us examine his 'Argument from Style.' Bacon wrote much (unconscious) blank verse—in his prose. So did Dickens, but Dickens was not a writer of poetical blank verse. A man who writes unconscious blank

verse

verse in prose may, like Dickens, never write blank verse of set purpose. Bacon assuredly lays claim to none. Moreover, to write blank verse when you aim at prose is not to write the style of Shakespeare. 'Blank verse is not argument,' nor is it style: in prose it is rather apt to be the negation of style.

'The coronation followed two days after,'

is an example of Bacon's unconscious blank verse. Mr. Spedding may be supposed to have known as much as Mr. Bucke does about the style of Bacon, to whose works he had devoted his life. But Mr. Spedding says: 'I doubt whether there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon, by one who was familiar with the several styles and practised in such observation.' If a play of Shakespeare's could be proved to be by Bacon, 'not the least extraordinary thing about it would be the power which it showed in him of laying aside his individual peculiarities and assuming those of a different man.' Mr. Spedding knew Bacon's works better than ever any man did; but, unlike Mr. Bucke, Mr. Spedding did not command the prestige of a writer in an illustrated magazine. Very probably the readers of such periodicals never heard of Mr. Spedding; if they had they would say that, as a 'specialist,' he must be wrong. Nobody who really knows is ever to be trusted, and nobody who really knows is a Baconian. Sciolism has the theory to itself. The Baconians had to prove that Shakespeare was a scholar. They have only proved that they are not scholars. They had to show that Bacon was a poet, and that he was no poet the examples cited by them suffice to demonstrate. They went about to find 'parallel passages' in Bacon and Shakespeare. We have given typical examples of the results. In their matchless ignorance they have credited Bacon with introducing such stock old phrases as 'Good morrow' to the English language. They seem incapable of making a step without proving their own lack of knowledge, and their neglect of the laws of evidence.

But why, Bacon being a great poet, should he conceal the fact, and choose as a mask a man whom, on the hypothesis, every one that knew him must have detected as an impostor? Now one great author did choose to conceal his identity, though he never shifted the burden of the 'Waverley Novels' on to Terry the actor. Bacon may, conceivably, have had Scott's pleasure in secrecy, but Bacon selected a mask much more impossible (on the theory) than Terry would have been for it. Again, Sir Walter Scott took pains to make his identity certain,

certain, by an arrangement with Constable, and by preserving his MSS., and he finally confessed. Bacon never confessed, and no documentary traces of his authorship survive. Scott, writing anonymously, quoted his own poems, in the novels, an obvious 'blind.' Bacon, less crafty, never mentions Shakespeare. It is arguable, of course, that to write plays might seem dangerous to Bacon's professional and social position. But that, having written them, he should have allowed the first Folio to appear with all its endless errors and blunders, implies great indifference to fame in a professed author, who sedulously corrected the press for his other books. The reasons which might make a lawyer keep his dramatic works a secret could not apply to 'Lucrece.'

Once more, a lawyer, of good birth, if he wrote plays at all, would certainly not vamp up old stock pieces. That was the work of a 'Johannes Factotum,' a 'Shakescene,' as Greene says, of a man who occupied the same position in his theatrical company as Nicholas Nickleby did in that of Mr. Crummles. Nicholas had to bring in the vulgar pony, the Phenomenon, the buckets, and so forth. So, in early years, the author of the plays had to work over old pieces, to 'beautify himself in the feathers' of Greene and other stock writers. All this is the work of the hack of a playing company; it is not work to which a man in Bacon's position could stoop. Why should he? What had he to gain by patching and ramping? Certainly not money, if the wealth of Shakespeare is a dark mystery to the Baconian theorists. We are asked to believe that Bacon, for the sake of some five or six pounds, toiled at refashioning old plays, and handed the fair manuscripts to Shakespeare, who passed them off, among the actors who knew him intimately, as his own. They detected no incongruity between the player who was their Johannes Factotum and the plays which he gave in to the manager. They seemed to be just the kind of work which Shakespeare would be likely to write. *Be likely to write*, but 'the father of the rest,' Mr. Smith, believed that Shakespeare *could not write at all*, and Mr. Smith's latest child, Mr. Bucke, regards this as 'possible.' Mr. Spedding (1867) had asked Mr. Holmes 'what made him think' that Shakespeare 'could not have possessed any remarkable faculties.' Mr. Smith replied: 'If the question were addressed to me, I would answer: "My belief that William Shakespeare could neither read nor write. His signatures are clearly the signatures of a man who had simply learnt to write his name."' Mr. Bucke thinks, also, that this was possibly 'the limit of Shakespeare's education in this direction.'

We

We live in the Ages of Faith, of faith in fudge. Mr. Smith was certain, and Mr. Bucke is inclined to suspect, that when Bacon wanted a mask he chose, as a plausible author of the plays, a man who could not write. Mr. Smith was certain, and Mr. Bucke must deem it possible, that Shakespeare's enemy, Greene, that his friends, Jonson, Burbage, Heming, and the other actors, and that his critics and admirers, Francis Meres and others, accepted, as author of the pieces which they played in or applauded, a man who could write no more than his name. Such was the tool whom Bacon found eligible, and so easily gulled was the literary world of Eliza and our James. And Bacon took all this trouble for what reason? To gain five or six pounds, or as much of that sum as Shakespeare would let him keep. Had Bacon been possessed by the ambition to write plays he would have written original dramas, he would not have assumed the part of Nicholas Nickleby.

There is no human nature in this nonsense. An ambitious lawyer passes his nights in retouching stock pieces, from which he can reap neither fame nor profit. He gives his work to a second-rate illiterate actor, who adopts it as his own. Bacon is so enamoured of this method that he publishes 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece' under the name of his actor friend. Finally, he commits to the actor's care all his sonnets to the Queen, to Gloriana, and for years these manuscript poems are handed about by Shakespeare, as his own, among the actors, hack scribblers, and gay young nobles of his acquaintance. They 'dash' Shakespeare about his affection for his 'sovereign'; great Gloriana's praises are stained with sack in taverns, and performed with the Indian weed. And Bacon, careful toiler after Court favour, thinks it 'all wery capital,' in the words of Mr. Weller *père*. Meanwhile Bacon does not keep the sonnets which he actually offered to Gloriana, unless we are to suppose that he handed over these also to Shakespeare and his tavern companions. Moreover, nobody who hears Shakespeare talk and sees him smile has any doubt that he is the author of the plays and amorous fancies of Bacon.

Some of the Baconians are not merely ignorant: we must take leave to add that they are also impudent. Mr. Bucke actually appeals, in favour of his theory, to the evidence of Ben Jonson! We have spared the reader the stock testimonies, as of Greene, Chettle, Meres, the author of the 'Returne from Parnassus,' and others, to the general contemporary belief in Shakespeare's authorship. The Baconian answer would be that all men were deceived, and readily supposed that a man who could not write was a great poet. But Ben Jonson, above all
others,

others, is explicit as to his living knowledge of the man William Shakespeare. Writing for the readers of a Christmas number of an illustrated magazine, Mr. Bucke entirely suppresses this crucial fact. He quotes Jonson as saying that Bacon had "filled up all numbers," that is, that he was a great poet. Jonson means nothing of the kind. He is speaking of oratory, of *eloquence*, of Savile, Sandys, and Egerton. Not one of the great poets does Ben speak of in this connexion, though he had alluded to Raleigh and Sidney as 'wits.' In his poem on 'The memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare,' Jonson had said that, in the drama, Shakespeare excelled all 'that insolent Greece or haughty Rome' had done. He quotes his own line much later in the 'Discoveries,' and applies it to Bacon, where he speaks of oratory. But now, he says, Bacon is dead, and '*eloquence* grows backwards.'

The evidence of Ben to 'my beloved, the author,' of the plays, 'Mr. William Shakespeare,' is, of course, inexpugnable. 'If he knew the secret, he certainly meant to keep it,' says Mr. Holmes. Now Jonson was not effusive; he was harsh of judgment. But his famous tribute to the wit and charm of his beloved friend, Shakespeare, is coolly ignored by Mr. Bucke. The readers of Christmas numbers may be supposed unable, as a rule, to correct the *suppressio veri*. We need scarcely cite Ben's immortal passage about the players' pride in their author, who, like Scott, 'never blotted out line.' 'Never,' of course, means 'hardly ever,' in the case of Sir Walter's manuscripts, and probably of Shakespeare's. For the rest—

'I loved the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature: had an excellent phantasie; brave notions and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd.'

Such, in the eyes of a severe critic, but one who knew and loved him, was the illiterate actor of the Baconian hypothesis. And this is the passage which Mr. Bucke suppresses!

It is needless to dwell on the pother made about the missing manuscripts of Shakespeare. 'The original manuscripts, of course, Bacon would take care to destroy,' says Mr. Holmes, 'if determined that the secret should die with him.' If he was so determined, for what earthly reason did he pass his valuable time in vamping up old plays and writing new ones? 'There was no money in it,' and there was no renown. But, if he was not determined that the secret should die with him, why did not he, like Scott, preserve the manuscripts? The manuscripts
are

are where Marlowe's and where Molière's are, by virtue of a like neglect. We really cannot waste time over Mr. Donnelly's theory of a Great Cryptogram, inserted by Bacon, as proof of his claim, in the multitudinous errors of the Folio. Mr. Bucke, too, has his Anagram, the deathless discovery of Dr. Platt, of Lakewood, New Jersey. By manipulating the scraps of Latin in 'Love's Labour Lost,' he extracts 'Hi Ludi tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati': 'These plays, entrusted to themselves, proceeded from Fr. Bacon.' It is magnificent, but it is not Latin. Had Bacon sent in such Latin at school, he would never have survived to write the 'Novum Organon' and his sonnets to Queen Elizabeth. In that stern age they would have 'killed him—with whopping.' That Bacon should be a vamped and a playwright for no appreciable profit, that, having produced his immortal works, he should make no sign, has, in fact, staggered even the great credulity of Baconians. He *must* have made a sign in cypher. Out of the mass of the plays, anagrams and cryptograms can be fashioned à *plaisir*. The cypher is too difficult for the swallow even of Mr. W. J. Thorpe, who discovers that Shakespeare kept a gambling-hell.

'Only a miracle' could have shaken Mr. Holmes's confidence in his own fantastic opinion. Mr. Spedding could not shake it. We do not profess to work miracles, nor hope to convert a single Baconian. Our modest endeavour is to illustrate the nature and growth of belief among the 'less than half educated.' Incapable of believing in genius, they are capable of believing in the paradoxes of their untaught leaders, in the audaciously ignorant assertions or impudent suppressions of which we have offered examples. In the matter of authority they prefer poor Miss Delia Bacon (whom we pity rather than blame), and Mr. Smith, who 'can hardly allow himself to speak on the subject—it excites him too much'—to Mr. Furness and Mr. Sidney Lee. They prefer Mr. Donnelly, with his Saxo in Danish, and his Dares in Greek, and Mr. Holmes, with his Twickenham in full view of Whitehall, and his 'Hellene' of Euripides, to Mr. Spedding and Dr. Brandes. Finally, they prefer General Butler of beloved memory, and Mr. Atkinson, who writes in 'The Spiritualist,' to Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Bucke to Ben Jonson. Such people are not to be argued with. We are content to demonstrate that there are such people, and that their vagaries go to constitute 'public opinion.'

* 'Shakespeariana,' quoted by Mr. Donnelly.

ART. III.—Curtis's '*Botanical Magazine*.' Series 1-3. Vols. 1-123. London, 1787-1897.

THE magazine which heads this article, commenced by William Curtis in 1787, and continued under various editors, is at the present moment conducted by Sir Joseph Hooker. It already fills 123 volumes, and it may be not uninteresting to consider some of the changes that have passed over gardening in this country during the period for which it has been in existence.

The gardens of England at the close of the year 1799 offered a complete contrast to those on which that century had dawned, and the transformations through which they have passed in the last hundred years have been no less numerous or varied. If the alterations which have marked the present century be compared with those for which the preceding one was conspicuous, the result is decidedly favourable to modern gardening. It is true that in the eighteenth century great strides were made in horticulture and botanical research and classification, but the gardens of England on the whole suffered more than they gained. A wholesale destruction of old gardens was carried on by the advocates of the landscape style; flowers were all but banished from a majority of the larger gardens, and the sole care of 'Capability' Brown and his followers was to produce rural scenes and effects which were considered natural by their artificial taste. To reproduce nature by art is also the aim of many modern gardeners, but their methods of attaining that end are diametrically opposed to those of their predecessors. They try to copy nature in the way she distributes and arranges her floral treasures, remembering it is nature's garden scenery they wish to reproduce, not her parks or meadow lands. They imitate the spots where plant life is most favoured, by planting Alpine flowers as they are seen to grow on lofty mountain sides, or arranging masses of narcissus, anemones, azaleas, or lilies, as they are found in Southern Europe, Japan, and elsewhere. Thus many British gardens have been completely transformed, and now present features totally distinct from any which characterized those of the eighteenth century.

This alteration of ideals is only one of the many changes which have helped to develop the modern garden. In all the numerous departments of horticulture, which touches botany on the one hand and agriculture on the other, and includes within its limits even chemistry and architecture, vast progress has been made. At the same time external influences have contributed their share to the advance of gardening. The number of

known plants has been enormously increased. Countries which even fifty years ago were unexplored are now easy of access, and have yielded a harvest of new species and genera to the scientific collectors who have followed in the wake of more warlike pioneers. Formerly it was a matter of time and difficulty to reach America or the Antipodes; now the great 'liners' cross from New York to Liverpool in less than six days and reach Bombay in sixteen. Facility of transport has multiplied the chances in favour of a plant surviving exposure on the ocean. The same ease and rapidity of communication which have enriched our gardens with new plants have however driven some products out of home cultivation. Fruits like bananas and custard-apples, once only tasted in more favoured climes, are now conveyed so swiftly that but little of their freshness is lost before they are sold in the London markets, and pine-apples are imported in such quantities and at such low prices that their culture in this country has been almost entirely abandoned, whereas formerly pine-growing was carried on in every large garden, and pineries were nearly as conspicuous as vineries.

Again, during the first half of this century botanists were still thinking out theories to account for various phenomena in plant life; at the present day, on the other hand, the results of their labours are taught even in elementary text-books. It is impossible to exaggerate the power which these scientific truths have placed in the hands of practical gardeners. Neither professionals nor amateurs of this era have been slow to use all available means to improve and vary the cultivated species of the vegetable kingdom. Agricultural chemists have come to their aid and supplied a more complete knowledge of the properties of soils and effects of manures, while new systems of heating and ventilation, improved appliances and tools, and many other minor details have all combined to make modern gardening more and more practical, scientific, and effectual.

It is in these three directions that Victorian gardening has achieved its most remarkable successes, and in our brief sketch of its progress we propose to treat the subject under the three heads of garden design, discovery of new plants, and scientific treatment.

Garden design has passed through numerous phases during the present century. Architects and landscape gardeners can be held accountable for many changes; but in spite of all their efforts to regulate the form of a garden, the plants themselves have, as it were, the power to control and direct design in a greater measure than is usually supposed. No landscape gardener, for example, would have contemplated making a
pinetum

pinetum had not Douglas and other collectors discovered and sent home so many new varieties of pine that a special place was required in which to show them to advantage; no designer would have planned the serpentine paths which sometimes seem to wander aimlessly about the grass swards if there had been no great clumps of rhododendrons to direct their course. The Alpines, again, which every good gardener is nowadays expected to be able to grow, demand such careful treatment, as regards soil, aspect, and exposure, that the rockery of to-day has to be a totally different arrangement from the stiff structures which went by that name in an early Victorian garden.

The first change was abandoning the landscape style. The feeling which found expression in the poems of Wordsworth and other poets of the same school was a love of nature and simplicity, which was a complete contrast to the ideas of the conventional poets of nature, Shenstone, Mason, and their contemporaries, and when it became apparent how extremely artificial the gardens supposed to be copies of nature really were, a revulsion of taste was the necessary result. Some few gardens in a more simple landscape style were planned; the temples, urns, and grottos were discarded for more rustic devices, and nature was allowed free access to the garden, unfettered by rules of art. But by far the greater number of gardens which were the outcome of this change of feeling were strictly of a formal type. Early Victorian gardens are nearly all in the Italian style, with terraces, balustrades, fountains, and statues. Numbers of large gardens were planned in this fashion between the years 1840 and 1860 by Paxton, Nesfield, and Barry, three of the most eminent garden architects of the period, and many of them are extremely beautiful. To keep such Italian gardens aglow with gaudy flowers was the first object of practical gardeners, and just at this time many half-hardy flowers were being introduced which were peculiarly suited to their purpose. The natural sequence of events led to the banishment of many less showy hardy plants to make room for their more sensitive rivals, and thus the 'bedding-out' system became firmly rooted. This fashion being once established, existing old-fashioned gardens were not infrequently altered to suit the new comers. The long borders formerly devoted to herbaceous plants were thought unsightly in winter, and the small beds arranged in geometrical patterns on the grass, or placed at intervals along a terrace, with stone copings and ornamental vases between, took their place. This rage for geraniums, calceolarias, and other brilliantly coloured half-hardy plants pervaded almost every garden in the kingdom,

till numbers of old-fashioned hardy plants fell out of sight. The restoration of many of these forgotten plants, and the assignment to hardy herbaceous flowers of a foremost place again in gardens, have been among the most marked developments of modern gardening. To some people the word 'formal' suggests a terraced garden of the Italian style already referred to, but the 'formal garden' that many would seek to popularize now is rather a copy of an Elizabethan garden than of these early Victorian ones. The Elizabethan garden was the outcome of new ideas, fitted to express the advance of civilization, grafted on the older English style and supplemented by fresh flowers, including many then recently discovered in the New World. But surely in this yet more brilliant reign of our own Queen a new style could be evolved, as well suited to modern requirements as were the gardens of Elizabeth to those of that time. Great efforts have been made lately to attain this ideal of garden design. It is to be hoped, therefore, that some happy medium between the formal and landscape styles may be arrived at, that the architecture, the natural beauties of the country, and the convenience of flowers and trees may be alike considered, and that the result will be a garden which architects, landscape gardeners, and practical horticulturists can all agree in admiring.

In spite of the fluctuating tastes which produced alterations in garden design, it is the changes in the plants themselves for which modern gardening is most remarkable. This century has witnessed the importation of countless plants, now so familiar in gardens that it is difficult to realize that many of the most popular among them are of very recent introduction. Since the very commencement of the century collectors have been busy in all parts of the world. Much has been done by private enterprise. Many able men have been sent on special expeditions by the Royal Horticultural Society, and a great debt of gratitude is also owed to the large firms of nurserymen who have sent their collectors to every quarter of the world. Between 1800 and 1850 perhaps the largest number of new plants came from India. Many were sent home by William Roxburgh, some of the first orchids, including vandas and dendrobiums, being among the number. Quantities were collected by Dr. Wallich and other botanists, and from 1848 to 1850 Sir Joseph Hooker was making adventurous journeys in unexplored regions of the Himalayas, in Sikkim, Thibet, and Nepal, and finding wondrous rhododendrons, tropical plants from the valleys and plains, and hardy ones from regions near the eternal snows. The difficulties that had to be encountered in such journeys were very great, for native rulers constantly put obstacles

les in the way of these scientific explorers, stopped their
 es of food, and effectually prevented their entrance into
 parts of the country. The advance of civilization in the
 has promoted the progress of modern gardening; many
 now to be seen everywhere in England would never have
 d our soil except as results of commercial enterprise.
 few plants were imported from China before 1820, peonies,
 nthemums, wistaria, and Japan quince among the number,
 was not until after the Chinese war of 1842 that they
 in considerable numbers. The energetic and adventurous
 or, Robert Fortune, penetrated into the country after the
 sion of peace and was rewarded by the discovery of
 erable floral treasures.

'The dainty white anomones that bear
 An Eastern name and Eastern beauty wear,'

Anemone japonica, *Dielytra spectabilis*, *Kerria japonica*,
Amum nudiflorum, *Weigela rosea*, *Forsythia viridissima*,
 a palm and yellow rose which bear his name, and a great
 er of equally well known plants, were found by him there.
 g the sixties, after the second Chinese war, still more
 ies were discovered and sent home to England—the
 ntly coloured Japanese maples, the large-flowered *Iris*
ferri, the conspicuous *Lilium auratum*, and the golden
Azalea mollis being the most remarkable.

le lately a large number of plants have been found in
 n China which are likely to prove hardy in the open air
 gland, but as yet few have been introduced; among them
 a new lilies, thirty rhododendrons, thirty primulas, and
 gentians and lysimachias, many of which no doubt may
 lay be familiar in gardens of this country. It may be
 oped that the recent and valuable railway concession to
 ad along the Yangtse valley may prove the means of
 g known the numerous varieties of flowers with which
 n China is believed to abound.

Africa the collection of plants has followed the advance
 ilization. New varieties of gladiolus, ixia, and arum
india) have been added to the older ones of late years,
 the species of *Friesia*, so popular among greenhouse
 flowers, was sent from South Africa as recently as 1875.
 the same time the brilliant *Montbretia Pottsii*, from the
 ocality, first became known in the hardy-flower garden.
 rst to collect plants in British Central Africa was Sir
 Kirk, while travelling with Livingstone between 1858
 863, when he went up the Shire and discovered Lake
 Nyassa.

only have those employed in scientific of introducing new plants into Britain of colonization have contributed their the lovely stove bulb, *Cyrtanthus* & Mrs. Barber on the camping-ground the Transvaal, on the spot since a flourishing town of Barberton. One discovered and sent to England is a is a large timber tree, and is likely to of England; the wood will probably commercial value. It has been named Mr. Alexander Whyte, *Widdringtonia*.

An immense number of conifer recent introduction, the majority having America. Most of them were discovered *Thuodum sempervirens* and many others home by him about 1826, besides which bears his name. The now well-known *gigantea*) was found by William L for Messrs. Veitch, in 1853, and known by Douglas and Hartweg were this time. Very many of the most flowers and annuals have come from lupines, pentstemons, red-flowering *Rü Darwinii*, gaillardias, godetias, eschsch *Musculi*, including the common 'musk', *Heuchera sanguinea* (1885), *Nemophila* *menziesii*, and countless others equally

brought from the Upper Amazon in 1856, the *Eucharis amazonica*, is doubtless one of the most popular of stove plants. Among other useful ornamental plants from tropical America a few of the most prominent that have been imported within the last fifty years are the following: anthuriums, allamandas, abutilons, bougainvilleas, bouvardias, caladiums, lapagerias (found by Mr. Lobb in Patagonia, 1847-8), poinsettias, and tacsonias.

It cannot fail to strike the casual observer that it is wonderful how plentiful many of these plants of recent introduction have become, and truly the numbers in which many are imported are astonishing. Quantities are, of course, 'home-grown,' and, in the case of a large number of plants, these prove better and hardier than the imported stock. Large consignments of spring bulbs still come from Holland, but within the last ten years the culture of many varieties, especially of narcissi, has been carried on to a very large extent in the south of England, and chiefly in the Scilly Isles. The climate of these islands is exceptionally suitable, and in the year 1891 no less than 230 tons of flowers, the greater part being narcissi, were sent to the English markets, and every year the industry increases. Large importations of plants from Japan are of almost daily occurrence. The principal sale of these takes place at the mart of Messrs. Protheroe & Morris, who dispose of countless thousands of plants. Such sales as the following, of lilies from Japan, are of constant recurrence:—'March 16th, 1898.—11080 *Lilium auratum*, 14020 *L. speciosum album*, 1440 *L. tigrinum splendens*, and other lilies, the contents of 395 cases just received from Japan.' Large quantities of *Lilium longiflorum* var. *Harrisii* are grown in Bermuda—hence the lily has become popularly known as 'the Bermuda lily,' although a native of Japan—bulbs to the value of 20,000*l.* being supplied from there annually to the United States and Europe. Within the last few years efforts have been made to cultivate this lily in Natal for export to Europe. Four thousand from there were sold in London in April 1897 for about 15*s.* per hundred; the bulbs have proved good, but flowered nearly three months later than those from Bermuda.

The most marvellous importations of plants have been those of orchids. Species which were extremely rare twenty years ago are now quite common, and the prices given to-day in many cases are a smaller number of shillings than formerly they were pounds. At one time certain specimens were possessed only by one or perhaps two fortunate growers, and naturally, when a third plant of the same kind was put up for sale in an auction room, the competition for it among wealthy orchid lovers was very great.

A very curious story is told of *Dendrobium phalaenopsis* *calceolifolium*. For a long time but two plants were in existence in this country, and Baron Schroeder became possessed of both of them, and his name was given to the species. New Guinea was the supposed habitat of this plant, and Messrs. Schimper sent out their collector, Mr. Micholitz, to search for it there. He was soon successful in procuring a vast quantity, which were packed on board a ship to be despatched to England, but the ship took fire and the whole consignment was destroyed. It being the rainy season, and the most difficult and expensive time of year to begin another search, on receipt of news that some he returned to New Guinea, and, knowing no more place to be found in the same locality, tried in another direction. At length he found a great quantity of even finer plants than before, but growing in a ghastly fashion on the bones of natives in an old cemetery near the seashore. This did not deter the collector, and, overcoming the objections of the inhabitants by promising to convey a specially carved idol with the plants back to England, as a protector of the graves, grains of ancestral dust that might also be exported, he not only allowed him to take the plants, but themselves engaged in despoiling their ancestors, the result being that some thousands of plants and the idol were sold amid much excitement in London, and ever since then (1891) the price of this formerly rare orchid has been trifling. From east to west the tropics have been searched for similar treasures, and they are still being sent to England in ever-increasing numbers. The practice of wholesale spoliation and reckless denuding of large tracts of orchids leads many people to entertain what seems a very reasonable fear—that many well-known genera will soon become as extinct in their native habitats as the dodo or the great auk. But, in spite of protests and warnings, it appears that collectors are as unrelenting and the public as exacting in their demands as ever.

The importation of new plants, however, has not been the only care of modern gardeners; to enhance the beauty and size of those already known has been an equally important task. Much has been done by improving the soil and suiting it to their special requirements. The properties of soils have been so closely examined as to render the gardener's task more simple. The exact amount of nitrogen and mineral ingredients exhausted in the soil by various agricultural crops has been calculated to a nicety, the quantity of nitrates washed out by the ordinary drainage of the soil, and the proportion of nitrogen, carbon, &c., supplied by the rain to the soil, have all been ascertained by a long

long series of experiments, some of the most important of which have been carried on for over fifty years by Sir John B. Lawes at Rothamsted, in Hertfordshire. The result of these researches, so far as they affect gardening, has been the production of a number of artificial manures which are as effectual fertilizers as farmyard or other natural manures, and they have the advantage of portability, and in many cases can be applied with greater ease. The destruction of garden pests has also been under consideration, and numerous fumigators for the greenhouse, and chemical preparations for the affected plants in the garden, have been the result of research. When any apparently new disease in any species appears, the case has immediate investigation at the hands of experts. For example, the 'Kew Bulletin' for March 1897 publishes information on a lily bulb disease. The case was urgent, as out of 848 boxes, containing 73,050 bulbs of *Lilium speciosum*, only 250 bulbs were saleable; of another consignment to the same firm only 4,000 bulbs of *Lilium auratum* were good out of a total of 37,590 bulbs. It was found out that the disease was a parasitic fungus, which would attack daffodils and many other plants as well as lilies, and that this fungus, *Rhizopus necans*, could be killed by immersing the bulb in a one per cent. solution of corrosive sublimate or in salicylic acid for not more than fifteen minutes, which process was not injurious to the bulb. This is but one example of the practical benefits conferred by scientific research at the present time on gardening.

The direction in which science has rendered most assistance is in the improvement of 'florists' flowers.' This becomes more simple and easily accomplished as the wonders of cross-fertilization are better understood. The theory of cross-fertilization was first propounded by Sprengel in his work entitled 'Das entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur,' in 1793, but the line of investigation he suggested was not taken up by contemporary naturalists, and it was reserved for the great thinkers of the Victorian era to work out those theories and prove them by experimental research. It was in 1837, after his return from the voyage in the 'Beagle,' that Darwin made his first note on the cross-fertilization of plants; but it was not until nearly twenty years later that he began his long series of botanical experiments. All his investigations tended to show that specimens derived by cross-fertilization were far superior to those produced from self-fertilized seeds. His experiments with *Linaria vulgaris* and *Dianthus caryophyllus* proved the crossed seedlings to be much the most vigorous, although both plants rarely produce any seed if insects are excluded. The

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same improved results were obtained from other plants, such as *Mimulus luteus* and *Ipomœa purpurea*, although these were self-fertile, and did not require the agency of insects. He experimented with seedlings from a large selection of species through as many as ten generations, and with the exception of a very few cases he found the crosses infinitely the best both in height and vigour. He directed his attention also to 'cleistogamic' flowers, such as the violet, which produce small closed flowers as well as the ordinary forms, with the same results. Experiments were also made with special plants which are 'dimorphic' or of two forms, of which the primrose is an example, and Darwin found the plants produced more seeds when the forms were crossed, the finest plants being obtained from a short-styled flower fertilized with pollen from a long-styled. These observations have now become acknowledged facts, and are taught in elementary text-books and classes of botany, although Darwin's 'Effects of Cross- and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom' was only published in 1876. Within the last twenty years these theories have become thoroughly established, and the amount of help such knowledge has been to the modern gardener is difficult to exaggerate. Instead of groping in the dark he can now go forward in the work of hybridizing, feeling convinced that the varieties he produces will, in the majority of cases, be finer and stronger than the parent plants.

Almost every family of cultivated plants is undergoing like improvement in the florists' hands. Experiments with flowers were, indeed, tried at a much earlier date. The manifold shades of tulips which were produced in the seventeenth century are an example. Early in the following century gardeners such as Philip Miller, Richard Bradley, and Thomas Fairchild exercised their ingenuity in trying various crosses of flowers. A plant was produced in Fairchild's garden at Hoxton before 1730 from a carnation fertilized by the pollen from a sweet-william; but it is only of recent years that investigations have been carried on systematically. The florist's flowers of to-day are many of them so widely different from the parent plant as to be scarcely recognizable at first sight. The large calceolarias are a gradual development from the first hybrid which was produced, by Penny, at Milford Nursery in 1830, from *calceolaria arachnoides* and *purpurea*. The wonderful tuberous begonias, double and single, in every shade of red, pink, yellow, and white, which now form such a brilliant display in greenhouse and summer garden, could not have been imagined but a few years ago. The size and colour of many other plants have a wonderfully changed—gloxinias, streptocarpus, achimenes, and

and a host of others. Thus a leading nurseryman has recently produced a totally new-looking flower from a cross between a gesnera and a gloxinia, which seems to possess the beauties of both. Though many of the finest hybrids have been raised in France, which gives us the best cannas, gladioli, water-lilies, roses, and many other species, yet in other cases England has taken the lead, as for instance with the narcissi raised by Leeds, Backhouse, Horsfield, and at the present time by the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, or the rhododendrons produced by Anthony Waterer.

Perhaps the family of plants which has of late years been the most carefully studied with regard to producing hybrids is the orchidean. The structure of many orchids is so peculiar as naturally to attract the notice of scientists, and for the last forty years they have supplied one of the most interesting fields for investigation. As early as 1833 Robert Brown stated that he believed that 'insects were necessary for the fructification of most orchids,' and later investigations by Darwin further proved this. In his work on the 'Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are Fertilized by Insects,' published in 1862, he sums up by saying that 'throughout the vast orchidean order, including, according to Lindley, 433 genera and probably about 6000 species, the act of fertilization is almost invariably left to insects.' Since that date a few more self-fertilizing species have been discovered, perhaps some twenty-five in all, which is but a very small fraction of the number requiring insects. One of the greatest attractions of orchids arises from this peculiarity, namely, the length of time the flowers remain in perfection. They retain their beauty day after day, awaiting the visit of the insect, which in hot-houses in this country rarely finds its way to the pollen of the plants. There have been instances of *Cattleya Mossiae* being fertilized by a bee, but the structure of many orchids is so peculiar that no British insect could penetrate to the honey and obtain the pollen, and artificial means have to be adopted. One of the most beautiful and striking orchids, the *Angræcum sesquipedale*, is a curious example, and one to which Darwin paid special attention. This flower has a spur from ten to fourteen inches long, at the bottom of which the nectar is hidden. Darwin maintained that in Madagascar a moth must exist with a proboscis long enough to reach the end of this nectary, and he went so far as to say that, if this moth were to die out, this species of *Angræcum* would also become extinct. Many people were incredulous, and said so peculiar an insect was impossible, but the existence of such a moth has since been

been proved by the discovery of a sphinx moth in South Brazil with a proboscis eleven inches long, and doubtless its counterpart will be found ere long in Madagascar.

The results of the artificial hybridization of orchids have been eminently satisfactory, and every year new ones appear, in spite of the length of time it takes to produce specimens. Some fresh combination, productive of a new variety of form or colour, is frequently the greatest attraction at the horticultural shows. These exhibitions are such conspicuous institutions nowadays, and florists depend on them to such a great extent to see what other gardeners have been accomplishing, that it is difficult to realize that they are of comparatively recent origin.

The earliest record of anything at all approaching shows were the 'florists' feasts,' held at Norwich in the seventeenth century, and mentioned by the naturalist Ray about 1660 as then existing. It was customary at these feasts to make some award for the best flower of the year. Other forerunners of shows were the meetings held early in the following century by 'A Society of Gardeners.' These were instituted by twenty of the leading gardeners and nurserymen in and near London, and they met once a month for some six years, usually at Newhall's coffee-house in Chelsea. Flowers were brought for inspection, and a classified list was prepared, a portion of which, dealing with flowering shrubs, was published with fine illustrations by the Society in 1730. Some of the earliest shows were those held for exhibiting auriculas, pinks, and carnations at the beginning of this century. The Florist Society, by which this work was started, met together about three times a year, and combined the judging of flowers and awarding of prizes with a sociable dinner. The Horticultural Society was formed in 1804, and incorporated in 1809, but it was not until 1831 that their *fetes*, and then their exhibitions, were instituted. The Botanical Society of London, whose shows have been well known for many years, was not in existence until 1839. Exhibitions of spring flowers were not thought of until summer and autumn ones had been in progress for nearly thirty years. The first was held by the Botanical Society in 1862, and then the exhibits consisted of hyacinths, camellias, tulips, cinerarias, deutzias, guelder roses, narcissi, and primulas. How many more families would be represented at such a meeting nowadays! Perhaps no branch of horticulture has undergone more changes of late years than spring gardening. Formerly it was the fashion to bed out spring flowers in the same way as geraniums in summer; to plant stiff rows of hyacinths or tulips, or work out an intricate pattern in various-coloured crocuses,
but

but at present such gardening takes but a secondary place in comparison with what may be styled natural spring gardening. The object is to plant bulbs and spring flowering plants and shrubs in as wild and natural a way as possible—to group masses of narcissi, squills, primroses, fritillaries, or such-like on the green slope of a lawn, among trees, at the fringe of a wood, or beside the margin of a lake or stream. The scene of the 'host of golden daffodils,' which so much delighted Wordsworth as to inspire his beautiful lines, is now frequently reproduced in gardens, and many people can enjoy—

'Ten thousand . . . at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.'

In the London parks the spring flowers are a great charm. The grass is spangled with many shades of crocuses, and the brilliant blue carpets of chionodoxas are a joy to all beholders. These bright starlike flowers, so striking as almost to eclipse the *Scilla sibirica*, are of very recent introduction. They come from the high lands of Asia Minor. Mr. Edward Whittall, who has been the fortunate discoverer of some of the finest varieties, describes the spot on which he first saw them, on Boz Dag in the Imolus mountains, and truly they deserve their popular name, the 'glory of the snow.' For a mountain stream of melting snow had forced a passage through the ice, leaving a natural arch of ice as a bridge over the water, and the whole of the cave thus formed, where the snow had disappeared, was a dazzling blue mass of chionodoxas. From the same district many new varieties of snowdrop have been imported, some of which not only are twice the size of our native species, but also have the charm of being sweet-scented. These and many varieties of iris, saxifrage, aubrietia, trillium, anemone, cyclamen, gentian, and other hardy early-flowering plants have been added to English gardens of late years. The custom, too, of growing them on carefully planned artificial rockwork is also of very recent development. These rock-gardens are now the most striking feature in many gardens, and amateurs as well as nurserymen succeed in growing vast numbers of Alpines, and make them thrive as well at an elevation but little above the sea level as on their native mountain tops. The spaces devoted to the miniature reproduction of rock-gardens at many of the summer shows are invariably one of the most attractive objects, and the greater amount of room assigned to them every year shows the growing popularity of such gardens. For the student of Alpines there is ever ready the rock-garden at Kew. This charming addition to Kew Gardens was made in 1882, the
nucleus

nucleus being some 2600 plants bequeathed by Mr. George Carling Joad ; since then it has been constantly added to, and is now the delight of many thousands of Londoners at all seasons of the year.

Kew Gardens are now a national institution of great importance, but at the beginning of the Queen's reign they held a very different position. The gardens were originally begun about 1760, and the pagoda and temples and buildings were designed by Sir William Chambers. Under the direction of the two Aitons the gardens prospered, and the elder published a catalogue of plants in 1789, which was amplified by the younger in 1810. It was only in 1841 that these royal gardens were first thrown open to the public, and during that year 9,174 people made use of the privilege. From that time the number of visitors has steadily increased. In 1848, when the great palm-house was built, there were 91,708. In 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, the numbers reached 327,900; in 1862, the next Exhibition and the year the winter garden was opened, there were 550,132; and so on in ever increasing numbers, until in 1882 over a million visitors were recorded, and last year there were as many as 1,239,683 who visited the gardens. This remarkable growth in public interest is a striking proof of the general appreciation of all that has been done under the able directorship of Sir William Hooker, assisted by Bentham, Henslow, and others, then under Sir Joseph Hooker, and at the present time under Mr. Thiselton-Dyer. The gardens, which in 1841 consisted of about seventy-five acres, have gradually been increased to over 400 acres, and there plants from all climes can find a home. It is curious to think of all the various sources from whence this vast collection has been gathered. The palms, alone numbering some 420 species, are only surpassed by two other gardens, one at Hanover and the other in Java. Travellers and explorers have not forgotten Kew when it has been their lot to find some new or rare plant, and the list of private individuals who have presented some floral treasure to Kew is a very long one; but by far the greater number of plants are received through the various botanical institutions throughout the world with which Kew is in communication. Those in British colonies alone, with which the Gardens are in correspondence, number sixty; besides these there are twenty-four in India, and of the directors or curators of these botanical establishments some forty-seven have been trained at Kew. The herbarium, library, and museums form a very important part of the scientific equipment of Kew; but to the public the gardens

gardens naturally form the great attraction, and every year more is done to increase their beauty, and by artistic grouping, bedding-out, and planting to combine a pleasure with a botanical garden.

Gardening in the London parks has undergone a complete change within the last fifty years. The Act for the Protection of Gardens and Ornamental Grounds in Cities and Boroughs dates from 1863, when much was being done to improve the London parks. The variety and arrangement of bedding-out are newer fashions, introduced almost entirely within the last two decades. The ornamental rocks and water and sub-tropical planting at the end of the Serpentine were designed and carried out under Mr. B. Freeman Mitford, and he was also the originator of much of the artistic planting of flowers in the grass and the herbaceous borders. The site of Battersea, which is now one of the most pleasing of London parks, was purchased by the Government in 1851 for 11,000*l*. The 200 acres which now form the park were then open fields, with hedges and ditches, and the only building on them was an old inn called 'The Red House,' famous for its pigeon-shooting. The water, the sub-tropical garden, and all the planting were planned by the late Mr. John Gibson. Regent's Park, on the site of what was then the Marylebone farm, was begun in 1812, under the direction of Fordyce from plans by Nash, and was much altered from designs by Nesfield in 1863. He suggested the planting of the 'Italian' garden, and arranged new flower beds between groups of pampas grass, at that time still rather a novelty in England. Nash also re-arranged portions of St. James's Park about 1827, and began that transformation from its formal style, which was continued in 1857. Victoria Park, in the East End of London, is, as its name indicates, a creation of the present reign. The land, about 290 acres, was bought by the Government with 72,000*l*. paid by the Duke of Sutherland for Stafford House in 1841. One rather special feature of this park is the 'scroll bed,' which was and is still planted elaborately every summer. Carpet-bedding, when it first came into fashion, was said to be there shown off to great advantage. In England carpet-bedding is not now extremely popular, but in America and on the Continent a frequent amusement in gardening is to produce pictures, portraits, or inscriptions in this kind of bedding-out, and wonderfully elaborate designs of arches, pillars, or erections in the shape of people or animals are made in wire thickly planted with low-growing foliage plants; but, perhaps fortunately, this amusement has not been much tried in England.

The beautifying of the parks and public gardens, not only in London, but in all great towns, has immensely stimulated the taste for gardening. The love of flowers has always been characteristic of English people. Travellers two centuries ago were struck by the pots of growing plants and the cut flowers to be seen in the majority of houses; and the little dingy window with its few geraniums struggling to the light, and the gay cottage gardens, prove how general this love of flowers still remains. In all parts of the kingdom this innate affection for gardening has borne fruit by an increase in the knowledge of horticulture. The village shows, which have so much encouraged this progress, are a proof of the improvement effected, and the variety and size of the vegetables and fruits and flowers now exhibited in remote districts would astonish the most advanced gardener of the Georgian era. The professional gardener to-day is very different from his predecessor half a century ago. Much more is expected of him: he has to be fairly well educated, to know something of botany, to understand the structure and physical life of plants, and of the families and genera to which they belong, if he is to succeed in his profession. Men who are trained in big nurseries come up to this high standard, and every year, in gardening as well as in other branches of education, more knowledge is expected. Those who present themselves to the Royal Horticultural Society for examination find a very stiff and searching paper to answer before them, yet numbers pass with credit. The candidate who passes first wins a scholarship, offered by the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, which enables him to study for a year at the Horticultural Society's Gardens, and a second year may be spent at Kew or at some garden abroad. Women also enter for these examinations, and one appeared second on the list last year. This pursuit of gardening by women is a new idea, although not a surprising one, now that so many professions and occupations are open to them which had formerly closed doors. A women's branch was started in 1891 at the Swanley Horticultural College. At first it was represented by one pupil, but by 1896 there were thirty-nine students, and the numbers continue to increase. Many of these never intended to be anything but amateurs, but several have already passed out of the College to take head gardeners' places. Students from Swanley have also been allowed to continue their education at Kew, but the somewhat arbitrary restrictions which oblige women to wear so-called 'rational' knickerbocker dress, have deterred many from making use of this advantage. The herbaceous borders at Kew, however, we

st year tended entirely by women, and Mr. Thiselton-Dyer is satisfied that they had never been better cared for. Although some of the work of a gardener is hard, it is an art in which neatness and dexterity play so important a part that it is a calling eminently suited to women.

Certainly the advantages enjoyed by a modern gardener are very great. He can get instruction from technical-education lectures, from cheap yet accurate books; but perhaps the largest amount of knowledge is obtained from the periodical garden literature. Papers relating to gardening are now very numerous, and, in view of their reduced prices, the illustrations and information they contain compare favourably with those of earlier horticultural journals. Their circulation is in consequence very much wider than that of older publications, which appealed only to scientific readers.

Horticulture has been making steady progress in every direction, and the nineteenth century is closing on a system of gardening more perfect than has ever been seen before. With all the means of advancing, and all the advantages now in their possession, gardeners must not be content to rest on their laurels. There is still as much to be done in the future as there has been in the past. Knowledge is the sure road to further knowledge. Who can prophesy what there is still hidden in Nature reserved for some careful searcher to discover, or who can tell what possibilities are within the reach of the hard-working, deep-thinking, and far-sighted modern gardener?

- ART. IV.—1. *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.
 Edited by Francis James Child. 5 vols. Boston, 1882-1898.
 2. *Old English Ballads*. Selected and edited by Francis
 B. Gummere. Boston, 1894.

IN the late Professor Child's 'English and Scottish Ballads' we have a piece of work to which the indefatigable labour of half a lifetime was devoted, but for the completion of which even half a lifetime was not sufficient. During the years 1857 and 1858 appeared, under his editorship and bearing the same title, a collection of ballads in eight small volumes, which proved, however, but the forerunner of an undertaking of much wider scope and intention, a work designed to include 'every obtainable version of every extant English or Scottish ballad, with the fullest possible discussion of related songs or stories in the popular literature of all nations.' The first part of this great work appeared in 1882, and at the time of his death in 1896 Professor Child was engaged upon the tenth and final part, which, besides a glossary and bibliography, was planned to include a general introduction to the subject. Save in one respect the book as we have it is complete; but the introduction, to write which Professor Child was qualified as no living man is qualified, was barely commenced, and by his too early death the world of scholarship has sustained a loss that cannot be repaired.

'A few pages of manuscript,' Professor Kittredge, who writes the memoir for this book, tells us, 'the last thing written by his pen, almost illegible, were found among his papers, to show that he had actually begun the composition of this essay, and many sheets of excerpts testified to the time he had spent in refreshing his memory as to the opinions of his predecessors, but he had left no collectanea that could be utilized in supplying the Introduction itself. He was accustomed to carry much of his material in his memory till the moment of composition arrived, and this habit accounts for the fact that there are no jottings of opinions and no sketch of precisely what line of argument he intended to take.'

Of the absolute completeness of the work, however, as far as it had been carried, there can be no doubt. Profound learning, the most minute and careful study of details, and a fine literary instinct meet in it, and Professor Child's 'English and Scottish Ballads' must take rank as the final and definitive collection. Dealing as it does with versions and readings in ballads and groups of ballads treated separately, little criticism of a general character can be offered of the work as a whole in the present paper, but the completion of such a work ought not

to pass unnoticed, and the occasion is a fitting one to sum up the main results of a study of the ballad poetry of this country, one of the most important and interesting fields in the domain of its literature.

There is a pleasant scene in the 'Winter's Tale' which introduces that light-fingered but delightful rascal Autolycus, offering, among his pedlar's wares, ballads for sale :—

'O Master,' cries the servant who announces him, 'O Master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.'

A little later we have the remark from Mopsa, 'I love a ballad in print a'-life, for then we are sure they are true.' Autolycus not only offers ballads for sale, but sings them too—'I can bear my part, you must know, 'tis my occupation.' But Autolycus lived too late to reap the full glory of his profession. With the advent of printing the professional minstrel is shorn of much of his earlier importance and dignity; he is no longer the only source of popular poetry. In this country, as soon as printing became common, the well-known songs and ballads were printed on broadsheets, and hawked through the country, as is described in the play quoted above. But in the train of printing came disrepute; the broadsides were not confined to ballads; satirical poems, attacks in verse upon institutions and individuals, were disseminated through the country in the same fashion. The genuine old songs, thus falling into bad company, were held by the cultivated in great contempt, until in Elizabethan times the term 'ballad' ceased to be any recommendation in itself and came to be applied in an indiscriminate fashion to any poem which appealed to the crowd. The Puritans regarded the ballad with profound dislike as a source of social corruption; 'scarce a cat can look out of a gutter,' it was said, '... but presently a proper new ballad of a strange sight is indited.' The result of the disrepute into which the whole family of popular poems fell was that in 1648 'ballad singers were suppressed, along with stage plays.' From that date until the publication of Percy's 'Reliques' in 1765 only a discriminating critic here and there gave a thought to the poetry of the people or ventured to speak a word in its favour. The history of critical appreciation of the ballad before the era of the Romantic Revival contains indeed names few but honourable. That Shakespeare was thoroughly acquainted with the poetry of the people we know. How frequently and with what

admirable effect the burden of a ballad or a snatch of popular song is introduced into the plays! Ben Jonson was accustomed to say of the ballad of 'Chevy Chase' that he would rather have been the author of it than of all his own works; and Sir Philip Sidney, in his 'Defence of Poesy,' speaks eloquently of the same piece; 'Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of 'Percy and Douglas' that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.' But the people's poetry had long to wait for any further critical appreciation, though in the reign of James I. some collections of ballads seem to have been made, under the title of 'Garlands.' We have, however, the authority of Addison for Dryden's admiration of the ballad:—

'I have heard,' he remarks in No. 85 of the 'Spectator,' 'that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as one of the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.' *

In this same number of the 'Spectator' Addison gives an entertaining account of his own interest in ballad poetry:—

'My humour of prying into all sorts of writing gives me,' he wrote, 'a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old ballad of the "Two Children in the Wood," which is one of the darling songs of the common people. This song,' he continues, 'is a plain simple copy of nature, and destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. . . . There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse, and yet, because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity.'

Here and in the two papers which he devotes to a critical appreciation of 'Chevy Chase,' † Addison touches the points of real excellence in primitive and popular poetry. He praises the sentiments, as he calls them, in the ballad of 'Chevy Chase'

* Dryden printed 'Chevy Chase,' 'Johnny Armstrong,' and other ballads in his 'Miscellaneous Poems,' 1684.

† Nos. 70 and 71 of the 'Spectator.' Johnson produced a counterblast to these papers in No. 177 of the 'Rambler.'

as 'extremely natural and poetical and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets.' Criticism such as this is noteworthy, because it displays an unusual insight into the true nature of poetry at a time when the ideals of art were narrowed by the influence of the English classical school. It was to be expected that the representative of polite literature in the eighteenth century should protect himself against the sneers of the cultivated, and Addison adds: 'I must caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.' Addison died in 1719, and in 1723 appeared the earliest printed collection of English ballads, by an editor whose name is unknown—perhaps Ambrose Philips, who was apparently inspired by the praise bestowed by the 'Spectator' on 'Chevy Chase.' But this collection, though it attained some popularity, is of little account in literary history. We now approach the period, however, in which an interest in ancient popular poetry was to prove one of the main sources of a revolution in taste which supplied a fresh impulse and a fresh inspiration to the writers of the time. In 1724 Allan Ramsay published two miscellanies, 'The Tea-Table Miscellany' and 'The Evergreen.' The former was a collection of songs, some of them his own, and others drawn from various sources, but the book contained in addition some fine ballads. The latter collection was a more serious attempt to revive interest in old English poetry, and seems to have fallen comparatively flat in consequence. In 1760 Edward Capell published a book entitled 'Prolusions; or, Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry,' where appeared for the first time the true version of 'The Nut-Brown Mayde,' and in 1765 John Bowle published 'Miscellaneous Pieces of Antient English Poetry.' These publications, though no single one of them can strictly be entitled a ballad collection, prove that there were signs of a revival of public taste for the old popular stories in verse, and, if we place beside them the opinion of the poet Gray in respect of the art which some of these old poems displayed, we shall be prepared for the chorus of applause, critical and uncritical, which greeted the publication in 1765 of the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' by Thomas Percy, afterwards Lord Bishop of Dromore. In a letter to Mason, Gray writes:—

'I have got the old Scotch ballad on which "Douglas"* was founded ["Child Maurice"]. . . . Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle. It

* Home's tragedy.

begins in the fifth act of the play; you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story.'

Percy's '*Reliques*' has, of course, long been regarded as one of the landmarks of English literary history. It cannot be said that it absolutely created the taste for the qualities of the poetry which it presented, but its appearance gives the date to the rising of the new tide in literary taste. Long before the year in which the '*Reliques*' appeared Percy stumbled upon a MS., 'a scrubby shabby paper' volume, 'lying dirty on the floor under the bureau in ye parlour' of the house of a certain Humphrey Pitt of Shiffnal. Pitt's servants had been in the habit of tearing out its leaves for the purpose of lighting the fires. This folio MS. contained nearly two hundred poems, songs, and metrical romances, and the handwriting proves that it was probably written about 1650, or a hundred years before its discovery by Percy, to whom it was given by Pitt.* It contained compositions of all times and dates from the fourteenth century downwards, and was Percy's main source for his printed collection. But while Percy drew upon the MS., it was not printed until the repeated requests made by Professor Child and Dr. Furnival to the Bishop's descendants at length resulted in the publication (1867-68) of the secret source of Percy's wealth. The result of the publication was to add nothing to the gratitude due to the editor of the '*Reliques*.' His tone in commending the book to the public had been modest and even apologetic, and, in order to find favour with the polite reader, he had added some modern poems, 'to atone,' as he remarked, 'for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems,' and, 'to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, intermingled little elegant pieces of the lyric kind.' But, as editor, Percy took an astonishingly liberal view of an editor's privileges, altering, adding to, and amending the poems without hesitation and without scruple:—

'As to the text, he looked on it as a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society. . . . All fashionable requirements Percy supplied. He puffed out the thirty-nine lines of the "*Child of Eli*" to two hundred; he pomatumed the "*Heir of Lin*" till it shone again; he stuffed bits of wool into "*Sir Cawline*," "*Sir Aldingar*"; he powdered everything. The desired result was produced: his young woman was accepted by Polite Society, taken to the bosom of a Countess, and rewarded her *chaperonne* with a mitre.'

* Pitt informed Percy that the MS. had been found in a library of old books which was thought to have belonged to a nephew, Thomas Blount, author of the '*Antient Poems*,' 1629; '*Law Dictionary*,' 1674, and other works.

Beside the folio MS. the other sources upon which Percy drew were some minor MS. collections, Scotch ballads supplied to him by Sir David Dalrymple, the printed broadsides, and a few old printed collections. What Percy had done for English ballads Walter Scott did for the popular poetry of his own country. In 1802 appeared his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' one of the finest collections ever made, the result of 'ballad forays' into Liddesdale for direct oral versions of the well-known legends. Among other collections may be mentioned Ritson's in 1792 ('Ancient Songs'), Jamieson's in 1806, and Motherwell's in 1827. All are now superseded by Professor Child's great critical edition, a treasury of popular poetry which takes classic rank.

The charm of the authentic ballad probably consists in this, that we have here poetry reduced to its simplest elements. The qualities of the greater part of modern poetry are appreciable only by persons who have had some æsthetic cultivation, who have learned to like it. Thus it is that, as Bagehot said, 'with the great majority of people a faith in poetry struggles to be extricated, but it is not extricated.' The untrained ear will appreciate a simple melody, but to enjoy Wagner demands some musical culture.

'When people tell me,' says Emerson, 'they do not relish poetry, and bring me Shelley, or Aikin's Poets, or I know not what volumes of rhymed English, to show that it has no charm, I am quite of their mind. But this dislike of the *books* only proves their liking of poetry. For they relish Æsop, cannot forget him or not use him; bring them Homer's "Iliad," and they like that; or the "Cid," and that rings well; read to them from Chaucer, and they reckon him an honest fellow. . . . Give them Robin Hood's ballads, or "Griselda," or "Sir Andrew Barton," or "Sir Patrick Spens," or "Chevy Chase," and they like these well enough. . . . They like poetry without knowing it as such.'

Ballad poetry, then, is poetry that needs for its appreciation no technical knowledge, no atmosphere of culture, no superfine taste; it needs only an interest in human life and the world of men and women. The ballads of 'Chevy Chase,' of 'Fair Rosamond,' of 'Robin Hood,' introduce us to this world, a world that was simply sad or simply joyous, a world of intensely real emotions such as can be read on men's faces, and need no subtle psychological skill to analyse or detect them. To compare an authentic ballad with a characteristic modern poem is to bring together the poles of the poetic world. To modern poetry belongs the personal note, the note of the individual who produces it; the poetry of Tennyson or of

Arnold

common to the ballads of all the countries of Europe. Nothing can be more remarkable than 'the sameness of tone, of incident, of legend, of primitive poetical formulæ in the ballads of Scotland, France, Provence, Portugal, Italy, Greece.' 'They are,' says Mr. Andrew Lang, 'the immemorial inheritance at least of all European peoples.' In this respect they may be most fitly compared to *Märchen*, the nursery tales which are the common possession of many races. The question of the relation of the ballad to the epic opens up a wide field of speculation, but whatever hypothesis be adopted, for practical purposes the ballad proper may be regarded as a miniature epic. Both belong to the period of unwritten poetry. As Professor Gummere says, 'with the spread of letters among the people, this poetry of the unlettered passed away; the revival of learning, the secularization of art, brought in their train the lapse of impersonal and objective poetry, and the rise of the confidential and sentimental poet.' In England, as in all other countries, prose composition had to wait for the writer, the pen-man, but, before prose was created, poetry was universal. It lived, as Herder said, 'in the ears of the people; it was the flower of a nation's character, language, and country, of its occupations, its prejudices, its aspirations, and its soul.' The authentic ballad, then, because it makes appeal to the simple human feelings, and ignores the distinction between people of artistic culture and people of no culture at all, because the qualities of the ballad are such qualities as are appreciable by any member of the great human family—for these reasons the authentic ballad is the only popular poetry. There is no other popular poetry save this that springs spontaneously from the life and heart of unlettered humanity. And its characteristics are such as might be expected in an art product not laboured and schooled into subjection to rules of art. It employs assonance frequently in place of rhyme:—

'But at Sir Andrew he shot then;
He made sure to hit his *marke*;
Under the spole of his right arm
He smote Sir Andrew through the *heart*,'

or—

'Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour:
It's fiftie fadom *deip*:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his *feit*.'

It enters without introduction upon the subject; its style is the plain business-like style, direct and straightforward. The
'Banks

'Banks of Yarrow' opens with a stanza singularly compressed:—

'Late at een, drinking the wine
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between
To fight it in the dawning.'

It would be difficult to enter more immediately upon the story than here or in the ballad of 'Childe Waters':—

'Childe Watters in his stable stoods,
And stroaket his milk-white steede;
To him came a faire young ladye
As ere did weare woman's weede.'

But perhaps no better example of the brusque manner of the ballad can be adduced than the opening verses of 'The Demon Lover.' What a tragedy in little these stanzas present.

"O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"

"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

Then, again, recurring phrases are very characteristic of popular poetry; as in Homer, textual repetition is frequent:—

'They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,'

or—

'He hadna gone a step, a step,
A step, but barely one.'

The ballad usually reproduces in full the words of a speech when reported, exactly as in Homer. Such recurring phrases, as Professor Gummere says, make for the communal character of the ballad; an artist, on the other hand, avoids commonplaces and seeks to vindicate his own self. As in Homer also, recurring epithets are of the very essence of the style of these old poems. As Achilles is 'swift-footed' so Robin Hood is 'bold,' and such phrases as 'the comely King,' 'the bluid-red wine,' 'a berry-brown steed,' take us back to the poetry of 'the rosy-fingered dawn,' 'the wine-coloured sea,' 'the far-darting Apollo.'

But the similes of the English and Scottish ballads are neither so numerous nor so sustained as those of Homer. They are indeed

indeed comparatively rare and, in marked contrast to the long-drawn-out comparisons in the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey,' rarely extend beyond a single line:—

'When this letter came Jonné until,
His heart was as blyth as birds on the tree;
'Never was I sent for before any king,
My father, my grandfather, nor none but me.'"
'Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never soe lowde this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

No less characteristic is the employment of the numbers three, seven, twenty-four, and thirty-three:—

'A better shot in mery Caerlel
This seven year was not seen.'
'And Scarlette he was flying afoote,
Fast over stock and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven-score men
Fast after him is gone.'
'There came three wooers out of the west,
Booted and spurred as ye well might see.'

The ballad of the people rejoices, too, in the precious metals. 'Blood,' said Charles Lamb, 'is made as light of in our early tragedies as money in a modern sentimental comedy.' The genuine ballad scatters gold and silver in magnificent profusion:—

'And every arrow an ellë long,
With peacock well idyght,
Inocked all with whyte silver;
It was a seemly sight.'
'A grete courser with saddle and brydil
With gold burnisht full bright.'
'She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold,
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.'

Professor Gummere lays it down that all our English and Scottish ballads are in the form of a rhymed stanza. The stanza may be a couplet, or it may be a four-line stanza, of which the usual, though not invariable, type is one in which the second and fourth lines rhyme together, as here, for example:—

'Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands
Oh, where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they layd him on the green.'

But

But we must note as one of the characteristics of all ballad poetry its great licence, a licence which may be exhibited in the number of syllables in the line, or in the matter of the rhyming scheme. Occasionally the four lines of the stanza are exchanged for six, a kind of overflow which may be managed with considerable effect. How admirably it is introduced by Rossetti in his ballad of 'The King's Tragedy,' to heighten the emphasis of an important stanza:—

'Quoth the King: "Thou speak'st but for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Graeme fired dark with rage:—
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage."

The metrical laxities and the occasional looseness of construction in primitive poetry are the natural outcome of an 'imperfect artistic control,' and may be said to belong to the period of its production, to be the appropriate manner of poems marked by spontaneity and simplicity of style, an index to the objective character, the naïve unconscious art they may be expected to display.

'The prevailing view,' says Professor Gummere, 'is that the metrical scheme came from the Latin hymns of the Church, and the irregularities of practice from influence of older native verse, but there are difficulties even in this simple assumption. There is a possibility that these popular metres, like the refrain, which come out of the Church to the people, had previously gone out of the people into the Church, and we may thus think of a continuity in metre from older ballads.'

In respect of rhyme, it may be said, despite Milton's famous dictum that 'rime was the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre,' that it is as ancient as poetry itself, and a feature of all ballad poetry with which we are familiar. In English ballads rhyme is the basis of the whole musical scheme, though alliteration and assonance have their place in it.

The movement of the verse in our primitive poetry is almost invariably iambic, though movements other than iambic are not unknown, as, for example:—

'High upon Highlands
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rode out on a day,'

or—

‘O where hae you been, Lord Randal, my son?’

or—

‘O where hae you ridden this lee lang day?
O where hae you stolen this lady away?’

or—

‘Seynt Stevene was a clerk in Kyng Herowde’s halle,
And served him of bred and cloth, as every Kyng befalle.’

The features just mentioned may be taken as common to all our ballad poetry, and many of them common to the ballad poetry of other countries no less. And it is out of this fact that the most difficult problem with which the student of popular poetry is called upon to deal, the problem of authorship, arises.

‘If,’ writes Professor Gummere, ‘the chief characteristics of a ballad are those which belong to the product of a community rather than to the work of an artist, and so force us to abandon certain ideas inseparable from recent poetry, how far are we to go in this surrender of the modern standard, and in what degree shall we hold the community responsible for the actual making of the ballad? Where, if at all, are we to admit an individual poet in the process?’

Herder may stand as representative of the critics who regard ballad poetry as composed in a real sense by the community, by the people, and not by individual makers. He looked upon it as the product of a stage in a people’s history, in which there existed perfect homogeneity, a complete sympathy, among the individual units who composed the race, and of a stage in which improvisation, singing, dancing, music, and song were products of the communal life as natural as are the ‘profuse strains’ of the skylark’s ‘unpremeditated art.’ In short, the community itself was the unit, itself the individual that composed its songs. To the objection that it is inconceivable that a community can produce poetry, it may be replied: How did the community produce speech, language, or are these, too, the work of the individual? What of social customs, what of religion, what of law? This theory, then, suggests that, at a certain stage in a people’s history, a well known story might easily take on rhythmic form, partly because the rhythmic is a more intense and emphatic form, and thus the more easily carried in the memory and handed on by oral tradition. It is indisputable that the theory of community authorship would account for many of the characteristics of popular poetry; it would account, for example, for the endless number of versions in which all popular songs survive. This theory looks upon the minstrels as professional singers of songs already in existence rather than their authors;
regards

regards them as of later appearance in the field of history, when the community was losing its homogeneous character, and losing with it the power of improvisation. The decay of popular poetry begins with the professional singer, and is completed with the arrival upon the stage of the individual artist. Conscious art now displaces Nature, and popular poetry is no longer possible. The difficulty in accepting this theory of ballad-origins lies in the impossibility for us of re-creating in the imagination a condition of society in which unpremeditated spontaneous song flowed from a community. A work of art always suggests to us an artist, a poem suggests a poet, and the majority of modern critics lend little encouragement to the conception of communal authorship.

'So far,' says Professor Courthope, 'from the ballad being a spontaneous product of popular imagination, it was a type of poem adapted by the professors of the declining art of minstrelsy from the romances once in favour with the educated classes. Everything in the ballad—matter, form, composition—is the work of the minstrel; all that the people do is to remember and repeat what the minstrel has put together.'

But Professor Courthope lays too much upon the minstrel, and the very simplicity of his explanation renders it unconvincing.* We are inclined to believe with Professor Gummere that 'the ballad belonged to the people, and was the exclusive property of minstrels as little in the making as the singing.' Professor Child's Introduction would, no doubt, have dealt with the whole subject and resumed the evidence, but as it is we are left without any complete summary if we except the short but excellent study of the question by Professor Gummere. It is clear, as he points out, that if we are to form a judgment of value upon so difficult a point we must first get rid of the modern notions of composition—methods of composition, that is—and modern ideas of literary property, the ownership of a poem by the man who makes it. We must try to imagine a state of society in which poetry was a common possession. 'Solitary composition would have been as difficult for primitive man to understand as communal authorship is hard for us.' In the ballad-making age, says Professor Ten Brink, 'there was no production, there was only reproduction.' That is to say, there—

* Professor Courthope, in pursuance of his thesis, instances the history of the well known ballad of 'Mary Hamilton,' accepting Sharpe's theory that it was founded upon the story of a Mary Hamilton who was executed in Russia in 1719. But Mr. Lang ('Blackwood's Magazine,' 1895, Sept., pp. 381 ff.) has shown the extreme improbability of the truth of Sharpe's somewhat plausible theory.

'was a common stock of traditions, memories, experiences, held in common by large populations, in constant use on the lips of numberless persons, told and re-told in many forms, with countless changes, variations, and modifications; without conscious artistic purpose, with no sense of personal control or possession, with no constructive aim either in plot or treatment, no composition, in the modern sense of the word. Such a mass of poetic material in the possession of a large community was, in a sense, *fluid*, and ran into a thousand forms almost without direction or premeditation.'*

Or, as Professor Gummere puts it, 'all was in flux; out of a common store of tradition, by a spontaneous and universal movement, song rose and fell according to the needs of the community.' 'Let us imagine,' says Ten Brink, 'an epoch where the same culture, the same sentiments, the same expressions, are the property of a whole community. . . . Imagine a poetry oscillating perpetually between reminiscence and improvisation.' Suggestions like these make demands upon the imagination to which the average man is probably not prepared to respond, but it may not be superfluous to remark that it is not contended that we possess in our ballad-books any perfect specimens of the primitive ballad whose origin is here described, the ballad as it fell hot from the lips of the community. In the words of Steinthal:—

* Dip from the brook a pailful of water, and one has captured no brook; write down a version of some folk-song, and it is no folk-song more. There is no stability about it: among Russians or Servians a song of eight or ten lines has endless variations. An Italian girl sang a song several times, but each time sang it with a difference: when asked the reason she said she could not help it, as the thing came to her so—*mi viene così*.'†

We do not possess, then, the primitive ballad of the people, and it may be asked of what value is speculation regarding the origin of something we do not possess. The reply is that in the ballad poetry which survives there is a suggestion of a poetry of which our ballads are but the fragmentary representatives. They exhibit qualities not altogether explicable by the fact of their oral transmission, but suggestive of a communal authorship. Let us say, then, that the history of a ballad begins with a simple chorus at a village festival in connexion with some event of general interest. Here and there the same event would produce under similar influences a memorable phrase or two which passed easily from mouth to mouth. On a similar

* H. W. Mabie, 'A Book of Old English Ballads.'

† Gummere's Introduction, p. xxxvii.

occasion memory would play a part in recalling the simple chorus or the memorable phrase, to which others might be added, and a stanza or stanzas emerge. The gift of improvisation, it ought to be borne in mind, was and is no uncommon gift among peasant peoples. Their simpler thoughts and feelings run to musical words more easily than the thoughts and feelings of individuals who belong to civilized societies. Civilization restrains the expression of natural feeling, and introduces into speech the artificial and conventional. Nor did the improviser compose verses at the command of his imagination; the material already existed, the style and metre were fixed; he was at once an adapter and an original poet. Among his material, lines and stanzas existed which suggested others, and in the end a certain unity of motif or idea would be attained. The primitive ballad, then, may best be described as a composite poem, a *cento*. But its history does not end here. Hitherto we have conceived the community as active, the actual maker of the poem.

Now enters the minstrel, the professional singer of the people's ballads. He chants the favourite songs, and is everywhere a welcome visitor. Gradually the people take on a passive character as audience: they appreciate the poem, but no longer participate in making or singing it. The professional singer also develops. From a passive singer of songs gathered from oral tradition, he becomes an active meddler or artist: adds to the poems he sings, and even makes others wholly new on similar models. As the artist becomes more and more prominent, the communal elements of the primitive poetry sink further and further out of sight, and before the era of printing is reached only the survivals of these elements remain to give a clue to the original character of the poems to which they belonged. 'We have a series of ballads made from the beginning of the fourteenth century down to the beginning of our own, but the Anglo-Saxon ballads are matter of inference.'

Adopting this view, then, we may say that the original composers of the primitive songs and ballads of these or other countries were not poets by profession who composed an original version. There never was an original version, since ballads are poems rather evolved than composed, and the inspiration that produced them did not belong to any single individual. The best version of a ballad, then, will not be necessarily the oldest; the best version will be the best from a poetical standpoint, and we need make no search for the author's actual words. It will follow that a chronological study of a ballad is impossible,

since the date of a true ballad is indeterminable. They are poems, and because no single author produced imitative songs, they are authorless also.

Inevitable, all the ballads we possess exist in numerous versions, and it is to be observed that the later versions are generally superior. We may account for this by saying that the melodious or stronger or more striking stanzas would be best remembered. The unconscious critical faculty of rough generations would preserve the best lines or the best of a version, and add to them the best taken from other versions, rejecting the feebler ones. It ought, however, to be noted that with the advent of printing, and more particularly in this true of England, the oral versions suffered in the hands of printers and self-appointed editors. Frequently happened also that the version which first appeared in print was a weak version, but the effect of its dissemination was to drive the better oral versions out of the field.

The resemblance among the ballads of the various European countries is very marked, and this wide distribution of similar types gives a great antiquity for the poems which treat of them. It may fairly be regarded as constituting a serious objection to the way of the theory that ballads owe their origin to professional minstrels. We have proof too that from very earliest times the Germanic race made and sang. And we know that, whatever these poems may have been, our existing ballads are the lineal descendants of that historic poetry, which in its turn sprang centuries ago from the soil of countries other than our own, the soil of the home of the race. 'The Germanic ballad can be traced to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, the Färöe Islands, England, Netherlands, and Germany.' 'Almost every Norwegian, Swedish, or Icelandic ballad is found in a Germanic version.' It would seem, therefore, that, while the ballads of each country possess certain private property in certain distinctive qualities—they possess other qualities of common material in common with all branches of the Germanic family.

For certain incidents,' says Mr. Andrew Lang—'like that of the dead mother to her oppressed children; like the story of a fickle bridegroom's heart by the patient affectionate love; like the adventure of May Colvin with a lover who deceives and even women, and tries to slay her; like the story of the girl who pretends to be dead, that she may escape from a detested husband, which are in all European countries the theme of popular

A part of the material is held in common, then, but we must also note differences. There is, for example, in the ballad poetry of England and Scotland little of a mythical character, and in this the primitive poetry of Germany resembles our own. But, on the other hand, Norway and Sweden possess many ballads in which the myth plays an important part. Our early poetry too is deficient in the heroic lay, which Scandinavia produced plentifully. In the same way the plot and situations of primitive poetry are traceable in some cases to the same story-roots, but exhibit modifications and variations in each country's ballads. The Danish ballads have been arranged by one of their best students in four classes: 1. Heroic ballads; 2. Ballads of myth and enchantment; 3. Historic ballads; 4. Ballads of chivalry. If we compare these with the English and Scottish ballads in Professor Child's collection, we shall notice that we possess few or no specimens of the first and second classes. Professor Child's table is as follows:—

1. Romances of chivalry and legends of the popular history of England;
2. Ballads involving various superstitions: as of fairies, elves, magic, and ghosts.
3. Tragic love-ballads;
4. Other tragic ballads;
5. Love-ballads not tragic.

Scott, in his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' divides the ballads in his collection simply into

1. Historical ballads;
2. Romantic ballads;
3. Imitations of these by modern authors.

But the poems which fall within the last division may be left out of account in dealing with our primitive poetry. The literary as opposed to the authentic ballad, just as the literary as opposed to the authentic epic, possesses certain unmistakable marks of sophistication. The ballad form has been revived with success by many modern poets, and we have had attempts not a little interesting, to pour the wine of modern sentiment into the old bottles. But Rossetti's 'King's Tragedy' differs from 'Sir Patrick Spens' as 'Paradise Lost' from the 'Iliad.'

The study of a ballad which may be classed under the title 'historical' reveals how little knowledge of origins can be gleaned even by careful investigation. Take the most important ballad cycle which our literature contains, that of Robin Hood. The popularity of the Robin Hood ballads has been from the earliest

recorded

recorded mention of them extreme, but while their hero has a niche secure in the heart and imagination of the nation, the historical basis for the story is quite indeterminable. 'A tale of Robyn Hood' is a very old proverb for an idle and untruthful story, but no mention of Robin in *literature* is made before the latter half of the reign of Edward III. No earlier notice of him has yet been recovered than the reference made by the author of 'Piers Plowman' (about 1362) to 'Rhymes of Robin Hood' as 'better known to idle fellows than pious songs.' The next reference is in Wyntoun's Scottish Chronicle, written about 1420, where Robin Hood and Little John are mentioned.

The first reference to Robin Hood as an *historical person* occurs in a passage of the 'Scotichronicon,' a work partly written by Fordun, Canon of Aberdeen, between 1377 and 1384, and partly by his pupil Abbot Bower about 1450. Bower's part of the chronicle is very untrustworthy. He largely interpolated the work of his master, and sometimes with the absurdest fictions. Among these interpolations is to be found the first reference which can be spoken of as *historical* to Robin Hood.

'At this time [sc. 1266] from the number of those who had been deprived of their estates arose the celebrated bandit, Robin Hood (with Little John and their accomplices), whose achievements the British vulgar delight to celebrate in comedies and tragedies, while the ballads upon his adventures sung by the jesters and minstrels are preferred to all others.'

It is particularly instructive to note, then, that the hero of the most popular cycle of English ballad poetry is never mentioned by any contemporary historian or chronicler, but is first heard of a hundred years after the latest date at which he can possibly be supposed to have lived.

'Robin Hood,' as Professor Child says, 'is absolutely the creation of the ballad muse. The earliest mention we have of him is as the subject of ballads. The only two early historians who speak of him, as I have here, pretend to have no information about him except what they derive from ballads, and show that they have none other by the description they give of him; this description being in entire conformity with ballads in our possession, one of which is found in a MS. as old as the older of these two writers.'

It may fairly be said that, if it prove impossible to trace so remarkable a cycle to its source, it is not to be expected that the origin of an ordinary unattached ballad will offer an easier problem. The study of an ancient ballad, too, frequently shows that, though it tells a story of which history gives the actual date, it suggests an antiquity of which it does not seem

to speak. An ancient ballad, late in its life, may put on without much ado the garment of an historical story to which it bears a resemblance, and thus hide its own age under a veil of comparatively modern names and allusions.* There have been of course many more or less ingenious theories respecting the origin of Robin, Little John, the Friar, and Maid Marian: none of which can be said to appear convincing. Ritson connected the main personages with characters in the old morris-dances. Mr. Wright suggests that Robin Hood was 'one among the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people,' and a German scholar, Kuhn, has endeavoured to prove that Robin is no other in name and substance than the god Woden. But the serious study of origins is not greatly advanced by such unsupported hypotheses. One point might perhaps be noted in passing. The title Earl of Huntingdon, occasionally found associated with Robin Hood, is without any ballad authority, and is derived from a late sixteenth-century play by Anthony Munday, in which Robin is represented as a nobleman in disguise, a conception due apparently to the dramatist's imagination.

If we turn from the scholastic aspects of the subject to consider the poetical qualities of popular poetry, we shall find ourselves more largely occupied with Scottish than with English ballads. Mr. Lang notices, and with justice, 'the comparative flatness and insipidity of the English ballad by the side of those belonging to other countries and dealing with the same subject.' 'The ballads of the Lowland Scotch,' he says, for example, 'have a fire which we miss in English popular poems,' and they omit 'the didactic drivel' and prosaic incidents which spoil many of the English ballads we possess. Mr. Lang accounts for the comparative inferiority of the English ballad by reminding us that it is only in a few cases that they have been obtained by *oral tradition*, and much of the superfluous and commonplace in them may without hesitation be ascribed to the early editors and printers. Many of the Scottish ballads, on the other hand, were taken down from the lips of the people, and preserve therefore something of the freshness and vitality which in the case of the former were destroyed by the broadside versions. One is reminded, too, of the quotation made by Mr.

* Cf. M. Arnold, 'The Study of Celtic Literature,' p. 61:—'The first thing that strikes one, in reading the "Mabinion," is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret: he is like a peasant building his hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely; stones, "not of this building," but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestic!'

Matthew Arnold, in his 'Celtic Literature,' from an Irish poem in which the Saxon is described as 'dull and creeping':—

'For acuteness and valour, the Greeks,
For excessive pride, the Romans,
For dulness, the creeping Saxons;
For beauty and amorousness, the Gaedhils'—

and one is reminded also of his general thesis, his contention that to the Celtic element in English literature is due much of the turn displayed by its best writers for style and natural magic, and that the vein of piercing regret and stormy passion it contains is Celtic. The Celtic genius is probably best displayed in such short flights of poetry as the song and the ballad: it fails in architectural faculty, in the constructive power without which no great poem can be produced, in imaginative range and grasp, in what we may call the unifying imagination. Still another point might be noted in respect of the admitted inferiority of the English ballads: the influence of the landscape, the character of the country in which they were produced.—

'If we look at the whole course of Border poetry,' says Professor Veitch, 'we shall find that the scenery of the district in which it grew up has had a marked influence over it. . . . The scenes of nearly all the most powerful and striking of the historical ballads are laid in the wilds around the heads of the Teviot and the Reed, and in the dark recesses of the mosses of the Tarras and the Liddel. . . . It is also remarkable that the scenes of the most tragic and pathetic ballads and songs are to be found on the soft green braes of Yarrow, while the strains of the most tender of the love-songs first burst on the ear in the grassy and wooded haughs of the Tweed.'

Mr. Lang thinks that the inferiority of the English ballads is most marked among those dealing with supernatural subjects. To take an example: the Scottish ballad of 'Chevy Chase' differs from the English by the introduction of a dream which in a singularly impressive and romantic fashion warns the Douglas of his approaching death:—

'But I hae dreamed a weary dream
Beyond the Isle of Sky,
I saw a dead man win a fight,
But I think that man was I.'

'The supernatural,' Mr. Lang contends, 'is almost invariably treated in a gross and flat style by the English balladist.'

Of the orthodox ornaments of poetry Spenser found the poetry of the Irish bards, to whom when in Ireland he listened, singularly destitute.

'I have

'I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto might understand them; and surely they savoured of a good and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly orn Poetrye; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowe owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comely them.'

We have already remarked that popular poetry is sparingly in simile, and it is noteworthy that even a ballads of the North Country, over which the scene district, as Professor Veitch points out, had an unshaping influence, descriptions or allusions to landscape occasional. Occasional as they are, however, when occur in the Border ballads, they strike home by their ing truthfulness and simplicity, often in the flashing of a single phrase. In the English ballads the references to scenery are somewhat commonplace:—

'When shaws [woods] been sheene, and shradds [coppices]
And leaves both large and longe,
It is mery, walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small bird's song.'

But in a stanza like the following, which comes from that had its birth among the Border hills, there is, as Veitch has pointed out, a wonderful force in the simple of the concluding line:—

'But he wasna on his berry-brown steed,
Nor twa miles from the town,
Till up it starts these three fierce men,
Among the bent sae broen.'

Such a stanza flashes an instant picture upon the mind; see it as in life or on a canvas, the three fierce faces standing in the rider's path among the long brown grass that cover the barrenness of the Border hills.

Or take this description of the removal of the body secretly slain:—

'Then she cried on her waiting maid,
Aye ready at her ca':
"There is a knight into my bower;
"Tis time he were awa'."

'The ane has ta'en him by the head,
The other by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.'

'Every one must feel that there is a singular appro

between the dread act here narrated and the scene suggested to the sense by the—

“wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.”

The popular poetry of the Border attains at times to the highest reaches of pathos and of power. We do not know that there is anywhere to be found in the whole range of narrative poetry a passage that can fairly be said to eclipse this from ‘Edom o’ Gordon’ (cited by Professor Veitch), descriptive of the savage warfare of the old Border days. A tower is besieged and defended by a lady in the absence of her husband: Edom o’ Gordon sets it on fire, and to save one of her children the valiant lady lowers her over the wall, trusting to the mercy of the besiegers for the child.

‘They row’d her in a pair of sheets
And tow’d her owr the wa’,
But on the point of Edom’s spear
She gat a deadly fa’.

‘O bonny, bonny was her mouth,
And chirry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps!

‘Thon wi’ his speir he turn’d her owr;
O gin hir face was wan!
He said, “You are the first that e’er
I wist alive again.

“Busk and boon my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik on that bonny face,
As it lyes on the grass.”’

In poetry such as this, so informed by the very spirit of its subject, so free from the intrusion of any subjective and personal element, in poetry such as this is offered a welcome relief from the intense individualism of modern verse. While progress gives, even in the sphere of art, it is certain that progress also takes away. If in the poetry of culture we meet many and delightful qualities, it is no less true that in the poetry of primitive periods, of periods ignorant of the principles by which we suppose art to be governed, there are to be found other and no less delightful qualities. The artist of the civilized community seems to have lost the art of arts, that of losing himself in the intensity of his imaginative grasp of the subject, so that his reader is left face to face with that alone. The names of the makers of the ballads are forgotten, but their monuments remain
immortal,

immortal, and, *pace* Sir Thomas Browne, who pitied the founder of the Pyramids because his name had perished, to leave a living work of art is far less a fruitless continuation than to remain in the memory of the race crowned as king of some barren territory. It is with these ballads as with Homer, it matters little in the alembic of whose brain their phrases were distilled.

'As one that for a weary space has lain
 Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
 Where that *Æëan* isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shriill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
 And through the music of the languid hours,
 They hear like ocean on a western beach
 The surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*.'*

To the students of folk-lore the European ballads offer a field from which a rich harvest may be reaped. The library collected by Professor Child during the time that he was occupied upon the present work amounted to about 7,000 volumes; but it is not necessary to enter upon so exhaustive an enquiry as this fact suggests to glean much of interest from the study of ballad literature. To the students of mediæval superstitions, for example, these English and Scottish ballads offer a wealth of detail. Here are tales in which elves, water-nymphs, fairies, giants, dwarfs, mermen and maids, trolls and nixies, are plentiful; here are spells and counter-spells, enchantments and disenchantments, transformations of human beings into beasts of the field, into fish, and into trees. Here is a world in which the blood of children or of virgins will cure leprosy, in which disenchantment may be procured by a draught of blood or by a bath of milk, a world in which there are sure tests of fidelity in love: the unfaithful wife or husband may be detected by the use of a chair that cannot be sat in, a cup that cannot be drunk from by the faithless one, a ring which changes colour and betrays the guilty, a robe which refuses to be donned by the impure. This is the world, too, of omens and of riddles. In it one reads significance from the loss of a button or the heel of a shoe at the beginning of a journey; if one's horse stumbles or one's nose

* Sonnet by Mr. Andrew Lang, prefixed to the translation of the '*Odyssey*.' by Messrs. Butcher and Lang.

bleeds, the omen spells disaster. To dream of blood is an evil thing, and of ravens foretells the death of a near and dear friend. Only in this world may fair wives be won by guessing hard riddles set by cunning parents, or by asking one to which they fail to give an answer. To this world the dead return, and their kiss is fatal; they offer advice or administer punishment, and not seldom bear away with them to their own country the living breathing mortal. But while it is a world of high and dread romance, it is also a world of uncompromising, full-blooded reality, of throbbing human life and feeling, of actual doing and suffering. Nor is it destitute of the salt of humour. Here is a passage from a spirited ballad describing the escape of Kinmont Willie across the Border from the hands of the English Governor of Carlisle:—

- ‘Buccleuch has turn’d to Eden water,
Even where it flow’d frae bank to brim,
And he has plung’d in wi’ a’ his band,
And safely swam them thro’ the stream.
- ‘He turn’d him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he,
“If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me.”
- ‘All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro’ the water they had gane;
- “He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water,
For a’ the gowd in Christentie.”’

‘Poetry, were it the rudest,’ says Carlyle, ‘so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end; it springs therefore from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes its character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being, and, historically considered, is the test how far Music or Freedom existed therein.’

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FOURTY of a century ago a treatise on Prehistoric
Greece was necessarily a treatise on Homer, illustrated
by archaeologists. It is true that a certain non-literary
investigation had been already entered on, which has
since proved sound and profitable—the study of the Egyptian
representations of those Ægean races which warred with
the Greeks in the second millennial period. But the results thus
obtained were so scanty as hardly to be remarked; and for the
rest, all there was of archaeological commentary on the central
Hellenic theme consisted of that famous academic dispute on
the topography of the epics which began with Demetrius of
Alexandria and was revived by Wood and Lechevalier to fill a
hundred volumes in our own century.

In the study of prehistoric Greece the labours of a single
man have worked as sudden and extraordinary a change as
any science has experienced. They may be said, indeed, to
have created an archaeology altogether new. Before Henry
Schliemann brought his childlike belief in the literal accuracy
of the Homeric poems and his hard-won wealth to Greece in
1870 we had no recognized material documents of a really
ancient civilization in Hellas. Archaeology had failed to get
within centuries of Homer: his world appeared a miracle of
man's imagination which no sane scholar dreamed of realizing
and no one did anyone dream of penetrating far behind it.

Not did anyone, it must be allowed, conceive the possibility
of achieving this last result less than Schliemann. His interest
did not lie in such achievement: and it is curious to recall
how how little he would have cared for its realization had the
possibility ever been suggested to him. Schliemann came to
Greece not to create a new science, but to crown an old one, to
solve the time-worn topographical question that scholars had
quarrelled

quarrelled about so long, and in the spirit of the most *naïf* of his predecessors to prove the accuracy of a wholly uncriticized epic.

But simple faith moves mountains. Because Schliemann believed in one thing, and in that with all his heart, he was destined to affect, far more than the scholars and critics, the future of science. He knew, of course, neither what he would destroy nor what he was to construct; neither that the moment in 1876 in which he should light on the circle graves at Mycenæ was to be the last at which the work of a historic age would be accepted as representing, however remotely, the men and manners of the age of Heroes; nor that he was fated after all to prove the epics to represent not a contemporary, but an already vanished civilization, itself only the latest incident of a development whose origins were hidden in a more hoary antiquity.

All the world now knows how Schliemann believed that the palace of Odysseus, the gates and towers of Ilios, and the bones of king Agamemnon, were waiting only for his spade. His earliest essay in Ithaca ended in disappointment, but, undeterred, he went on to the Troad in 1870, and cut into the mound of Hissarlik, long marked by one school of topographical critics for the site of Troy, and actually opened first by Mr. Calvert. In the next two years Schliemann succeeded in arousing only sufficient interest to be accounted a spy by the Porte and a harmless enthusiast by Europe. But the year 1873 was to bring promise of greater things; for above a settlement of the stone age on the bed-rock Schliemann revealed a burned city with strong ramparts, something like a palace and a gate to serve for the Scæan, and, for crowning mercy, a regal hoard of gold hidden in a crumbling coffer between the interstices of the masonry of the city wall. Who could doubt this was Priam's own treasure hastily concealed while Ilios burned?

The world was startled out of its apathy to archæological things, and England especially, led by Mr. Gladstone, was disposed to believe more than the half. Yet a few voices were heard to declare that, Ilios or no, this burnt city, besides being but insignificant in size, took archæology back at a bound not merely to Homer, but far behind him: so primitive was the grey pottery and the metal work in bronze and gold found in its ruins.

The Porte, aggrieved at the division of the treasure, kept Schliemann away from Hissarlik awhile, and so diverted his restless energy to Greek soil. Pausanias had recorded that in his day the situation of the graves of the house of Atreus was
still

still pointed out at Mycenæ. Why should they not be there still? It was then 1876. Schliemann concentrated his efforts on the site of the Achæan capital in August of that year. While searching afresh the already rifled 'Treasury of Atreus' (which yielded little or nothing), and clearing the Lion Gate, he had been also having a great hole, a hundred feet this way and that, dug somewhat at random, just within the citadel, and there his men came presently on a high double ring of slabs, fallen or standing. The Homeric analogy suggested itself at once. Here was such a 'well-polished circle of stones' as that on which the divine artificer of Achilles' shield seated his elders by the city gate. Why then, it was asked at the time, dig any deeper, for what in reason was to be found in the artificial filling in of a place of assembly? But one of the German's secrets of success was his iron rule not to stop short of virgin rock, and down to virgin rock, despite protests, he would go. Encouragement came speedily. Certain slabs of soft stone came into view bearing reliefs. If these were, as they seemed, funerary, Schliemann could not doubt whose tombs should lie below, for who but a city's greatest heroes would be laid in its Agora?

For some reason, however, he paused on the brink of discovery to wind up other work, and not till late in November persevered in the circle. The remaining earth was soon dug out, and one after another, at different levels, appeared five rock-hewn graves, once roofed, but now in a state of ruin and filled with detritus. This was scraped away from the grave as each was found, and piece by piece was revealed one of the most wonderful hoards that have ever met a treasure-seeker's eye. Gold appeared in abundance never before seen in Greek tombs, or indeed in any but Scythian—in face masks, head bands, breast pieces, and innumerable stamped plaques, in bracelets, necklaces, rings, baldrics, trinkets, dagger and sword hilts. Gems and ivory, silver and bronze there were as well and in profusion—the whole treasure in mere weight of metal being worth thousands sterling.

But the gain that the Mycenæ hoard was to bring to science was not to be measured by any money value. As soon as it was cleaned and set out, scholars saw before them something absolutely new—evidences of a civilization also of less familiar character than that of the burnt city at Hissarlik (which had close relations to the well-known age of stone) but obviously nearer to the Hellenic culture, while still not Hellenic in certain peculiar respects, which recalled also certain peculiarities of the Homeric world. Homeric or not, this civilization of

Mycenæ

Mycenæ revealed a world hitherto undreamed of, lying behind Greek history as all but one or two scholars saw, and showing evidence of a long process of development. Many eyes turned towards it; and the attention of archæological explorers was called all over the Levant to certain types of architecture, tombs and products of art. Through their efforts the revelation, made by Schliemann at Hissarlik and Mycenæ, soon acquired far wider relations than he or anyone else contemplated in 1876; and twenty succeeding years have brought an uninterrupted series of new discoveries, too many to be detailed here, which have changed the whole face of the prehistoric problem. Summed up geographically, this is their net result. Remains attaching to various stages of the same prehistoric civilization, whose existence Schliemann was the first to demonstrate, have been yielded sporadically by all Hellas, but chiefly by the south-eastern mainland and the southern isles. The Asian coast, as yet very imperfectly explored, has produced evidences of it both at Hissarlik, in a regular stratification mounting up to the sixth layer of deposit, and in Caria. Crete, not much better known, is evidently a focus of the later culture of the prehistoric period. Cyprus has given evidence of it at an even later date. Egypt, under Mr. Petrie's hands, has yielded deposits of the prehistoric European pottery in the Delta, the Fayûm, and even on the Middle Nile. Finally, the western Mediterranean, the coasts of Sicily, Italy, Sardinia, and Spain, have been brought into relation with the same class of products. In Greece itself, the principal find-spots have been in the Argolid and in Attica. In the former district most has been learned from the palace-fortress at Tiryns, so curiously complete in ground-plan, and from the further exploration of Mycenæ itself, where not only have most important architectural remains been exhumed, but, bit by bit, from the remains of the palace and the numerous smaller houses on the Acropolis, and from unrisfled rock-tombs west of the city, a treasure of almost equal interest with that of the circle graves has been collected by M. Tsountas into the Athenian Museum. In Attica have been found the most remarkable 'Mycenæan' dome-tombs outside Mycenæ, one alone excepted, that of Amyclæ (Vaphio) in Laconia; but as yet no 'Mycenæan' town has been laid bare, though everywhere in and about Athens the early sherds underlie later varieties. Indeed, such has been found to be the stratification on every early site that has been dug thoroughly in southern Greece; while Thessaly, Delphi, and most recently Thebes, have given earnest of what may be expected when the north comes to be searched systematically for early remains.

Out

Out of the documents collected over all this great area a problem of far-reaching interest has gradually shaped itself. In 1876, as we have seen, the world was already in possession of the fact that prehistoric civilization in the Ægean land was of an earlier and a later date, the one exemplified at *Minos*, the other at *Mycenæ*. After a few years, other discoveries, especially those of Mr. Petrie in Egypt, served to amplify and define the earlier class. Its geographical range was seen to be very wide, and while it showed most distinctive characteristics of its own, the stages in its development toward the later types began to become evident. Some approximate dating of both the classes was attempted through comparison of Egyptian art-products found with the several deposits. Objects of the earlier class, having been found with relics ascribed to the XIIIth Pharaonic Dynasty, were referred to the middle of the third millennial period B.C. The treasure of the circle graves at *Mycenæ*, on the other hand, was associated and had affinities, with products of the later *Ramesside* epoch and was held not to be earlier than the thirteenth century B.C. Finally, Mr. Petrie, who has few rivals in judging date by comparison of fabrics and styles, gave his verdict that the circle graves were of the twelfth century. Such dating must not be accepted altogether without reserve. In the first place the juxtaposition of objects supplies at best only a certain *terminus a quo*; if we find, for example, a cartouche of Queen *Ti* with *Mycenæan* things, it proves only that those things are not earlier than the time of that queen. But to how late a period an object, inscribed with her name, may have been preserved or even at what date it was actually so inscribed—for in Egypt names of long dead and buried Pharaohs were revived by the fashion of a later age—we cannot say. In the second place, the possibility of the juxtaposition of objects having come about accidentally at a later period is not to be excluded; and finally we must allow for a possibility of error in dating the objects which constitute the criterion.

Still this of Mr. Petrie's is the only independent criterion of which we can avail ourselves at present. Once it was thought that the presence of certain objects of the prehistoric class under lava-beds in the volcanic island of *Santorin* might enable geologists to assign to them a certain period. A period was indeed so assigned, but, as has since been demonstrated, only in virtue of a vicious process. The geologists were careful first to find out from the archaeologists what date they for their part were disposed to suggest, and then geology accommodated itself. As years go on, however, the enormous gamut from the middle of the

the

the third millennial period to the end of the second, over which the early civilization has been assumed to range, tends always to become better assured. Recent discoveries in the islands of Melos, Paros, and Naxos have displayed an orderly series of pottery going back from the true 'Mycenæan' types clear into the stone age; recent discoveries in Athenian tombs (as well as other discoveries made before in Mycenæ, Caria and Rhodes), show an orderly series coming down from the Mycenæan types, well into the age of iron, the earlier historic period of Hellas, that of Homer himself. Pottery, as Mr. Petrie has said excellently, is the 'grammar of archæology'; and in this case its indestructible sherds serve to constitute a regular series which begins with a ware, associated with no weapons but of stone, and passing down through the Ægean classes into the 'Mycenæan' age of bronze, and thence by reasonable links into the early geometric or 'Dipylon' style, which merges with the first Corinthian and Attic products of the historic Hellenic culture. These varieties moreover appear to have been found in several different places in similar regular strata one under the other, thus precluding any theory of coincident existence. Such a development, by all the laws of human progress, demands many score generations of men; but these generations, though successive, need of course not have been therefore related by blood.

In short, although it has been established that in all reasonable probability south-eastern Europe, mainland and isles, has been ever since the stone age a scene of continuous human production, it is not thereby rendered certain whether all this civilization was indigenous and homogeneous, or rather has divers relations to other civilizations, antecedent or coincident, in east or west.

That the stone age of the Greek lands lies very far back in time no one would now deny. That rudimentary productivity in that age was induced in Greece, as all over the world, by the elementary necessities of man, and need not be related to productivity elsewhere, would equally be admitted. But recent discovery claims to have demonstrated that, starting from this rudimentary period, there is found no obvious break in production down to the age of iron, and that a certain continuity of type seems to speak to the constant survival of some one element leavening the rest. If all this is so, then even in the latest episode, that of 'Mycenæan' culture, there will be some indigenous element.

This fact, however, does not preclude the possibility of the higher developments of this prehistoric civilization having been

so entirely due to foreign influence that not more can be claimed for indigenous hands than such a residuum of production as all intelligent humanity may be presumed to create spontaneously. This question cannot be tried by the age of stone: that is too rude, too little productive, and too uniform all the world over,* to teach us anything useful as to influence. We must come down to an age of working in metal, and be to that part of the period of bronze, for which we have ample documents, the more so in that the latter—the 'Mycenæan' period—has been from the first the main theatre of the dispute.

Before the Mycenæan civilization was revealed by Schliemann the world was acquainted with two main areas of bronze-age culture affecting Europe, an eastern and a western. The former had its *foci* in the valleys of the Nile and the Mesopotamian rivers; the latter was spread over middle and northern Europe; and a prejudice, due in about equal parts to philology and to the Hebrew story of the dispersion of mankind, affiliated the latter to the former culture. It may be said at once that this affiliation is not supported by any satisfactory positive evidence of documents. The bronze-age culture of Europe seems to have developed in an orderly manner, without a trace of Oriental causation, from the European age of stone; and the productivity of that age, of which so many monuments still remain in the west and north of our continent, has supplied not one atom of convincing evidence to indicate that in its turn it was developed from anything but the spontaneous necessities of races established in Europe since a period lost in such antiquity as only geology may penetrate.

As soon as the true approximate period of the Mycenæan bronze-age treasure had come to be generally recognized—that is, when it had ceased to be ascribed to Goths or Heruli—it was inevitable that most scholars should ascribe the art, that it revealed, to some Eastern influence—so strong at that time was their belief, based on all Greek literary tradition from Homer downwards, that the finer arts came to Hellas from the Orient. Examination of the Mycenæan treasure, moreover, led to the finding of much positive evidence for this belief, and subsequent discoveries seemed only further to confirm it. Schliemann unearthed a certain number of objects, and M. Tsountas, on whom his mantle fell, unearthed more, which beyond all question do come from the East. Among these are fragments

* See Perrot, '*Hist. de l'Art*,' vi., p. 107: 'L'homme est partout le même. Son industrie et son art, à quelque avenir qu'ils soient appelés par les aptitudes naturelles de la race et par les conditions favorables du milieu, ont partout les mêmes humbles commencements.'

period. The difficulty felt about either possibility led to the appearance of counter schools of belief, which, having searched Greek literary tradition for an early race settled in Hellas and reputed productive, pitched now upon the Carians of Herodotus, now on the Pelasgi of many legends, now even on the Dorians of the brilliant early Tyrant period. Each has its supporting argument:—in the one case, the presence of analogous art-motives in inland Asia Minor, where Carians were also established; in another, the wide area of 'Mycenæan' remains, more or less coincident with that extensive range which vague Hellenic tradition ascribed to the Pelasgi; in the third, the evidence of continuity between 'Mycenæan' and Hellenic products, and the late date at which Mycenæan decorative motives and fabrics have certainly been found both in south-eastern Greece and the isles.

We must return however for a moment to the Eastern school of belief. It is generally conceded that much of the art-work of the Mycenæan period in Greece can only be due to workmen exercising their craft in Greece itself. Furthermore, although the decorative motives and even the character of the fabric of certain other fine objects, the inlaid blades and chased cups in particular, are derived from abroad, and can be paralleled in Egyptian or Assyrian work, no one acquainted with the latter can mistake these Mycenæan objects for actual Egyptian or Assyrian handiwork. The original models have undergone transformation at the hands of some other race, and acquired a character not the same as that of any Eastern objects we know. So Newton justly observed as long ago as 1878. As, however, it chances that the Sidonians have left us no incontestable examples of their art there is, so far, nothing to prove a negative to their claim. But one consideration certainly creates almost as strong a *posteriori* presumption against the Phœnicians as Greek tradition creates *a priori* in their favour, namely, that nothing has been found in Syria or elsewhere in the East of the same type as the finer 'Mycenæan' examples of toreutic and plastic art. Four years ago, moreover, a wholly new piece of evidence was found, which tells positively against the Semitic claim. A system (or systems) of writing, associated with Mycenæan objects, but presenting no affinity to the Phœnician script, was shown by Mr. Arthur Evans to exist in Crete. If writing, by all tradition brought to Europe by Semites, nevertheless existed there independently of them, we have to reckon in the south-east with some other influence of civilization quite powerful enough to account for Mycenæan art.

At about the same time as Mr. Evans was discovering
his

his pre-Phœnician script in Crete a number of scholars opened their eyes simultaneously, Mr. Petrie perhaps a little the earliest of all, to the fact that, though the East supplies no exact parallels to the Mycenæan objects, parallels nevertheless there are, and those in the West; in short, that well known products of the independent European bronze age found at Hallstatt on the Danube, in the Burgundian *tumuli*, about Bologna and in many other places, even in our own isles, show most distinct relations to the prehistoric civilization of Hellas and the Levant. This view, expressed by Mr. Petrie in his statement that Mycenæan culture is to be regarded as the crown and flower of the bronze-age culture of Europe, which had as much claim to independence as the Aryan civilization of India, has found more and weightier support in every year up to the present; and a general consensus of students of prehistoric Hellas now refers the pottery and metal work of all that period no longer to any Semitic art, but to European. In their view the essential elements of prehistoric civilization in Greece, from its latest back to its earliest period, were not derived in the first instance oversea from Asia or Africa, but overland from Europe, whatever communication or interchange of influence there may have been, in the second instance, between the later episodes of the south-eastern civilization and other cultures equally old or older on other lands of the Levant.

For under the kindly Southern skies and the influence of exceptionally favourable relation to the sea, there is no doubt that this old bronze-age civilization of Europe acquired foreign connections and a greater refinement in its latest episode, the 'Mycenæan.' The artists of that period were acquainted with Eastern fabric and decoration, possibly through the mediation of Sidonian Semites, possibly even by more direct intercourse. For not only do Egyptian wall-paintings advise us that *Ægean* races sailed to Egypt in the middle of the second millennium, but it must be pointed out that, if Crete and the isles were *foci* of Mycenæan civilization, there must have been much seafaring in that age, and the use of polyps and *alyse* may well have been, as decorative motives, derived from the direct familiarity of the Mycenæan artists with the element on which they lived. There must be conceded, therefore, an Oriental influence exercised on the finer works, some of which was actually imported as merchandize or guest-presents—the Homeric *ἑρμῆα*—and more were modelled on foreign products. This last class of objects becomes more striking and frequent as time goes on, till it culminates in the famous Vaphio goblets, which are of undoubted native workmanship, but owe something to

an Eastern model, transmitted perhaps through Cyprus from distant Assyria. But the exact measure of this indebtedness cannot yet be appraised, more especially since a new element of difficulty has been raised by the suggestion—in itself far from chimerical—that Egypt and the East in their turn borrowed from Mycenæ in the first millennial period.

If we are to know more than this, more than that in prehistoric times Hellas was inhabited by a European race, possessed of a civilization, including a writing-system, which in essentials bears no relation to the East, but is of the West and Aryan—if we are to enquire, in short, what position in the Aryan family that prehistoric race held—we must turn to the first written tradition of a historic people which occupied in the main the same area. That race, the Hellenic, is a known quantity. What relation did it bear to the 'Mycenæan'? We must turn to its earliest articulate utterances, the lays collected in the epics of Homer.

The possibility of a connexion between Homer and the Mycenæan epoch is not difficult to credit. The latter is the latest episode in the prehistoric age, the former more or less certainly belongs to the dawn of the historic. Homer may well have come within hearing of the golden era of Mycenæ. The geographical area which the epics assign to the hegemony of the Achæan Lord of Mycenæ coincides remarkably closely with that of 'Mycenæan' remains; and localities that play a leading part in the epic world, Ilios, Mycenæ, Argos, Crete, Orchomenos, Thessaly, seem also to have been *foci* of the prehistoric civilization. And greatest alike in literature and archæology is Mycenæ.

In many points both of general character and of detail it has often been shown that the Homeric world resembles that inferred from Mycenæan remains, and equally with it diverges from the later Hellenic. The epics represent a monarchical society of much seafaring habit, in no way exclusive of the rest of the world, as later Hellenic society came to be. On the contrary, it mixed freely with foreigners of any race and freely bought their products. It possessed a writing system, but used it little; and this characteristic is in accord with all the evidence we possess as yet in regard to the early syllabary, found in Crete and sporadically on the Greek mainland and in the Fayûm. The Cretan pictographic characters have been found only on gems: the linear signs appear singly or in groups of three or four, such as would merely mark ownership. Mr. Evans, the discoverer of both, put forward as a plausible explanation

explanation of their rarity a suggestion that perishable materials would naturally have been used for all trivial communications; but it may fairly be replied that, whenever and wherever writing has been at all in common use, it has claimed a place in fair abundance on more permanent material. In our opinion these prehistoric Greek inscriptions are likely always to be what they are now, short and few.

To such points of general agreement between the 'Mycenæan' civilization and the epic world fall to be added certain points of detail, too numerous to be recounted here. To take only a few examples: while, on the one hand, there is to be noted a most significant general coincidence between the prevailing type of art-subjects exemplified in Mycenæan products and those alluded to or described by Homer—a coincidence expressed shortly in the phrase that both the Homeric and the Mycenæan artists treated *ethical* subjects and not, as in later Hellas, *mythological*—there appear, on the other hand, startling correspondences both in the themes and in the fabrics. The mimicry of a city besieged, which Hephæstus wrought on the shield of Achilles, might have been suggested directly by a scene in beaten silver work, a fragment of which was found by M. Tsountas at Mycenæ: while such a scene of animal action, fashioned in *repoussée*, as the poet imagines adorning the brooch of the 'pseud-Odyseus,' finds numerous parallels on gems or the bezels of rings found in Greece or the isles, especially in Crete—where, indeed, Odysseus tells his swineherd that the brooch was actually worn by the fictitious hero. Every Homeric scholar has been amazed by the literal coincidence of the delicate and unusual fabric of the Mycenæan dagger-blades with that described (as used to be supposed, by pure flight of poet's fancy) in the making of the divine shield: and that a moment (or moments) of violent action, such as the brooch represented in Odysseus' tale, could be translated into metal even before Homer's day no one will care to question who has seen the goblets of Vaphio. Again, allowing for a difference of metal—which need mark only an earlier stage of the same race, not a difference of race or clime—the arms of Homeric heroes are in the main those also of the 'Mycenæans,' the most notable agreement being between the huge screen-like shields depicted on gems, and the 'tower-like' targets which, borne by Ajax or Hector, bumped against their shins as they stalked to and from the fray. Further, it is worthy of all notice that, while the war-chariot was unknown to fifth-century Hellas, the *stelæ* above the circle-graves prove that it existed at Mycenæ, as certainly as its use to convey heavy-armed

heavy-armed warriors to and from the field is known to Homer's story. Lastly, numerous and unexpected are the architectural points of correspondence between the Palaces of Alcinoüs and Odysseus, and the Tirynthian, Mycenæan, and Ilian ground-plans—though in this connexion one weighty reservation has to be made to which we must presently return.

It is not less true that the Homeric and 'Mycenæan' civilizations diverge in a few but weighty respects. Four such points of divergence are especially significant, if established:—the metal most in use for weapons of war; the position of women in the family; the disposal of corpses; and, so far as we can discern, the general nature of the religious observances. The first of these points differentiates the two civilizations in that familiar respect by which the development of primitive peoples is most certainly classified. Homer deals with the opening of an age of iron, the memory of bronze being still fresh; the great 'Mycenæan' period is the close of an age of bronze, iron being known, but still too precious to be used except for ornament. The second point of divergence is inferred from the ground-plans of houses still traceable on 'Mycenæan' sites in Greece, first and foremost that of the Palace at Tiryns. These are held by the majority of archæologists to be unintelligible unless the *harem* system is to be assumed. But, curiously enough, the ground-plans of the 'Mycenæan' houses, studied by Dr. Dörpfeld on the Asiatic shore at Ilios itself, appear to show no *harem* arrangement, but lead us to infer certainly a free family intercourse such as the epics depict. Europe, then, in the Mycenæan age seems to know the *harem*, of which Asia is ignorant! The third point of divergence touches religious belief. The corpses in the Mycenæan circle-graves* were buried, apparently after rude embalment, with their treasures and chattels intact; the Homeric dead were burned, and their treasures and chattels went with them into the fire. There is one well-known exception. The corpse of Sarpedon was sent by the hands of Sleep and Death to be embalmed and buried in its fatherland of Lycia. But here there is reason to suppose that the epic poet was consciously alluding to a foreign custom, of which he was not unlikely to have been aware. Perhaps the case of the slain wooers in Ithacæ supplies a second exception. But for the rest the rule is absolute. Embalming is in use only to preserve a corpse for a short

* We can be certain about these graves only. Tsountas ('*Μυκηναίαι*,' p. 240) states that in other rock-tombs where the burials were found still inviolate evidence of embalming is wanting. Be that as it may, there was certainly no sign of incineration.

time, until it can be burned with due honour; and into the mouth of the mother of Odysseus, when she meets her son in the Shades, the poet has put the most explicit statement of the prevailing practice of purification by fire. The fourth and last point of divergence—that of general religious creed and ritual—opens a subject still lamentably obscure. The spade may be expected usually to throw light first and most on religious observance; but in the case of the Mycenæan civilization doubt and darkness still hang thickest over the problem of cult. But it is already clear that the rational anthropomorphism of the epic poets' creed did not characterize the creed of Mycenæ. The religious ideas of the latter appear to have been in a less developed stage, and much nearer to totem or fetish worship. By the side of a cult of ancestors and the dead, such as is well known to Homer, there seems to survive an elaborate cult of bestial gods, or at least a *theriomorphic* ritual; and in the vast majority of supposed cult-objects and cult-scenes of 'Mycenæan' type any human presentment of a god is conspicuous by its absence, its place being supplied either by animal forms, or by such appurtenances or inanimate materializations of the godhead as a throne* or a shrine. In our present stage of ignorance, this subject could only be pursued further by entering on sheer conjecture. At any rate, the easy identification of Mycenæan divinities with the Homeric, which at the outset was taken for granted, must again be given up, and a start should be made not from Homer, but from the general history of primitive religion, in any attempt to arrive at the nature of 'Mycenæan' religion.

Such weight, however, as may be assigned to this obscure fourth point of divergence reinforces the necessary inference from the first point, namely, that the 'Mycenæan' remains are in general of an earlier date than the origin of the Homeric poems. No community which knows and can procure sufficient iron for its weapons will elect to remain at a disadvantage in the bitter life-struggle of primitive society by continuing to use bronze. Two civilizations, of which one used the first metal, the other the second, both being possessed apparently of an equally wide range of commercial relations, are not coincident in date.

The second and third points of divergence seem to involve a still more serious discrepancy, one of race, or at least of clime. The stress should be laid on the third point, for the divergence in popular belief that it predicates is vital. To try to

* See Reichel, *op. cit. supra*, ch. i., for parallel throne cults in various parts of the East.

reconcile two practices of corpse-treatment by supposing that those races which embalmed and buried in peace-time burned during the stress of war, is not only to forget that the Homeric burning was no hasty process, but was carried out at leisure and with the utmost circumstance, but also to ignore all the teaching of the science of comparative religion. In the eyes of a Homeric hero or of a Mycenæan king the all-important consideration of his fate after death depended on the treatment of his corpse. The two main beliefs of antiquity on this point are distinct as the poles. By the one creed it was held that the released spirit continued to exist on earth in the material dwelling where its fleshly envelope was laid, making use of material things as in life. By the other creed a far-away spirit-world was assumed to which entrance could be obtained only by the dematerialized. Therefore, as the first condition of a spiritual existence, the resolving action of fire must be applied to corpse and corpse-furniture alike. Those who professed the first creed aimed at preserving the material body, and therefore embalmed it ere it was laid in the grave. The ineffective pickling of the Achæan dead was a device considered not less essential to the happiness of the spirits than the elaborate processes of Egypt; and the Mycenæans, not less than the Nilots, decked and furnished the house of death inside and out, and then blocked and covered it up, because first and last it existed for the sake of the dead, not of the living.

These incompatible creeds have been found not seldom flourishing side by side in one community, but probably in every such case one or other has resulted from the survival of an alien element in the race. Certainly it is most improbable that now one, now the other, should have found favour in the eyes of the same people. Even in our own age, how many thousands of educated Christians regard the burial and the burning of a corpse as opposed not less vitally than right and wrong, and for no other reason than that resurrection and future bliss are considered compatible with the one process, not with the other?

The general conclusion, which these points of agreement and these points of divergence seem alike to impose, is this. The Homeric epics, while undoubtedly to some extent they reflect the Mycenæan age, are the work of a later date and of another race, or another family of same race.

A difference in date may be accepted easily. The epics themselves do not profess to deal with events contemporary or even recent; and, as Perrot pertinently asks, when and where have heroic legends been contemporary with the heroes they celebrate?

celebrate? Man does not grow into demigod but by grace of time. If not altogether forgotten, an individual will come after a century of oral tradition to fill a larger space than was ever his fortune in his lifetime.

What, however, of a difference in race?—must it be indeed in race, or only in habitat? Might the divergence of burial customs, family life, and religious conceptions, be explained by the fact that Mycenæ was in Argolis, while the poet was an Asiatic, or a Thessalian? There are certain archæological arguments, indeed, to be added to the philological, for placing the composition of the epics in 'Æolian' Asia. It has been remarked often that while the topography of the Troad, the actual configuration of the city and plain, and the character of the surrounding prospects, are roughly to be recognized in the poem, all the localities on the European side, treated both in 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' are very misty. Sparta and Pylos might as well be any other places; Ithaca is quite unrecognizable; nearly all the rest is Wonderland, not more to be found in Africa or Europe than in America or Australia. Moreover, as Dürpfeld has pointed out, only in the Troad do the early house-remains correspond in the essential particular of the women's lodgings to the Homeric; and the German architect adds certain technical considerations to enforce his conclusion, that the epic poet was familiar with the 'Mycenæan' house on the Asiatic side, but not on the European.

Unfortunately archæologists do not as yet know much about the early 'Æolian' civilization of northern Asia Minor. There is reason to believe, however, that in Ionian Attica at about the dawn of history the change from the burial to the burning of corpses actually took place. Evidence is still scanty and contradictory as to graves transitional between those containing pure Mycenæan and those containing pure geometric pottery, and between the bronze and iron ages; but it appears that the bodies in these graves were not burned. When the geometric or 'Dipylon' style was well established, incineration appears to have become invariable. Some race change or family change had taken place—a conquest, or more probably the completion of a process of slow absorption; such a change as Greek tradition actually commemorated in the Dorian invasion of the Peloponnese. The Ionians may be supposed to have filtered less suddenly and less rudely into the waterless and barren land of Attica, which perhaps was left on one side by the stronger conquerors, as not worth their while.

Be that as it may, it seems to follow that, whether composed in Asia or Europe, the Homeric epics belong, at any rate,
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to the new régime, that of the Dorian and Ionian, the Hellenic proper, while the Mycenaean culture was of an older order, not unakin, but of distant relationship. The Mycenaean objects cannot in that case be due to the Dorian Tyrants, however indubitable it be that certain of the Mycenaean types and fabrics survived to or even outlived the Tyrant period. The glory of Achæan Mycenæ was still a tradition in the land, perhaps was the strongest heroic tradition; and whether from hearsay or because they actually survived, certain of the fine Mycenaean works of art were present to the imagination of the epic poets. The latter knew of the sea-rovings and the foreign relations of the old lords of Mycenæ, how far their rule extended, and what roughly was its character. But, like all early poets and writers of romance in ages before criticism and the archaeological habit, these writers of Hellas inevitably enveloped their facts in an incongruous atmosphere contemporary with themselves. Especially in matters of religious belief and sentiment they could not do otherwise. To burn the dead, to mix freely with women in the family, to regard the gods as human giants—these things, natural to their own contemporary folk and drawing breath, were credited as matter of course to all other folk. We may see romance as anachronistic in later ages. The alien Alexander becomes in his legend a hero to all the peoples he conquered, and to some that he never saw, and the poets of each people retain certain historic facts concerning him. But to the Jew, who writes the '*Iter ad Paradisum*,' the Macedonian is inevitably a Jew: to the author of the *Koran* and to Firdusi he becomes a prophet of Islâm: to the Ethiopic ecclesiologists he was an accepted servant of the living Christ.

The result of enquiry into Homer leads to the negative conclusion, important enough so far as it goes, that the Mycenaean civilization was not Hellenic, as that name was afterwards understood. That it came, equally with the Hellenic civilization, from the north is probable on many grounds, even if the attempt lately made to show that it retained in Hellas reminiscences of the lake-dwelling period in Macedonia is somewhat futile. To call, however, the 'Mycenaean' race by any name or names more precise than Italogrecian seems of little profit. The tribes that ebbed and flowed during the dark primitive period in south-eastern Europe were many. We may speak of Carians, but we do not know who those Carians originally were, whether they passed from Europe to Asia or from Asia to Europe. The historic Carian was a most doubtful half-breed. For the same reason it is equally
useless

useless to speak of Phrygians. We may invoke the name of the Pelasgi. But the literary men of Greece did not know what precisely they meant by that name, but vaguely connoted by it the former inhabitants of their country, thinking that its root was also the stem of their word for *old*; and whether the Pelasgi were of Hellenic or barbaric stock they were not agreed. Homer, who takes little account of either Carians or Pelasgi, has no doubts as to the lords of 'Golden' Mycenæ—for him they were *Achæans*. If the reading of a name as *Aqaiusha* in the hieroglyphs of the XVIIIth Dynasty at Thebes could be trusted, then we should have independent evidence to support Homer. But the vocalization of the ancient Egyptian language is still too little known for such readings to inspire confidence. Even, however, if the Mycenæans were so-called rightly, what does that name convey to us now? It was only one among many tribe-names in Homeric Hellas; it survived to historic times to denote a small fraction of the Hellenic whole, which survived—as a great deal else that was 'Mycenæan' survived—to become absorbed in the higher civilization. The name 'Achæan,' then, teaches us nothing definite as to race, not more than that Greece in the prehistoric age was inhabited by a people of many kindred families, with whom in their turn the various tribes of the later Hellenes had a blood affinity, and to whom they succeeded without any very abrupt transition.

And this is all that we know now, perhaps it is all that, speaking generally, there is to know. There was a European race in the earliest Hellas, proto-Hellenic, perhaps, for it belonged to the great Aryan family of the human species, and probably to an Italogrecian subfamily; and it is no other than the 'early wave' of Hellenic folk familiar in the text books of Greek history, upon which came a second wave, the historic Hellenic immigration of a less developed kinsfolk, which so far destroyed the prehistoric civilization as to leave a great eddy in the stream of progress. But eventually the stream flowed on as before. And so as to the main fact archæology comes back to Thucydides.

The broad principles of prehistoric ethnology in Hellas seem now to have been ascertained; but there is a great deal still to learn as to the details within the main outline. The race movements that led both to the highest development of the prehistoric civilization and to the supervening of the historic Hellenic wave are still most obscure. There was action and reaction, going to Asia and coming from Asia to Hellas. Both the early so-called 'Hittite' civilization of Asia Minor and Syria,
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whose writing system is not to be attached to anything Semitic, and an early civilization in Libya, seem to have had certain relations with the prehistoric Greek; but whether they were derivatives of the latter, or were first derived from a common parent stem, we cannot yet determine. Much is to be expected from Crete. The pre-Phœnician writing system there shows unmistakeable affinities to both the 'Hittite' and the Cypriote, those two standing, though long disregarded, protests against the accepted Phœnician origin of our alphabets. But those affinities point more to some common parent than to affiliation of one to the other. We must wait for further exploration by the spade.

But already we are past the parting of the ways. Rigid prejudice in favour of the Oriental origin of all civilization has broken up, and 'Hellenism' has become a word of much wider connotation than of old. The one thing needful is to resist the formation of new prejudices, and fearlessly to follow the evidence, as its documents come to light—to follow it whether it leads to the Persian Gulf or to the North Sea. So much, however, as has already been established has an interest more than archaeological. The classical epoch of Hellenic civilization has affected our world so profoundly that no persons of education can remain indifferent to anything which may help to explain the seeming miracle of Hellenic development. Mycenaean study appears to contribute not a little to that explanation. As M. Perrot has well pointed out, vague generalizations about Aryan blood, and favourable conditions of climate and soil, are wholly inadequate to account for the extraordinarily short apprenticeship which the classical Hellenic race served to culture. What we want for Greece is either some direct and wholesale borrowing of culture from a high external civilization, or, better, direct inheritance from a high civilization within herself. Now with regard to the first alternative, not only is evidence wanting that there was any sufficiently wholesale borrowing from overseas at the opening of the Greek historic period, but also it must be remembered that at that epoch the civilizations of Egypt and Babylon were far gone in decadence. A more satisfactory explanation would be supplied by a preclassical culture, found in Greece itself. That such a culture existed, and that it survived in a certain degree to the opening of the classical period, is what archaeology claims to have established; and the bearing of those facts on the Hellenic problem gives Mycenaean study a place in Universal History.

In conclusion, let us return a moment to Homer, recognizing
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that to the mass of the educated world it imports more to know how the prehistoric archaeological evidence bears on the world of the epics than how the epics bear on the prehistoric world. The application of *Realien* to Homeric society is regarded always with the greatest interest in England. For with us, as with all northern nations, perhaps owing to some instinctive sympathy with a primæval age—some sort of deep-lying survival of the barbarian from which we spring—the popularity of the Greek epic rests less upon a general appreciation of its supreme poetic quality than upon the character of its subject-matter. There is an allegorical truth in the legend that Brute the Trojan settled at last in an isle of the northern sea; for indeed we stand nearer to the physical qualities and the mental attitude of a Heroic age than do the southern races now. Setting, as we instinctively do, the body above the mind, our sympathy goes out to the brave Homeric tales across the intervening gulf of age and race. It was a true instinct that led the author of one of the most dramatic stories in our language to conceive a forlorn band of outcasts, in a valley of the far West, listening night after night to a garbled version of the tale of Troy. For Homer is always modern, and has his throne in our very midst—no such place, august but aloof, as we assign to the 'Æneid' or the 'Divina Commedia.'

While looking rather at the archaeological evidence than at Homer we have tried to show already that the society of the epic reflects in general a real civilization. It is about the details of the Homeric story, however, that the world is more interested. Can archaeology say anything for or against these? Was there a real Troy, if there was a real Mycenæ? a ten years' Trojan war? a historical Agamemnon and an Achilles?

Certainly there was a strong walled city in the Troad of like civilization with the cities of European Greece in the period with which the epic poet's imagination deals. And a Trojan war? Such reply as archaeology can make is for the Siege rather than against it. The Egyptian wall paintings show us Ægean peoples prosecuting oversea expeditions both before and in the Mycænæan era; and although the glory of the distant Achæan capital may have been bright enough in any case to reach an Asian poet and become of paramount interest to Asian baronial courts, its journey across the Ægean would certainly have been effected more surely through a successful inroad of the actual Achæan kings. The fame of a conqueror's exploits, after the lapse of generations has removed the sting of defeat, often remains a theme to the vanquished. So it was with Attila in German folk-song, and so the more easily would it have been

Prehistoric Greece.

in the prehistoric epoch there was no national idea. The relations of the personages in the 'Mycenæan' cannot be compared to the Achæan heroes this much is certain. If Tiquantas has searched the whole of Mycenæ, it has become more probable that the graves which Schliemann found in the city are those of the greatest family in the city *par excellence*. The extraordinary richness of its furniture leads to the presumption that it was that of the king which is celebrated in Greek song, even to the present record that in the second century B.C. it was still pointed out *within the city*. The traveller's description follows generally the intention of the distinction, which suggests, between the 'Treasures' and the 'city'; and if the wall, outside which he found the graves and her paramour were banished in the great *enceinte* of the Acropolis that he saw. It was deeply silted up, and the great treasure was not suspected in the site was known and regarded with suspicion. When the spread of a new faith had lapsed, unfortunately—had lapsed, and all our own day.

Pausanias's testimony we should have in the Achæan dead were laid in the moat 'Treasures' below the citadel. A theory reconciles this probability with the facts of the circle, as found in supposing that the graves in the late city had originally been enclosed in the 'Treasures' were already ruined and void; and when the barons of the citadel could no longer keep on the city beneath their wall, they moved the royal sepulchres, and transferred them with all their treasures within the city. They never allowed the royal relics to be buried in the moat.

He returns to this question in his 'Mykenische Lokalsage'.

It would be a decisive objection, of course, to this theory if the Treasuries could be proved later than the circle. The fact that the contents of Attic dome-tombs seem uniformly of later date points that way; but this is not necessarily good evidence for all dome-tombs. The examples at Mycenæ unfortunately were rifled long ago of any contents that could tell us anything. Further, Mr. Petrie has distinctly declared that the Mycenæan domes are earlier than the Circle; and he is unquestionably right that the graves in the latter represent no distinct type of sepulture, but only the rude expedient of a moment.

There are, moreover, certain positive arguments in support of the theory of resepulture, which may briefly be mentioned. It was noticed at the first that the mean and hasty aspect of the shallow pits in the circle, and for that matter of the carved *stelæ* set above them, contrast markedly with the splendour of the contents of the graves. In view of the fact that the roofing of the pits had fallen in and disturbed what lay below, we cannot argue from the actual signs of hasty burial that were reported by the discoverer as apparent in the position and arrangement of the corpses. But the unique situation of this circle cemetery, within the fortress, masking the great gate and blocking the roadway, reinforces such evidence as is to be derived from the architectural style of the retaining wall of the circle, and its broken curve, and strongly suggests that the circle cemetery was an afterthought, not contemplated when gate and fortress wall were built. Similar and more important is the evidence to be derived from the contents of the circle graves. While authorities are agreed that the style of the furniture is not of one and the same date, the contents of certain whole graves being later than the contents of others, it remains still probable that all the actual grave pits were dug at the same time. For, first, there is a remarkable similarity among the *stelæ* set up over them; and, secondly, the enclosing circle of slabs was certainly not erected until the latest graves were filled in, for it runs across a corner of one of the latter. Are we then to suppose that, for generations, the earliest of these graves, that of a hero-king, was left a mere shallow pit boarded over but unenclosed? It is far more reasonable to hold that the circle is contemporary with *all* the graves, which then will be contemporary with one another. Furthermore, Schliemann found, in the earth that filled the circle, a group of skeletons without accompanying furniture or distinct graves. These have been supposed always to be the relics of slaves, sacrificed to join the dead heroes according to a world-wide custom.

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But Schliemann found only one such group, high up in the filling-in, and undisturbed to all appearance by any re-opening of the cemetery. This group then must be contemporary, at any rate, with the *latest* heroic grave in the circle. Are we then to suppose that to the earliest buried hero were given no such ghastly attendants, and that his slenderly roofed grave was left for a century or so with but a foot or two of earth above it? For all these facts the theory of re-burial supplies a sufficient explanation, and there has been put forward no other theory which will account equally for all.

There remain, of course, literary aspects of the Homeric question not elucidated, and hardly to be elucidated, by the spade. Are the epics to be ascribed to one, to two, or to many authors? Were they based on folk-lays, or the fruit of particular literary invention? Is *Homer* to be believed a person or a personification? Some hints towards the settlement of these queries may be gleaned from what already has been concluded concerning the time and place, the nature and the cause, of the original epics. The rest must be left to other methods of commentary, of which one alone, the philological study of the epic diction, has much claim to be scientific.

To those philologists, however, the archæologist's spade bids fair to supply some new and most significant material. Papyri of the two epics, but chiefly of the 'Iliad,' have been turned up in Egypt for many years past, but these finds have become latterly of a novel and more important sort. From the Fayûm village-sites certain scraps of the 'Iliad,' dating back to the third or even to the fourth century before our era, have been recovered during the past decade, having been preserved in the *cartonnage* of mummy cases: and the text decipherable upon them shows a high proportion of variants from that now accepted at the hands of the Alexandrine revisers. The variants are in most cases additional lines, excised in our present vulgate, and they prove that, at any rate in the Ptolemaic colony of the Fayûm, an expanded version of the 'Iliad' was current before and even after the authoritative Alexandrine recension had been issued. This version may be one of those earlier ones on which the ancient critics 'improved,' or it may even be a pre-Alexandrine vulgate, the recovery of which will teach us many things; and not the least valuable among them will probably be certain warnings as to critical editing, most pertinent to our modern 'Alexandrine Age,' the century which began with Wolf.

ART. VI.—*Old and New Astronomy.* By R. A. Proctor.
London, 1895.

WHAT of the comet?' asked Vespasian, overhearing his attendants whisper with dismay about the one which was then visible; 'that hairy star does not portend evil to me; it menaces rather the king of the Parthians: he is a hairy man and I am bald.' Daring intrepid men, bent upon achieving some great design, cared only to see in the 'blazing star' an emblem of triumph and of future glory; while credulous annalists, ever ready to swell the praises of the great, delighted to mark important events by signs and wonders in the heavens. Thus the success of Timoleon of Corinth (344 B.C.) was presaged by a 'blazing torch,' which appeared every night and went before his fleet until it arrived at Sicily. According to the marvel-loving historian Justin, both the birth and accession to the throne of Mithridates VI. were signalized by comets whose splendour 'eclipsed the midday sun'! The one which appeared at his birth (134 B.C.) shone during seventy days successively, and its luminous train spread over a fourth part of the celestial vault. William the Conqueror, not being the man to quail in presence of the 'fiery dragon' that startled Europe during the summer and autumn evenings of the memorable year 1066, declared the portent to signify his divine right to the throne of England. With equal boldness of interpretation the Norman chroniclers record, that in this year a wonderful star with three long tails appeared, which, according to the learned, 'only came when a kingdom wanted a king'! In a rude figure of this comet, worked on the thirty-fifth compartment of the Bayeux tapestry, immediately after the representation of the coronation of Harold, several persons stand gazing upon the apparition, and above their heads are these words: 'Isti mirant Stella.'

But the marvellous appearances which comets present in their flight through space, their unexpected coming and going, no one knowing whence or whither, were not always looked upon with fearless eye. The ancient records of every country tell the same story of awe-inspired dread of these mysterious objects which suddenly broke in upon the calm serenity of the heavens. To the eyes of our remote ancestors the comet appeared to be a living monster with 'shaggy mane, and tail made of wands all fiery'; and conjecture ran wild as to its nature and mission. Untutored imagination, acted upon by dread of the supernatural, gave birth to imagery the most crude and fantastic: the comet was a harbinger from the warlike
lying away beyond mortal ken, heralding the descent of
offspring

offended deity. Nor were these conceptions mere figments of the mind; to our more ignorant ancestors they were downright realities. It was a time when men had in full perfection the faculty of childhood of making everything out of anything, and of believing with implicit faith in their own creations. The coming and going of the celestial bodies of our system were comparatively familiar, and their varying movements, because of their regularity, were viewed with composure. But they could never break away from the spell cast by these strange visitors from outer space, as they fiercely glared down upon the earth and again vanished. Hence the aspects which comets presented were noted with a watchfulness that has made their conceptions of 'things seen in the sky' an inexhaustible repertory of myths and superstitions.

We should, however, be led far beyond our present purpose were we to enter upon the fascinating domain of myth and marvel which lies almost unexplored before us. Reluctantly turning away to surer ground, we catch a passing glimpse in Byron's 'Manfred' of—

'The pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe,
Still rolling on with innate force
Without a sphere, without a course.'

Yet, for a brief space, we may pass to the south of Europe, where, under the strongly fortified walls of Belgrade, Mahomet II. with his Turkish army is encamped, ready to force an entrance into the city. It is the summer of 1456, and the rapid inroads the Turks are making into Europe excite the utmost fears in Rome for the safety of Christendom. The two opposing armies, 'in open sight,' are resting from their conflict, for the dark shades of night are falling upon the earth, and the curtains of the heavens gradually unfold, revealing the hidden glories of the sky—the clustering constellations, the Milky Way, stretching far into the mysterious depths of space, and the moon ascending the eastern sky and holding sway over the host of heaven. The calm sublimity of the familiar scene seems to invite man to direct his thoughts upwards in contemplation and reflection. The sentinel on his beat, as he looks upon the starry vault, thinks of his far-off kindred, and wonders whether they too are looking with the same thoughts upon the same heavenly orbs. Suddenly his peaceful meditations are disturbed; he is startled and perplexed, for in the western sky a comet appears, with a long dragon-like tail which spreads over two celestial signs, and is apparently advancing towards the moon.

moon. His fears are heightened as a dark shadow steals rapidly over the moon's face and hides its light in darkness.

A learned Jesuit, Pontanus by name, of Bavaria, says of this comet, on the authority of George Franza, Grand Master of the Wardrobes of the Emperor of Constantinople, that—

‘Every evening, immediately after sunset, a comet was seen in the vicinity of the moon, resembling a straight sabre. The night of the full moon had arrived, and then, an eclipse having occurred by accident, the comet was seen pursuing the regular movement and circular orbit of the celestial bodies. Some persons, seeing the darkness of the eclipse, and perceiving the comet in the form of a long sword ascending from the west, advancing towards the east, and approaching the moon, thought that the comet in the form of a long sword presaged that the Christian inhabitants of the west would come to a mutual agreement to march against the Turks, and that they would gain the victory. And the Turks, on their part, taking into consideration the state of affairs, fell into no small fear, and entered into serious arguments as to the will of Allah.’

All the historians of the period speak of the consternation the apparition in the heavens created among the inhabitants of Christendom, who regarded it as an agent in the momentous events then happening. Already Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Turks, and the cities of the Danube rapidly fell before their irresistible march. In their terror men describe the portent as a hairy star of extraordinary magnitude and brilliancy, the nucleus of which shone through a mane of nebulous haze, and the tail extended over half the vault of heaven, and flickered through its entire length like a flame in motion. But the reigning Pontiff, Calixtus III., treated the apparition as a power of evil leagued with the forces of the infidel. To baffle the baleful influences conspiring against the Church, he boldly exorcised the comet, and in the same Bull he ordained that to the ‘Ave Maria’ should be added the words, ‘Lord save us from the devil, the Turks, and the comet.’ He further ordained that this prayer should be said in every church at mid-day, and that the bells should be rung as a warning to the inhabitants not to neglect this imperative duty. Here we come upon the origin of the mid-day Angelus, the ringing of the church-bells at noon. It is claimed for the Church that complete success attended the Papal efforts against these leagued enemies of Christendom. Burning with new-born zeal, inspired with fresh confidence, forty thousand troops, sallying from the gates of the beleaguered city, drove back the Pagan host. At the head of the Christian army marched the Franciscans, invoking with uplifted crucifix the Papal exorcism against the
unholy

the enemy, says Babinet, 'in those days dared doubt.' John Hunniades, had commanded the Pope ordered festivals of throughout Europe.*

whose appearance had thus made cometary astronomy the name of our countryman, Dr. therefore, largely centres in his himself says were 'prodigious,' contemporaries, such as no other man to a successful issue. If the state can be considered, Halley's toil to appal any mathematician save in the size, form, and behaviour of from the average comet; but the contrast, both in the public mind and in places it pre-eminently first. Let it bodies break in upon our system at of the ecliptic; sometimes plunging sometimes rising towards him from him with amazing velocity and then depths of space, in some cases never it curves the two ends of which can never, however, be captured by the attraction of the and have their orbit altered to an ellipse, and members of the solar system, returning of the sun after certain intervals of is the fate of the body known as the comet of

In the 15th of August, 1682, Flamsteed's assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, while sweeping over the northern heavens with the telescope, called attention to the appearance of a comet which he had just detected. Flamsteed and Halley observed it for several evenings; so did Picard at Paris and Schwab at Dantzic. It was noticed that the head of the comet was not round but oval, and that its brightness equalled a star of the second magnitude. The tail was not directed in a straight line, as Peter Apian, astronomer to the Emperor Charles V., had recorded to have been the case with every comet observed in his

* The late Rev. T. W. Webb, F.R.S., author of 'Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes,' and the writer of this paper that he had seen in Germany a comet-dial which had been struck in commemoration, he believed, of this event. The coin bore a German superscription taken from the beginning of Psalm xxxviii.

time, but was waved towards the eastern side. Both Picard and La Hire believed that they saw phases in the comet similar to those of the moon ; this would imply that the nucleus was solid and compact, as Sir Isaac Newton, from his observations of the giant comet of 1680, had been led to infer that they were, being in this respect like the planets. But on account of the immense nebulosity surrounding the head, it is difficult with the best instruments to be quite sure on this point. As the comet approached nearer to the sun, it shot forth a train of sparkling brilliancy of a few degrees in length. The most noticeable feature it presented was a jet of luminous matter projected from the head, which, falling backwards as if driven by the wind, mingled with the tail. Hevelius regarded this phenomenon as so strange that he represents it in a drawing, which certainly conveys a better idea of its character than would a merely verbal description. Since then observation has shown this kind of eruptions, so suggestive of internal agitation, to be common to all comets when in the immediate vicinity of the sun. Several Continental astronomers have left descriptions of its appearance and movements, notably Kirch of Leipzig and Zimmerman of Nuremberg. But Halley alone succeeded in mastering its apparently anomalous movements, and subjecting them to the law of gravitation, as laid down by his friend Sir Isaac Newton. Acting on the advice of Newton, Halley had searched all ancient and modern records for the purpose of ascertaining whether comets reappeared after intervals of time, and, on casting his eyes over the tables he had prepared, he was particularly struck with the similarity which existed between the elements of the present one and those of the brilliant comets of 1531 and 1607, in 'their having the like situations of their planes and perihelions.' It may be remarked that Halley adopted Flamsteed's observations of the comet of 1682, and that his calculations were based on the assumption of parabolic elements. He had employed the same methods for the calculation of the orbits of the comets which had been observed in 1607 and in 1531, careful records of whose movements had been made, the first mentioned by Kepler and Longomontanus, and that of 1531 by Apian. All the elements of position and movement of the three apparitions agreed so closely that Halley concluded that the three were simply different visits of the same body.

In 1705 he presented to the Royal Society the results of his research and calculations, in a work entitled '*Synopsis Astronomiæ Cometicæ*.' He gives a table of the elements of twenty-four comets on the supposition that they revolve in parabolas, though he thought it very probable that they move in eccentric ellipses.

ellipses. The table begins with the year 1337 and ends with the year 1698. Halley explains its use thus:

“The principal use of this table of the elements of their motions, and, indeed, that which induced me to construct it, is that whenever a new comet shall appear, we may be able to know, by comparing together the elements, whether it be any of those which had appeared before, and consequently to determine its period and the axis of its orbit, and to foretel its return. And, indeed, there are many things which make me believe that the comet which Apian observed in the year 1581 was the same with that which Kepler and Longomontanus more accurately observed in the year 1607, and which I myself have seen return, and observed in the year 1682. All the elements agree, and nothing seems to contradict this my opinion besides the inequality of the periodic revolutions; which inequality is not so great, neither, as that it may not be owing to physical causes. For the motion of Saturn is so disturbed by the rest of the planets, especially Jupiter, that the periodic time of that planet is uncertain for some whole days together. This moreover confirms me in my opinion of its being the same, that in the year 1456, in the summer time, a comet was seen passing retrograde between the earth and the sun much after the same manner, which, although nobody made observations upon it, yet, from its period and the manner of its transit, I cannot think different from those I have just now mentioned.’ . . . ‘Hence,’ he says, ‘I dare venture to foretel that it will return again in the year 1758.’

He had remarked that, in the summer of 1681, when the comet was approaching the perihelion, it continued several months exposed to the powerful disturbance of Jupiter, the great stumbling-block of the comets. He therefore computed the effects of the planet’s action on the comet, as well as the state of analysis in his time would admit, and found that Jupiter alone had hastened the comet’s arrival at perihelion about a year. This circumstance led Halley to consider that if the comet were traversing an elliptic orbit such as he had described, and reappeared as he had predicted, its return would be delayed probably till the beginning of 1759.

Recurring to his table of comets, Halley saw that he could with certainty trace back the one of 1682 to the famous apparition of 1456; and with more or less of probability to the time of the birth of Mithridates VI. Halley was fifty years old when he made the bold prediction that the comet would reappear. Knowing that he could not live to witness its fulfilment, he advised astronomers of that day to carefully watch for it, expressing a hope that, if the comet should return true to his computed time, they would not refuse to acknowledge that its periodicity had been discovered by an Englishman.

Posterity

Posterity has associated his name with this cosmical body, whose periodical visits to our neighbourhood are amongst the most memorable epochs in the history of the science.

The marvellous accuracy with which eclipses have been foretold from the earliest Chaldaic times has familiarized everybody with the predictions of astronomers. Yet the true touchstone of their theories, in the public estimation, is the power of determining beforehand the exact time when a comet shall reappear in our skies. It was with no common degree of interest that astronomers, as well as the public generally, awaited the time when the comet should arrive to verify our countryman's extraordinary announcement. In order to subject the prediction to the severest test, and so place the question beyond dispute, the two celebrated French geometers, Clairaut and Lalande, devised a method for the computation of the disturbing effects of the larger planets, within the sphere of whose influence the comet would pass, on its outward and inward journey. The immense labour involved may be imagined from the fact that it was necessary to compute the distances of the comet from the planets Jupiter and Saturn through a period of two revolutions, or for a space of one hundred and fifty years. Lalande in describing the plan adopted says:—

'During six months we calculated from morning till night, sometimes even at meals: the consequence of which was that I contracted an illness which changed my constitution during the remainder of my life. The assistance rendered by M^{lle}. Hortense Lepaute was such that without her we never should have dared to undertake the enormous labour, in which it was necessary to calculate the distance of each of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, from the comet, separately for every degree, for one hundred and fifty years.'

At length, finding the time rapidly approaching when the comet should return, Clairaut presented the results of their calculations to the Academy of Sciences on the 14th November 1758. He found that the comet's return would be retarded 618 days more than in the preceding revolution, viz: 518 days by the attraction of Jupiter, and 100 days by that of Saturn. Hence he concluded that the passage of the perihelion would take place on the 13th of April, 1759. In making this memorable announcement he stated that, being pressed by time, he had neglected to take into account some minor quantities which might possibly exercise an influence one way or the other to the extent of thirty days. The comet actually passed the perihelion on the 12th of March, 1759—just within the assigned limits of probable error. Strange to relate, the first person who caught a glimpse

a glimpse of the comet was a farmer named George Palitzsch, living at Prohlis, near Dresden. An amateur astronomer, possessed of a keen eye, and an eight-foot telescope, Palitzsch was a diligent observer of the heavens, and on the Christmas night of 1758, when scanning the region where the comet was expected to appear, he perceived what at first looked like a mere speck of floss on the blue canopy of heaven. On further inspection it proved to be the first faint outlines of the returning wanderer, in the very point of space science had indicated. That a 'Saxon peasant,' as Arago somewhat scornfully calls him, should have been the first to discover the comet, when all the astronomers in Europe were searching for it without success, could not be tolerated: it was ridiculed, doubted, and at last admitted. Messier, whom Louis XV. nicknamed 'Le suret des comètes,' had kept a keen watch for the comet all through the year 1758 without success. But on January 21st, 1759, he was at last rewarded, and, favoured with fine weather, he continued to observe it for three successive weeks. At that time it was not known at Paris that the comet had been previously discovered, and doubtless, when the fact became known, Messier was disgusted to find himself outstripped by an outsider of no scientific repute. It subsequently transpired that Dr. Hoffmann, likewise, had observed the comet only three days after Palitzsch had discovered it. Yet, notwithstanding that Messier had observed the comet in January, and had regularly made observations of its positions, Delisle, Director of the Paris Observatory, would not permit him to announce the fact. Nor did he withdraw his interdict until the truth could no longer be suppressed. Then, on the 1st of April, 1759, the re-appearance of the comet of Halley was formally announced to Europe. That national jealousy should have played its part in the sublime science of the heavens seems scarcely credible. But stubborn fact shows the hope expressed by Halley, that astronomers would not refuse to acknowledge that the return of the comet had been foretold by an Englishman, to have been as sagacious as it was just. Even the reports of Messier were regarded as forgeries, until they were substantiated by independent observations.

The very small error of thirty days in a revolution occupying seventy-six years strikes us with astonishment, more especially when we remember that two large planets—Uranus and Neptune—were unknown, and their very existence unsuspected, when the investigations were being made. Laplace has shown that, if the mass of Saturn had been as well known then as it is now, the error would have been reduced to thirteen days. The comet did not exhibit the magnificent display which

astronomers—

astronomers had anticipated, and which had marked some of the earlier recorded apparitions. This was partly due to its unfavourable position for European observation, the comet being almost lost to view in the vapours of the horizon. Lacaille compared the comet to a large star seen through a light fog. 'Its light was rather faint, and similar to that of the planets seen near the horizon. To the naked eye it appeared larger than stars of the first magnitude' (Maraldi). The train extended from the body of the comet to a distance of 25° , according to the measurement of Messier, who states that it was so extremely slender that the eye could hardly detect its existence. On the 15th of May no tail was discernible to the naked eye, but in a powerful telescope it was seen to have a tail of only $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. On the two following days Maraldi could barely distinguish the tail, which he found to measure 2° . At Lisbon Father Chevalier, on the 15th of May, gives the measurement of 5° for the tail. In the southern hemisphere, however, the comet presented a much finer appearance. Father Cœur Doux, who observed the comet at Pondicherry on the 30th of April, says the tail measured 10° in length; and La Nux, at the Isle of Bourbon, found its length to vary from 3° on the 29th of March to 47° on the 5th of May, when it had become extremely attenuated.

A comparison of the observations which have been made upon this body in ancient and modern times has led astronomers to the conclusion that the comet is undergoing a process of exhaustion, and is incessantly diminishing in brightness and volume. The physical cause of this exhaustion, it is thought, is to be found in the matter which, when the comet is in the vicinity of the sun, appears to surge from the nebulosity, and, being repelled with great force by the sun, goes to form the tail. It is not difficult to believe that this matter, transported to an immense distance from the body, should be permanently separated from the comet and remain dissipated in space.

Every one will readily conceive the kind of interest with which the return of Halley's comet in 1835 was awaited. It was thought that, at its next visit, astronomers would be able, if not to solve, to throw additional light upon, the problem of their existence—whether they are permanent bodies, or whether after several successive revolutions their substance is dissipated in the planetary spaces, 'to offer there,' says Arago, 'a resistance to the movements of the planets, or else to form the elements of some new combinations.' These considerations have called forth a new and profound interest in the comets now that they are known to be so frequently sweeping through
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the solar region. They seem to lead directly to Endicott's startling doctrine of a 'resisting medium,' which inevitably involves the ultimate destruction—in millions of years it may be, yet still a definite period—of the whole planetary system.

The learned author of '*The Connection of the Physical Sciences*,' Mrs. Mary Somerville, has said (p. 265) that—

'The influence of the ethereal medium on the motion of Halle's comet will be known after another revolution, and future astronomers will learn by the accuracy of its returns whether it has met with an unknown cause of disturbance in its distant journey. Undiscovered planets beyond the visible boundary of our system may change its path and the period of its revolution, and thus may indirectly reveal to us their existence, and even their physical nature and orbit.'

But let it be remembered that this comet penetrates into an abyss of space to the vast distance of 3,370,300,000 miles from the sun, that it never escapes from the sensible influence of the planet Jupiter even, and some faint idea may be conceived of the difficulties with which the accurate computation of its movements is beset, even with the improvements of modern analytical science. True estimates of the masses of all the planets, whose action would either accelerate or retard the comet's movements, had not been obtained. To rely on the comet absolutely on the time of the next perihelion passage of Halle's comet for a demonstration of the existence or non-existence of a material medium spreading through the planetary spaces was obviously premature. In the course of time the orbit of the comet will doubtless be so well known, and the values of the planetary masses so perfectly understood, that any discrepancy between the observed and computed positions may fairly be attributed to an ethereal resisting medium, whose density, motion, and direction may form problems for the solution of future geometers.

Meanwhile, astronomy in all its branches has made considerable progress. The improvements in analytical science have lightened the labour of mathematical enquiry, while the more accurate measurements of the planets, the discovery of Uranus and his attendants, the wonderfully increased power of telescopes, all contributed to swell the interest with which the comet's next return in 1835 was anticipated. For with all these advantages it was reasonably inferred that the time of its arrival would be foretold with a degree of accuracy which had been impossible in previous visits. So early as 1817 the Academy of Sciences at Turin offered their prize for the best theory of the comet's movements since 1759; that is to say, for the computation of the effects on the comet of planetary attraction
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through two successive revolutions, demonstrating the exact course it would take and the time of the perihelion passage. Taking the passage of 1759 as the starting point, and following in the steps of Clairaut, two French astronomers, Baron Damoiseau and M. Pontecoulant, independently undertook the laborious task. Baron Damoiseau fixed the ensuing return to perihelion for the 4th November, 1835; M. Pontecoulant three days later, but after a reinvestigation he announced the 12th of that month. Two German astronomers also entered fully into the subject, Dr. Lehmann and Professor Rosenberger, the former of whom assigned the 26th, and the latter the 11th, of November, 1835. Observers thereupon hastened to direct their telescopes towards the region which had been indicated for its first appearance, between the constellations Auriga and Taurus. Diligent search had been made throughout the winter months of 1834-35 without success; not a glimpse of a comet had been seen. But as the time drew near assigned for its return by the four talented astronomers just mentioned a more vigilant watch was kept, which was soon rewarded. On the 6th of August, 1835, Father Dumouchel, favoured by the clear sky of Rome, detected the comet within one degree of the point indicated in the ephemeris of Professor Rosenberger for that day, and, pursuing with but little deviation the path foretold by this distinguished mathematician, it passed through perihelion on the 16th November, only four days later than the date fixed upon by Pontecoulant; and let it be remembered that the planet Neptune had not then been discovered. It is interesting here to notice that the careful analysis of Professor Rosenberger furnishes us with the information that the action of our own planet alone hastened the comet's arrival no less than $15\frac{1}{2}$ days, and those of Venus, Mercury, and Mars together shortened its period six days more. He also estimated the probable effects of a resisting medium of cosmical ether on the comet's motion; this, he conjectured, might bring it a week earlier to perihelion. At first sight this seems paradoxical, till we recollect that the effect of resistance would be to contract the orbit by reducing the comet's projectile force. So full and complete were his computations that to Rosenberger astronomers have assigned the credit of having wrought out the best and most elaborate investigation, and his memoir on the subject is a valuable addition to the history of the comet of Halley.

As seen by the naked eye the comet resembled a fleecy speck barely perceptible in the far-distant heavens. By and by it appeared as a hazy, slow-moving, small round nebula; then, unfavourable weather interfering, transient glimpses only could be

be gained of it until the end of September, no trace of the usual tail having yet appeared. Later on, it accelerated, enlarged, and threw out this appendage, which, continuing to increase in length and brightness, was traced to a distance from the head of about thirty degrees. Sweeping onwards towards the sun or Ursa Major, Hercules, and Ophiuchus, its light began to decrease, and the length of the tail to diminish with surprising rapidity, the latter having entirely vanished by the time the body had attained its perihelion, and at this point all sight of the comet was lost. After a while, on December 30th, it was detected by Kreil at Milan, emerging on the other side of the sun with velocity at first rapid, but decreasing as its distance from the sun increased. Its course now leading it south of the ecliptic, it ceased to be visible in these latitudes, but became a conspicuous object in the Southern hemisphere.

The records of this return of Halley's comet supply abundant evidence of a general agreement amongst astronomers to subject the nucleus to a rigorous scrutiny in order to obtain a more accurate knowledge of the physical characteristics of these mysterious bodies. Principally with this aim the eminent astronomers Herschel, Struve, Bessel, Arago, and Madler, armed with the best instruments art could produce, attentively watched and noted with scrupulous care all the varying aspects it presented on its passage to and from the perihelion.

No sooner had the comet become generally visible than phenomena of an extraordinary kind were manifested, completely altering its configuration, and apparently connected in some manner with the formation of the tail. On the 2nd of October a violent ejection of nebulous matter was observed issuing from that part of the head which was turned towards the sun, but apparently meeting with some extraordinary repulsion, it was suddenly bent backwards, and, passing down either side of the head, blended into one stream, and so formed a portion of the tail, which now presented the appearance of a luminous crescent. On the 6th this beautiful crescent-like emanation disappeared, the efflux having entirely ceased, and for a while the nucleus, as if cleared of much of its denser atmosphere, shone more brightly, having a strongly condensed central light, and appearing sharp and well-defined. But the cessation of the efflux was of short duration, for on the 8th it was resumed with an energy which is likened by one observer to the eruption of a volcano. Signs were now discerned of excessive agitation running through the entire body of the comet, imparting to it a quivering motion somewhat like that of a compass needle, or the oscillation of a railway train in transit when viewed from an eminence. As it approached

approached nearer to the sun the shape and direction of the flame-like emanations became strange in the extreme. The appearance of the head is described by Professor Struve to have been like 'a red-hot coal of oblong form.' Then, suddenly changing, it assumed the aspect of a burning rocket, the flame of which was driven aside by a strong wind, or of the stream of fire from the discharge of a cannon when the sparks and smoke are carried backwards by the surrounding air. On the 12th, the flame issuing from the head had a length of 64·7", which by the 14th had increased to 134". Three independent ejections were noticed to have burst forth from the body of the comet, streaming off in different directions; and so rapid were their deflections, changing almost from hour to hour, that they were seen to change their direction whilst under the gaze of the observer. The figure, magnitude, and brightness of the coma and tail continued to undergo alterations in like manner.

At the Cape of Good Hope Sir John Herschel employed his famous reflector in a critical examination of the nucleus. The comet became visible there on the 24th of January, 1836, and was observed by him under very favourable conditions till the middle of May following. To the unaided eye it presented the appearance of a round, moderately well formed body with a planetary-looking disc, enveloped in a halo of semi-transparent vapour, and of a magnitude equal to a star of the second class. But when viewed through the telescope a most surprising change was perceived to have taken place in it. Divested of the train, of the brilliant emanations, and the ever-varying phenomena which had signalized its approach to the sun, it emerged from his rays an almost naked body, betraying evidences of the operation of some powerful physical agency which had wrought an entire transformation of its whole structure. In the very centre of the comet there was seen a small or 'miniature' comet, possessed of a vivid nucleus, and having a head and tail of its own, considerably more distinct in their outline than the outer or parent comet. In the centre of the head of this smaller comet was a point of a brightness so intense as to resemble a small star shining amidst a dense *chevelure*; Sir John Herschel was doubtful, however, whether it was sufficiently well formed to give positive assurance of solidity. During its visible outward passage the nebulosity surrounding the nucleus assumed a more distinct appearance, expanding and becoming denser. The luminous tuft of rays (or the 'flame,' as these rays were almost invariably called by the observers) issuing from the head was still very distinctly seen, and appeared to be flung back like a delicate veil over
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the head of the comet; or it might be compared to the spray from a fountain descending in showers and gleaming in the sunlight. At last, enshrouded in dense coma, it disappeared from terrestrial gaze, speeding on its long noiseless journey, not again to revisit these parts of space till the year 1910.

Sir John Herschel was struck more particularly with the formation of the immense train which issued from the comet when in the neighbourhood of the sun. He asks what is the secret of its development within view of the observer; of its outward direction, always pointing from the sun, in its approach, in its perihelion passage, and outward flight. After a careful examination of all the conditions, he was driven to the conclusion that an energy of an entirely different kind from gravity, and far more powerful, must exist in the sun to produce such results. In his announcement of this new power ('Results of the Astronomical Observations, etc.' (1847), p. 408), he says:—

'Nor let any one be startled at the assumption of such a repulsive force as here supposed. Let it be borne in mind that we are dealing (in the tails of comets) with phenomena utterly incompatible with our ordinary notions of gravitating matter. If they be material in that ordinary received sense which assigns to them only inertia and attractive gravitation, where, I would ask, is the force which can carry them round, in the perihelion passage of the nucleus, in a direction continually pointing from the sun—in the manner of a rigid rod swept round by some strong directive power, and in contravention of all the laws of planetary motion, which would require a slower angular movement of the more remote particles, such as no attraction to the nucleus could give them, supposing it ever so intense?'

Then, turning to a consideration of the immense tail of the comet of 1680, he continues his argument:—

'The tail of this comet in five days after its perihelion passage extended far beyond the earth's orbit, having in that brief interval shifted its angular direction nearly 150° . Where can we find, in its gravitation either to the sun or to its nucleus, any cause for this extravagant sweep? But again, where are we to look (if only gravity be admitted) for any reasonable account of its projection *outwards from the sun*, putting its angular motion out of the question? Newton calculates that the matter composing its upper extremity quitted the nucleus only two days previous to its arrival at this enormous distance.'

Recognising the existence of this force in the sun, Olbers, Bessel, and others have established its identity with electrical repulsion. And the spectroscope, in the hands of Sir William Huggins, has shown that the light of the nucleus and coma of comets is largely composed of one of numerous forms of hydro-carbon

carbon and vapour of sodium. Professor Encke has shown that the velocity of the comet of 1680 through perihelion was at the rate of 1,240,000 miles an hour; a speed such as this would seem to reduce the question of the angular motion of the tail to an absurdity; surely a continuous repulsion of new matter alone can explain the phenomena.

The imposing aspect this colossal comet presented arrested the attention, in the words of a chronicler of the event, as none other had ever done 'since the creation.' Halley says:—

'At length came that prodigious comet of the year 1680, which, descending almost perpendicularly towards the sun, rose from him again with as great a velocity. This comet, which was seen for four months continually, by the very remarkable and peculiar curvature of its orbit, above all others, gave the fittest occasion for investigating the theory of its motion.'

In Law's '*Memorialls of the Seventeenth Century*' (ed. 1818, p. 170) it is said to have had a—

'great blazing tail from the root of it; was pointed as it came from the star, and then spread itself; was of a broad and large ascent up to the heavens, so that when it was sett in the west, and out of our sight, yet did the stream of it amount near to our zenith, and it kepted the course of the moon, setting in the west, and rysing in the East a little before day; . . . (it) is certainly prodigious of great alterations, and great judgements on these lands and nations for our sins.'

Kepler, 'a great German astronomer,' had foretold that a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in the constellation Leo would take place this year, and as it happened while the comet was present Kepler had said that the event would have 'a malign influence on the Romish Church'!

But just as the old conception of signs and wonders in the heavens died away, another of a more material nature impressed itself upon the public mind, and gave birth to fears and fancies of a character so wild that imaginative folk were sent trooping into the region which Milton has designated—

' . . . A limbo, large and broad, since call'd
The paradise of fools.'

Here the illustrious divine and mathematician Whiston was prophet, priest, and king. Brief as must be our glance through the cometary world, it would be incomplete without mention of this remarkable man's conjectures respecting these anomalous visitors to our neighbourhood. Let it be remembered that he was a distinguished scholar, and so well versed in mathematics that he was chosen to succeed Sir Isaac Newton in the Lucasian Chair

Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge. Inspired by the light science was then for the first time shedding upon the comets, he dreamed dreams and had visions. In them he saw these chariots of fire careering through space, bearing away the souls of the wicked to regions where vice was to meet with its merited punishment. In 1696 he gave to the world the fruits of his fertile imagination, in a volume entitled 'A New Theory of the Earth, . . . wherein the Creation of the World in Six Days, the Universal Deluge, and the General Conflagration, as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, are shewn to be perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy.' Not satisfied with the mere discovery of the abode of the unhappy, he explains how these denizens of the comets are alternately exposed to the devouring heat of the solar fires, and to the intense cold of the regions of outer darkness, certainly a novel idea. But his genius took yet another flight. Finding that Newton assigned to the great comet an orbit which would require 575 years for the completion of one revolution, Whiston traced its career backwards to the time of the Deluge. Now was revealed to his fervid vision the agent which had brought about the great cataclysm. He describes minutely the relative positions of the two bodies, and the conditions through which they passed. We are to understand that the earth penetrated the immense nebulousity of the comet and attracted therefrom a great part of the waters of the flood; that the proximity of the comet to the earth raised a great tide in the subterranean waters, and that the outer form of the earth was changed from spherical to oval. This could not be done without making cracks and fissures in the earth's crust, and through these openings the interior waters rushed, and deluged the land. Pursuing his inquiry, he found in this ominous visitant the prodigy which glared down upon the destruction of Troy. Finally, to his prophetic vision was revealed the consummation of all things, wrought by this same comet whisking us round with its tail after being heated at the solar fires.

To astronomers, however, the great truths which were then dawning upon Europe, cheering the deathbed of Copernicus, bringing comfort to the prison-house of Galileo, had a higher significance. Now, indeed, was being fulfilled Seneca's sagacious prediction that: 'Some day there will arise a man who will demonstrate in what regions of the heavens the comets take their way; why they journey so far apart from the other planets: what their size, their nature' ('Quest. Nat.,' lib. vii., c. xxvi). With Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, and the application of mathematical science to the me

of the heavenly bodies, it became manifest that law, immutable, irresistible, controlled and directed their movements; men began to understand something of the bond which holds the stars in their courses in due relationship one to another. Applying his method of geometrical construction, which four years later he published in his great work, the '*Principia*,' Sir Isaac Newton found that a curve could be constructed that would include all the places, he assumed, in which the comet of 1680 would move; and he proved to demonstration that it revolved in an orbit of extreme eccentricity, which he computed would occupy the comet 575 years to complete.* The result was considered to be of the highest importance, for as comets are foreign to the solar system, coming in some instances from regions far beyond its utmost limits, it proved the law of gravitation to be universal. From the general application of the law it follows that these bodies move in one or other of the conic sections—either the circle, ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola, having one of their *foci* in or near the centre of the sun—and by radii drawn from the sun describe areas proportionable to the times. Newton assumed the comets to be analogous to the planets in constitution as well as in their orbital motion. He says that the—

'comets are compact, solid, fixed, and durable; in one word, a kind of planets, which move in very oblique orbits every way with the greatest freedom, persevering in their motions even against the course and direction of the planets; and their tail is a very thin, slender vapour, emitted by the nucleus or head, ignited or heated by the sun.'

The head of the comet had approached so near to the sun as to be involved in his atmosphere, the calculated distance being 144,000 miles from his surface. This near appulse led Newton to think much upon the ultimate end for which these bodies are destined in the great scheme of the universe. He held that, as some comets approach so near the sun as to pass through the outer portion of his atmosphere, they consequently experience a resistance, the effect of which must be to diminish their projectile force and to increase in the same proportion the centripetal force, and that they will thus be brought nearer to the sun at each successive revolution, until at last they are precipitated into his substance. Hence their use, he con-

* According to Professor Encke's masterly analysis of all the observations recorded of this comet it requires the vast period, 8,800 years, for one revolution; it recedes from the sun to a distance of 70,400 millions of miles. But though it moves with a velocity of more than a million miles an hour at perihelion, at aphelion it scarcely moves ten feet in a second—a speed much below that which in the waters of the Cassiquiare, a branch of the Orinoco.

jectured, is to recruit the sun with fuel to supply the loss of matter which must arise from the continual emission in every direction of the particles of light. Asked by his nephew, Mr. Conduit, as to when the comet of 1680 would fall into the sun, the venerable philosopher, who was then in his eighty-third year, replied:—

‘I cannot say when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun; perhaps it will make five or six more revolutions; but whatever be the instant at which this will occur the comet will increase the solar heat to such an extent that our globe will be burned, and all animal life will perish.’

Physical laws were not well understood in Newton's time; modern thermotics reject his data; consequently much of his reasoning is inexact. Still we are struck with astonishment that he should so soon after the discovery of the law of gravitation enter upon cosmical speculations on so vast a scale. He thought it probable that comets generally are drawn towards the fixed stars, into which they ultimately fall; and upon this hypothesis he explained the apparition of those brilliant stars which have at various times suddenly burst into view with a glowing illumination surpassing stars of the first magnitude, and have again disappeared, as happened in the case of the new stars observed by Hipparchus, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler. Newton remarks: ‘We cannot explain in any other way the brilliant light with which they shone.’ After the lapse of two centuries of unexampled activity and achievement astronomers can see no more reasonable way of accounting for the phenomena—the sudden blazing forth of a magnificent orb in a point of space where before all had been blank. Commenting upon these and other similar appearances, Sir Norman Lockyer says:—

‘We are driven from the idea that the phenomena are produced by the incandescence of *large* masses of matter, because, if they were so produced, the running down of brilliancy would be exceedingly slow. Let us consider the case, then, on the supposition of *small* masses of matter. Where are we to find them? The answer is easy: in those small meteoric masses which an ever-increasing mass of evidence tends to show occupy all the realms of space.’

He goes on to say that the true explanation of their existence may be found in all probability in an actual collision between two meteoric swarms. In ‘*The System of the Stars*,’ Miss Agnes Clerke says:—

‘If we call the smaller of the two [colliding bodies] a comet, the larger a nebulous star, we shall get rid of much that is hypothetical,
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may succeed in realizing the situation more distinctly. . . numerous comets moving with high velocities, towards bodies [consequently] of great attractive power, should indeed be called into existence to produce the conflagrations of "new stars"; but there is no reason known to us why these conditions should not be fulfilled.'

Halley's close scrutiny into the movements of the comet of 1758, based upon the collected observations of the principal astronomers of Europe, led him to the somewhat startling result that when passing through the descending node on November 11, at four 6 minutes p.m., it was not more than a semi-diameter of the earth from the earth's path on the side nearest the sun. This led him to reflect upon the effect which would have resulted had the earth and comet arrived at the point of intersection of the two orbits at the same time. Assuming the comet's mass to be comparable to that of the earth he concluded that their mutual gravitation would have caused a change in the position of the earth's orbit, and in the length of the year. Reflecting further upon the consequences of such an impulse he remarks that: 'If so large a body with so rapid a motion were to strike the earth, a thing by no means impossible, the shock might reduce this beautiful world to its original chaos.' Independently of the past career of this comet, respecting which Whiston had done quite enough to satisfy the public mind, Halley was of opinion that the earth had at some remote period been struck by a comet, which coming upon it obliquely had changed the position of its axis of rotation, the North Pole having, he conjectured, originally been at a place near to Hudson's Bay. To this cause he referred the present rigour of the climate of North America; and the wide distribution of marine substances over the surface of the earth he regarded as evidence confirming his hypothesis. Needless to say that modern investigation shows Halley's views to be untenable. It has been shown by Lord Kelvin and Professor George Darwin that the possible amount of deviation of the pole from its given position is too small to have produced the observed climatic effects; and that even this small dislocation would involve geographical revolutions stupendous in amount and completely at variance with geological evidence.

Laplace and Lalande took up the enquiry where Halley had left it. Lalande's investigation led him to the inference that, if the comet were five or six times nearer the earth than the moon, and passed at a distance of about 40,000 miles from the earth, it would raise the waters of the ocean 20,000 fathoms above the ordinary level, and that this would suffice to submerge the continents of the globe. Duféjour points out a fallacy in the

inference, according to a principle propounded by D'Alembert, who says that, if we suppose the globe entirely covered by water to the depth of one league, the comet would occupy 10 hours 52 minutes in producing its effects, whatever they might be, upon the tides; and that the duration would depend neither upon the size nor density nor proximity of the comet, but solely upon the depth of the fluid. Laplace confirmed this conclusion, and added that comets pass so swiftly through the planetary spaces that the effects of their attraction need occasion no alarm; it is only by striking against the earth that they can be the cause of mischief to our globe. But the illustrious author of the '*Exposition du Système du Monde*' did not regard a collision with a comet as impossible; though the chances of such an event are extremely slight. The mass of comets is small, so far as can be judged from, say, Lexell's lost comet, which on the 1st July, 1770, approached the earth within less distance than any other of recent years. Its distance from the earth was rather more than 1,400,000 miles, and as its action upon our planet was insensible, Laplace considered its mass must be less than one five-thousandth that of the earth. But like other heavenly bodies the comets differ one from another very widely in mass and volume; and possibly this thought led Laplace to depict in dismal colours the effects which he conceived would result to the earth from a collision with a comet having a nucleus comparable in some degree to the mass of our globe. He says that the earth's movement of rotation would be changed; the seas would abandon their ancient beds and rush towards the new equator, drowning in one universal deluge the greater part of the human race. He enlarges upon the theme, saying—

'We see, then, in effect, why the ocean has receded from the mountains upon which it has left incontestable marks of its sojourn. We see how the animals and plants of the south have been able to exist in the climate of the north, where their remains and imprints have been discovered; in short, such a catastrophe explains the recent date of the moral world, certain monuments of which do not go further back than about five thousand years. . . . Reduced to a small group of individuals wholly occupied in providing for their daily wants the human race must necessarily have lost the remembrance and memorials of the arts and sciences; and when, later, new wants were created by the progress of civilization, all was to be recommenced, as if no previous advancement had been achieved, and as if man then for the first time had been placed upon the earth.'

Had Laplace lived half a century later, his views on the subject would in all probability have been modified by the teachings

teachings of the 'uniformitarian' school of geologists, whose theories have been accepted as affording the best general explanation of all the phenomena the earth's rugged features present. They rest their theory upon the axiom that the causes now at work, altering in slow and orderly fashion the conformation of land and sea, are sufficient to account for the present condition and appearance of the earth. Nature, they maintain, has never exerted energies of a more powerful kind than are now to be seen in operation, denuding the mountains, filling up valleys, and giving us others in new places; her method of working, always gentle and uniform, has moulded the hills and valleys and arranged the land and water just as we find them. All that they demand for the necessary support of their hypothesis is an infinity of time; and this they claim on the ground that Nature affords no sign of a beginning nor of an ending.

In other respects, science has helped to remove the terrors with which mysterious visitors like comets inspired the most scientific of our ancestors. It has been already stated that one of the grounds upon which Halley formed the opinion, that the earth had at one time been struck by a comet, was the rigour of the climate of North America. To this point Dr. Croll addresses his learned and acute investigation. In his comprehensive work on 'Climate and Time' he shows how all the variations of climate in the remote past may conceivably be explained by the combined effect of the secular changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit and the precession of the equinox. From this point he argues that during the period of high eccentricity that hemisphere which had its winter in aphelion would be subject to severe cold, and its snows would not disappear during the succeeding short summer. With a firm grasp upon every detail of the phenomena which would result from this elongation of the earth's orbit, he shows how the contrasted climates of the Pleistocene period resulted mainly from this change in the earth's path. Mathematical investigation shows that maxima of eccentricity have occurred at intervals of about 100,000 years. Dr. Croll presses into service the effects of the physical agencies which follow from such increase of eccentricity, such as, among other matters, the phenomena of radiation, and the course of oceanic and aerial currents. Halley's conjecture of the intervention of a comet as the cause of the severity of the climate of North America is at least unnecessary; the facts can be explained by the operation of natural laws which the progress of scientific enquiry has brought to light since his day. It can be shown with something
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of mathematical certainty that such climatic changes can be accounted for by—

- (1) the gradual diminution of the earth's internal heat;
- (2) the periodic variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit;
- (3) variations in winds and in ocean currents produced by change in the shape of the continents.

To consider the effect of (3) we have only to compare the physical conditions of Greenland and Norway, which are in the same degree of latitude, but the latter of which enjoys the warm current of the Gulf Stream, while the other has a cold Polar current along its shores. If Central America were submerged, the Gulf Stream would probably pass on into the Pacific, and would not reach Western Europe at all; if a cold Polar current were instead to flow along the shores of Norway and the British Isles a climate like that of Greenland would doubtless be produced. It is, of course, possible to dissent from Dr. Croll's suggestions. For our purpose, it is sufficient that they explain, by the operation of natural causes, the conditions which forced Halley to adopt the conjecture of a collision with a comet.

On the other hand, the solution offered by 'uniformitarian' theories is scarcely now regarded either as absolute or universal. Of late years there has been a marked tendency among leading geologists to approach the subject with open minds. They are not indifferent to the reasoning of physicists and mathematicians, whose investigations are based upon a fuller knowledge of physical and mechanical laws than was possible, say, fifty years ago. In 1892 Sir Archibald Geikie, in his presidential address delivered at the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, admitted that he had not found the perfect answer to the puzzle propounded by the physicists. Taking an historical survey of geological science during the last hundred years, he marked out with a bold hand the evidences, everywhere visible, of vast physical changes having occurred on the surface of our planet, more particularly in the northern hemisphere, and that, too, after man had become a denizen of the earth. The climate, which had previously been so mild that evergreen trees had flourished within ten or twelve degrees of the North Pole, became so severe that vast sheets of snow and ice covered the north of Europe, extending almost as far as the southern shores of England. The transformation was not a mere episode lasting but a few seasons; when it finally disappeared it left Europe and North America profoundly changed

d in the character alike of their scenery and of their
ants. In their own native valley of the Thames primi-
in had fought his way with flint implements among lions
ers, wild horses and hippopotami, and other creatures of
ical climate. What became of them? They became
or—

riven into the Mediterranean basin and into Africa. In their
came northern forms—the reindeer, glutton, musk-ox, woolly
ros, and mammoth. Such a marvellous transformation . . .
what after all was but a brief portion of geological time . . .
y entitled to rank as a catastrophe in the history of the globe’;

r Archibald Geikie gives unhesitating expression to his
i that the changes were brought about ‘mainly if not
by the operation of forces external to the earth.’

reiterated recognition of possible cosmical agency in the
tion of the transformations everywhere visible on the
surface leads us to consider what are our chances of a
n with a comet, and with the probable stream of meteors
observation has shown in numerous instances accom-
omets. Arago, discussing the question with his usual
says:

ing acknowledged the possibility of a shock, let us hasten to
at its probability is exceedingly small. This will appear
at first sight if we compare the immensity of the space in
ur earth and the comets revolve with the small volumes of
odies. Mathematical calculation allows us to go much
it furnishes the numerical evaluation of the probability in
. . . . Let us consider a comet of which we know nothing
n that when it is passing through the perihelion it would be
he sun than we are ourselves, and that its diameter would be
one-fourth of that of the earth; the calculus of probabilities
at out of 281 millions of chances there is only one which is
rable; that there exists only one which could lead to a
of the two bodies.’

ardly gracious, however true it may be, to disturb the
llizing effect of this statement by observing that Arago’s
ation leaves out of count the immense nebulousity which
ut all cases surrounds the head of the comet, through
ve might pass without experiencing much inconvenience,
the earth’s attraction holding the comet captive for

that the great principle of the conversion of mechanical
into heat is understood, and can be demonstrated both
ry and experiment, Halley’s conjecture respecting a
n of the earth with a comet, having a solid nucleus
comparable

comparable to the mass of the earth, is no longer tenable. Signs are found in the earth's crust of any catastrophe approaching in violence to that which would result from actual collision of two such bodies. Were two bodies of equal mass moving in opposite directions to strike each other, the motion would for the moment be stopped, and the sum of the energies of motion would be entirely converted into heat. At this point Tyndall says:

'Knowing, as we do, the weight of the earth and the velocity at which it moves through space, a simple calculation enables us to determine the exact amount of heat that would be developed supposing the earth to strike against a target strong enough to stop its motion. We could tell, for example, the number of degrees which this amount of heat would impart to a globe of water equal to the earth in size. Mayer and Helmholtz have made this calculation and found that the quantity of heat which would be generated by this colossal shock would be quite sufficient, not only to incense the entire earth, but to reduce it in great part to vapour.'

Two bodies such as we are here supposing—of equal mass moving in opposite directions, and striking against each other, would coalesce, and, abandoned to the influence of solar gravitation, would fall together upon the sun. This is the maximum effect which would result from direct collision annihilating the respective motions of the two bodies, their masses and their velocities being equal. But since comets have been closely observed with the telescope, none has ever come within our ken bearing indications of possessing a mass in any way comparable to the earth; and it may be well to remember that it is all the same with certain comets have masses so very inferior to that of our earth that a direct meeting would have little resemblance to the shock of which Tyndall speaks. There is reason, too, for thinking that their physical constitution differs from that of the earth, that they resemble and are of the same order as meteorites, that they owe their origin to ejection from the interiors of the planets or suns. Chemical, physical, and microscopical examination of the composition and structure of meteor-stones, spectroscopic analysis of the light of comets, all point to a common origin. The expulsive force shown by observation to reside in the sun indicates the only conceivable way of accounting for their existence.

These considerations lead the thoughts to Dr. Olbers' rapture hypothesis, which startled the astronomical world in the early days of the present century. In the wide space between Mars and Jupiter Kepler had intimated that a large planet should exist, according to an empirical law which seemed
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regulate the distances of the planets from the sun. None, however, had been seen, but three very small ones—Ceres, Pallas, and Juno—were discovered in this region. Olbers, in March, 1807, found a fourth, Vesta, near the point through which for three years he had been watching to see if other like bodies would pass. Then Olbers threw out the bold suggestion that these remarkably small bodies were fragments of a large globe, such as astronomers had long expected to find, rent asunder by the breaking forth of internal forces, in character resembling, but in intensity immensely greater than those which have produced on the earth volcanic mountains, earthquakes, and the upheaval of the lofty mountain ranges. Here mechanical law interposed, pointing out that if a disruption such as that supposed by Olbers had actually occurred the fragments would all return to the point of space where the separation had taken place. In order to put this question to the test the zone was marked out into sections, and each section placed under the scrutiny of an observer. The closest attention, however, failed to detect any common point of intersection of their orbits; the little wanderers took each one its own course: therefore Olbers' theory must be rejected. Time passed on, but no better way could be thought of for explaining this swarm of miniature worlds, which now number over four hundred, many of them so tiny that a walk round half a dozen of them would hardly suffice a man for a morning constitutional. At last it was recognized that there was another element in the question which had escaped attention, namely, the attraction of the planets on either side, drawing them farther and farther away from their original path. Moreover, it was urged that the supposed planet may have had a crust of a tension sufficiently elastic to cause it to resist interior energies of less force than were strong enough to burst the globe asunder, and to project the fragments into independent orbits. These small bodies are necessarily subject to secular variation, and the limit of this variation has never been calculated. The distinguished geometrician, Lagrange, computed the force which would be necessary to burst a planet, and on the assumption of the planetoids having had an origin in common he estimated that the force which gave them their present orbits was not more than from twenty to thirty times greater than that which projects a cannon-ball. He goes further, and shows that a fragment propelled with an initial velocity 121 times greater than that of a cannon-ball would become a direct comet, with a parabolic orbit. Here we seem to come upon the track of the origin of these wild wanderers, expelled from their original home.

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He would be a bold man who, in the face of modern physics, dared to look with favouring eye upon legendary lore for enlightenment regarding the mystery which still clings around the story of our earthly dwelling-place. We need not, therefore, pursue the inquiry into the dim region of tradition. It will suffice to say that, if Professor Falb's prediction of a collision of Tempel's comet with the earth be fulfilled, we may, in the still small hours of the night of November 13th, 1899, have a realistic experience of the power of a comet to disturb the equilibrium of Mother Earth. But as to the value to be put upon the German professor's prediction, it may turn out to be of the character of many another delusive vision seen in the higher walks of the land of philosophical dreams. Our own Astronomer-Royal will have none of it; at any rate, he points out that the comet will probably not arrive at the point where the two orbits intersect until March, four months after the earth has shot by the place. Besides, it is one of the feeblest of the denizens of the planetary spheres, and is probably fast hastening to its end, when only the attenuated ghost of a comet, in the form of straggling meteors, may some darksome night startle the upturned gaze of the belated traveller wending his homeward way.

ART. VII.—*Reports as to Statistics by the University Courts of the Scottish Universities to the Secretary for Scotland. 1890–1898.*

SCOTTISH education has, no doubt, made considerable progress, and has certainly experienced many vicissitudes, since that grey February day in 1413, when the worthy and enlightened Bishop Wardlaw gathered his 'learned clerks' round him in the refectory of the old monastery of St. Andrews, and read the Bull of Pope John XXIII. converting into a university the voluntary association of four lecturers on the canon law and three teachers of philosophy and logic, who for some years had been prelecting with high hopes and great enthusiasm to as many young men as cared to listen to them. John Knox would have some difficulty in recognizing the Scottish public school of to-day, with its grants and rates and codes, its free education and its compulsory attendance, as the heir to 'the parochial seminary of learning'—to use the cumbersome and slovenly but by no means meaningless phrase of Sir Walter Scott—by the establishment of which, more than by the victory he gained over Roman Catholicism, he impressed the stamp of his personality upon a whole nation. Bishop Wardlaw and even Robert Rollock, who as 'Regent' and sole professor started the Presbyterian College of Edinburgh in 1583, would see no connexion whatever between the meagre institutions with which their names are associated and the present Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, with their elaborate courses of study and systems of government—their Faculties of Arts and Theology, of Science and Medicine, their Rectors and Chancellors and Principals, their Courts and Senates and Councils, their Professors and Lecturers, Examiners and Demonstrators. Yet throughout the four centuries during which Scotland has possessed a scheme of education worthy of the name there has been maintained a continuity both of purpose and of organization. She has never had a Humboldt to guide her educational destinies. But the increasing patriotic purpose which has run through the many ages of her history could hardly have been better expressed than in the watchword which Humboldt gave to Prussia when he became head of the Education Department in Berlin:—

'Es ist nicht darum zu thun dass Schulen und Universitäten in einem trügen und kraftlosen Gewohnheitsgange blieben, sondern darum, dass durch sie die Bildung der Nation auf eine immer höhere Stufe gebracht werde.'

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'To raise the culture of the nation ever higher and higher' by means of schools and universities has, undoubtedly, been the object of the reformers who, at various periods in the history of Scotland, have laid their sometimes rude, but never quite irreverent, hands upon either—or both.

The continuity of intimate association between school and university has been preserved as religiously as the continuity of purpose which has utilized them for the elevation of national culture. In 1496, or two years after Aberdeen, the youngest of the three originally Roman Catholic Universities of the North, was instituted, the Scots Parliament passed the first of a long series of Education Acts. That statute enjoined—

'that the barons and freeholders of the Kingdom should send their eldest sons and heirs to the schools till they were well instructed in Latin, and thereafter to attend the universities for a term of three years to study Arts and Law, in order that justice might reign throughout the Kingdom, that the Sheriffs and other judges acting under the authority of the King might know how to administer equal justice to all the people, so that the poor people might have no need to apply to the King for every small injury.'

The Reformation revolutionized Scottish education. The parish schools which it established were an absolute contrast in character to the grammar and monastery schools that they supplanted. Yet the fundamental idea of the Act of 1496, the maintenance of a direct connexion between school and university, has never been lost sight of. The pathetic ambition of the 'virtuous peasantry' of the North to see their sons 'wag their heads in pulpits' has enshrined the connexion in the Scottish heart. The 'kailyard,' which has made the fortune of an entire Scottish school of fiction, 'now brings a smile, now brings a tear,' as Burns said of the Solemn League and Covenant. Yet the picture which one of the leading artists of that school has drawn of a 'lad o' pairs' proceeding direct from the parish school to the university, and, with the help of that modest 'endowment of research' known as a 'bursary,' attaining the highest distinction there, is no fanciful one. And, underlying the difficulties which the Scottish Universities must now face and overcome if they are to keep abreast of the times, is the fundamental question, Can this old, honoured, and valuable connexion between schools and universities, this ladder from 'kailyard' to college, be preserved?

The leading changes that have taken place in the Scottish Universities during the last half-century are almost entirely the results of two University Statutes that were passed in 1858
and

and 1889. The Act of 1858 assigned a common constitution to the four Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews. The leading officials in each of the four are the Chancellor, who is chosen by the General Council, a body composed of graduates in Arts, and others who although they may not have graduated have gone through certain university classes; the Rector, who is elected by the students in actual attendance at classes; and the Principal, who is the working head and corresponds to the Head Master of an English public school. The governing body of each university is now the Court, which is comprised of these three officials, of 'Assessors' or deputies nominated by the Chancellor and the Rector, of two representatives of the Town Council of the city or town in which the university is located, four 'Assessors' chosen by the General Council, and four chosen by the Senatus Academicus or Professoriate. The Scottish Universities are, as a matter of fact, so identical in constitution that a very brief Act of Parliament would be required to give effect to a suggestion, which has been made more than once during the past few years, for federating them into a 'University of Scotland.'

The Act of 1889 was the result of a protracted agitation which had for its object the bringing of the Scottish Universities into line with modern culture. It is, therefore, of far greater importance than the Act of 1858; only now, after the lapse of eight years, are the far-reaching effects of this legislation coming to be understood. The Act placed the re-moulding of the destinies of the universities in the hands of an Executive Commission, which has this year been discharged. It decreed that the sum of 42,000*l.* should be paid annually to them in the form of a Parliamentary grant. In 1892 this national endowment was increased by 30,000*l.*, as a result of a readjustment of taxation embodied in what is known as the Education and Local Taxation (Scotland) Act. The changes accomplished by the Commission, through Ordinances—which, after being considered by the different bodies representing the opinion of the universities and by the Legislature, and after receiving the sanction of the Queen in Council, have the authority of Acts of Parliament—are considerable. The doors of the universities have been freely opened to women; the experiment of 'co-education' is under certain modifications being tried in Scotland, as it is being tried in several of the American colleges and in the University of Wales. The curriculum in each of the universities has been to a large extent recast. The fees of the professors have been thrown into a common fund. The status of assistant-professors has been greatly improved.

improved. The number of lecturers, as distinguished from professors, has been increased to so great an extent that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, within the last few years, a new class of teachers has been added to the university equipment of Scotland. Above all things the institution of a tolerably severe 'preliminary examination,' conducted by a Board nominated by all the universities, has struck a severe blow at the overcrowding of classes in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine. At the latest of these examinations, although Scotland has now become accustomed to them, and Scottish schools and 'coaches' have had ample time to organize a system of preparation adequate to meeting them, out of 1619 entrants in Arts and Science 529 or nearly a third of the whole were 'plucked.' The institution of a 'preliminary' in medicine has greatly reduced the number of young men in Scotland who follow the career of doctor. The number of entrants and of failures alike has decreased in consequence. Yet of the 213 who tried their fortune at the 'preliminary' at the beginning of last winter session, 36 failed absolutely, and only 116 passed in all the subjects in which they were examined.

Edinburgh still holds the 'premier' place, in most respects, among the four Scottish Universities. A glance, therefore, at its position, as revealed in the statistics which have been published since the passing of the Act of 1889, will indicate the character of the changes effected during the *régime* of the defunct Commission. In the session of 1889-90 the *Senatus Academicus* of Edinburgh consisted of 38 Professors, arranged in four Faculties, Arts, Divinity, Laws, and Medicine. It now consists of 50 Professors, arranged in six Faculties, Arts, Science, Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Music. In 1889 Edinburgh had 9 University Lecturers; now it has 50. The number of assistant-professorships has not materially changed during these years; as a matter of fact it has fallen from 53 to 47. But they are on the whole better endowed than they used to be. An assistant-professor, whose subject is a popular one, who secures an appointment to a lectureship, and who conducts summer classes, may reckon on an income of between 300*l.* and 400*l.* On the other hand, while the total of matriculated students in 1889-90 was 3602 it was in 1897-98 only 2813. Even from this total there fall to be deducted 206 female students; so that during nine years the attendance of male students has fallen from 3602 to 2607, or nearly 1000. During the same period the attendance at Glasgow, which is the second of the Scottish Universities in point of attendance, has fallen from 2101 to 1533. Altogether the
attendance

attendance at the four universities has declined by a total of nearly 1700.

To understand thoroughly the present position of the Scottish Universities it is necessary to glance not only at the special statutes which have effected direct changes in their constitution and position, but at the contemporaneous legislation which has aimed at the improvement of the schools with which they have been for centuries intimately associated. The most important measure dealing with Scottish schools that has been passed during the last half-century is the Act of 1872, which is popularly styled the Young Act, after the Lord Advocate (now Lord Young) who piloted it through the House of Commons. It did for Scotland what the Forster Act of 1870 did for England. But in many respects it was much more 'advanced.' In particular, it dealt with secondary as well as elementary education; the burgh academy as well as the parish school came within its scope. It gave encouragement to the teaching in public or state-aided schools of those subjects owing to proficiency in which the pupil in the old 'parochial seminary of learning' used to pass from it to the university, with the help of a scholarship or 'bursary,' which in some cases did not amount to more than 10*l.* a year. The Young Act was rendered more effective by supplementary legislation in 1878 and 1883. A further and most important change was effected when Parliament resolved, in place of annually voting certain sums from Imperial funds in aid of expenditure from local rates, to hand over for distribution among the county and other local authorities the produce of the duties on certain excise licences, together with a part of the probate duty. In England the whole of this contribution was given to the local authorities in relief of local rates. In Scotland, however, after providing for the distribution among the local authorities of sums equivalent to the previous grants in aid, and a special grant in aid of local rates in the Highlands and islands, it was determined, in accordance with a general desire in Scotland, to devote the balance towards the relief from payment of school fees in state-aided schools. This determination was embodied in the Local Government (Scotland) Act of 1889, and the amount available for the purpose was then estimated at 247,000*l.* Next year a supplementary Act was passed allocating a further sum of 40,000*l.* a year out of Scotland's share of the duties for the same purpose. When the English Elementary Education Act of 1891 was passed, providing for an annual grant out of money voted by Parliament in relief of school fees in England and Wales, it became necessary that a corresponding grant out
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of Imperial funds should be given to Scotland. As a consequence there was passed the following year the Education and Local Taxation (Scotland) Act, which substituted an annual grant of 265,000*l.*, or such other amount as Parliament may determine, having regard to the fee grant in England, for the balance of the licences and probate duties devoted to the relief of school fees. Altogether a sum of upwards of 300,000*l.* is devoted annually to the relief of school fees. By the direct voting by Parliament of an annual grant of 265,000*l.* towards the fee grant in Scotland, an equivalent amount of the balance of the licences and probate duties became available for other subjects. Of this sum 30,000*l.* go to the universities, and 60,000*l.* to secondary education.

Meanwhile other efforts had been made, both by legislation and administration, to improve the condition of secondary education in Scotland. On the advice of a Commission, which was appointed a few years after the passing of the Education Act of 1872, to enquire into the condition of Endowed Schools and Hospitals in Scotland—of the ‘monastic’ order so well known in England, and founded for the maintenance and education of a select number of poor but privileged children—an Act was passed in 1878 giving the governing bodies of these institutions power to frame schemes throwing them open to a larger portion of the public and converting them essentially into higher-class schools. The permissive character of the measure, however, rendered it to a large extent inoperative, and it was superseded by the Educational Endowments Act of 1882, which appointed a Commission with powers to enquire into the management of all but a few specially excluded educational endowments, and to draw up schemes for their administration. The Commissioners were enjoined to conserve vested interests so far as possible, and to pay due regard to the ‘spirit’ of founders’ intentions. At the same time it was laid down among their instructions that ‘special regard be had to making provision for secondary or technical instruction in public schools,’ and that ‘the new governing bodies consist mainly, if not altogether, of persons elected by public bodies.’ The general result of this legislation is that the funds of the leading endowed hospitals of Scotland—such as Heriot’s and Watson’s in Edinburgh, Hutcheson’s in Glasgow, and Gordon’s in Aberdeen—have been largely diverted to the giving of secondary and technical education in public schools and colleges. The total income of the endowments which have been dealt with under the Act of 1882 is about 180,000*l.*

In 1884 a separation was made of the administrative functions

frictions of the English and Scottish Education Departments in Whitehall. As Scotland has now its own educational bureau, controlled by a special Committee of Council and a permanent under-secretary, who are responsible to the Secretary for Scotland, educational administration as a whole has received a fillip from the concentration of energy in the Scottish Office. In particular, energetic efforts have been made to improve the condition of the higher schools—variously styled ‘academies,’ ‘high schools,’ and ‘grammar schools’—which are to be found, not only in the large cities, but in the more important of the smaller country towns of Scotland. As has been seen, the Education and Local Taxation Act of 1892 has set free the sum of 60,000*l.* to be applied annually to secondary education, and this sum is allocated by the Education Department in conjunction with committees representing the educational interests of the different counties of Scotland. The existing secondary schools are systematically inspected by the Department, which further encourages the teaching of ‘specific subjects’—these are to all intents secondary subjects under another name—in the ordinary state-aided public schools. The Department took another and important step in the same direction in 1888 by establishing what are known as ‘Leaving Certificate’ examinations. These were undertaken in conjunction with the authorities of secondary schools, and, as their name implies, were intended to test the scholarship of pupils who had passed through these institutions. For four years the examinations were confined to the secondary schools. But, with a view to testing the extent of higher instruction given in ordinary state-aided schools, the pupils of these were admitted to the examinations in 1892. The success of these examinations has been extraordinary and rapid. The number of higher schools that have offered candidates rose from 52 in 1892 to 73 in 1897; the number of state-aided schools has risen from 63 to 289. The list of candidates has risen in the one class from 3,420 to 5,111, in the other from 1,755 to 11,267. The rush of candidates is perhaps too great.

‘It is impossible,’ says Sir Henry Craik, Secretary to the Scottish Education Department, in his latest Report on the subject, ‘to resist the conclusion, which is confirmed by the reports received from several of the revisers, that a large number of candidates have been sent in who have not reached anything like the required standard, and that some school-managers and teachers have scarcely realized what that standard is. In connection with this, I have to call attention to a practice which has been found to prevail in some cases, and which amounts to an abuse of the whole examination—that of

Vol. 188.—No. 375. L sending

sending in candidates at the age of eleven or twelve years. Candidates of the ages named can rarely have reached the stage which should mark the close of a secondary-school career; and, even if they succeed in the examination, it can hardly be by a course of education conducive to their real benefit.'

The rush to obtain the leaving certificate is however very natural, for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as of Scotland, and various other professional examining bodies, including the General Medical Council, the Pharmaceutical Society, the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, the War Office, and the Civil Service Commissioners, accept this testimonial to scholarship in lieu of such preliminary examinations as they themselves hold.

It has been necessary thus amply to elucidate the actual position of secondary education in Scotland at the present moment, because it is on account of that position that the first of the difficulties which between them constitute the problem at present before the Scottish Universities is certain to emerge. Secondary schools are still, and in spite of all that has recently been done for them, the weak points in the Scottish, as they are in the English, educational system. They stand in need of organization; they stand still more urgently in need of endowment, that they may be relieved of the work of elementary instruction, which, if they are to live at all, they are compelled to perform. An Act of Parliament will be required to accomplish the reform; but this can only be a matter of a few years.

The solution of the secondary education problem will deprive the Scottish Universities of a portion of their revenue.

'The special service of the Universities of Scotland,' writes Mr. Hume Brown, the biographer of Knox and Buchanan, 'has been to supply the want of those secondary schools which the Reformers sought to make part of their national system of education, but failed to achieve, through the poverty of the country and the selfishness of the leading nobility. Under the existing circumstances this was the highest service the Scottish Universities could have done to the country; but, with the growth of knowledge during the nineteenth century, this function has gradually disabled them from adequately meeting the modern conception of a fully equipped university.'

The most patriotic of Scotsmen cannot deny the truth of these words. The late Professor Blackie, whose love of country was beyond dispute, and, indeed, frequently ran into excess, was in the habit of complaining that he had to devote his energies to the teaching of the Greek alphabet. There was no exaggeration in the complaint, and the teacher who had to give himself up to the often hopeless and always dreary task of

trying to teach the Greek alphabet to the two hundred lads who crowded his class-room, could find little time for the more congenial work of making his brighter pupils really acquainted with Hellenic life and literature. The institution of a preliminary examination in Arts has put an end to the teaching of the Greek alphabet, at all events in classes meant to qualify for a university degree. But it has also struck a blow at the overcrowding of class-rooms by young men who, however stupid or ill-instructed they might be, were large contributors to the fee funds of the universities. The blow has to some extent been softened by the maintenance within the walls of the universities of what are styled 'non-qualifying classes,' in other words by the granting of permission to the professors of Latin, Greek, and mathematics to teach young men preparing, not for a degree, but for the preliminary examination in Arts. Admittedly, however, this is but a provisional though popular arrangement, which will disappear when secondary education is placed on a sound basis. It is disapproved of by more than one of the University Courts, in which, owing to the expiration of the powers of the Executive Commission, is now vested the power of initiating university reforms.

There are thus two leading tendencies in Scottish education at the present moment. The one means ultimately the establishment of a closer connexion between the universities and the different grades of schools than previously existed. The other, which has received an enormous impetus from the Act of 1889 and the changes made by the late Commission, means ultimately the confinement of the universities to the work of giving genuinely superior instruction on the side of Arts and supplying an adequate training for the 'learned' professions. The outcome of the two tendencies, when, like the Rhone and the Saone, they unite, must be the reduction of the number and the improvement of the quality of students.

It is generally admitted, however, that the Arts classes, through which all Scotsmen must pass who desire to qualify as clergy of any of the Presbyterian denominations, and through which most Scotsmen pass who intend to practise as 'advocates' at the Edinburgh bar, are still large enough to tax to the full the energies of professors, assistant-professors, and lecturers. But the statistics of attendance during the past decade reveal a defection from the Scottish Universities which is certain to have far more serious consequences than the not altogether undesirable decrease in the attendance at the Arts classes: that is the considerable falling off in the number of medical

students, more particularly in Edinburgh and Glasgow. As many as 2025 medical students matriculated in Edinburgh in 1889; in 1897 the number was 1417, a decrease of 608. In Glasgow the diminution during the corresponding period has been 253, from 818 to 565. This falling off is due in some measure, no doubt, both to the institution of a preliminary examination of a tolerably severe character, and to the recent extension of the medical curriculum from four years to five. The prospect of so long a period of study naturally debars many young men from facing the keen competition and many uncertainties of a doctor's life. These are, however, comparatively secondary considerations. The truth is that Edinburgh—Glasgow may for the sake of argument be left out of consideration—although it still enjoys a very high reputation as one of the greatest Schools of Medicine and Science in the world, no longer enjoys its old monopoly either in number of students or in prestige of teachers. Nothing is more certain than that when London gets a start as a teaching university, at least a half of the English students who now attend Edinburgh will desert it. The Scottish Universities are also being injured by the increasingly formidable rivalry of the English provincial colleges,* and still more of the numerous universities which, in many cases handsomely endowed and well equipped, have sprung up in the British Colonies and the United States. The students who used to flock from Australia and Canada in their hundreds to Scotland, and more particularly to Edinburgh, will soon have to be counted by tens.

Academic patriotism in Scotland has now to reckon not only on severe and increasing competition from without, but on a very formidable secession within.

'It has long,' writes the anonymous author of a small monograph on Scottish education, 'been a practice with well-to-do professional and business men in the large cities, who desire their sons to attain a high standard of general culture before settling down to their life-career, to send them in the first place to Edinburgh or Glasgow, and subsequently to Oxford or Cambridge. Now, however, the Scottish portion of this curriculum is being dropped, and the promising sons of rich fathers are being sent direct, from schools which are approximating more and more to Eton and Harrow, to the English universities. Fashion, or what is known in Scotland as "gentility," has, no doubt, a little to do with this change. Many wealthy Scotsmen send their sons to the English universities for much the

* Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the course of a speech he delivered on November 3rd, 1897, at Glasgow, as Lord Rector of the University, expressed his strong desire for the establishment of a 'University of the Midlands.'

the reason that they themselves desert the Church of their fathers to join the Scottish Episcopal communion, which has within the last quarter of a century become, in point of social position, more influential than all the Presbyterian bodies taken together. The one is, indeed, almost the necessary sequel to the other. "Fashion" does not, however, account entirely for the increasing tendency of students to prefer the English universities to their own. Oxford and Cambridge are now competing with Edinburgh and Glasgow, not only in classics and mathematics, their supremacy in which has never been seriously questioned, but in philosophy and science, in which the strength of Scotland has hitherto been supposed to lie. They also supply facilities for the acquisition of that advanced knowledge, both in Arts and in Science, which is connoted by such phrases as "special studies" and "honours section," to the possession of anything approaching to which the Scottish colleges can make no claim. And thus it is that when a University Court has to select a professor, either of an ancient or of a "modern" subject, of Greek or of history, it almost invariably selects an Oxford or a Cambridge graduate.

The Scottish Universities are threatened with a middle-class as well as with a 'fashionable' defection, but for a very different reason. Professor Ramsay, of Glasgow, who is well known as an authority on both secondary and superior education in the North, and who took an active part in passing and still more in modifying the Act of 1889, has indicated the causes and character of this middle-class defection in a public statement, which he made at a time when something like a panic had been created by the publication of statistics indicating the falling off of attendance at the universities. Referring to 'the causes' which tend to keep students away from the universities altogether, he said that—

Undoubtedly one of these causes is the institution of the leaving certificate. . . . It is obvious that many parents and scholars, having obtained a certificate testifying that a complete course of education had been gone through in a secondary school, and finding that that certificate is accepted by certain professional bodies as a sufficient proof of general education, will be satisfied with the certificate, and believe that nothing more in the way of general education is required. In the old days many business men and others sent their sons to the university as a regular and necessary finishing to the school course, and without having any intention of aiming at a degree. Such parents, unhappily, seem now to be contenting themselves with the leaving certificate, which they apparently accept as being as good as the certificates which they looked to their sons to get from a certain number of the Arts classes.

This is quite true; and the middle-class defection from the
universities,

universities, which Professor Ramsay deploras, is certain to become more marked as the years pass, and as, on the one hand, the value of the leaving certificate as a testimonial to culture is generally recognized, and, on the other, the increasing competition of life compels young men to enter upon a business career as soon as they have left school. Some fifty years ago, it was a common complaint that the Scottish Universities, from the character of the teaching given in their junior Arts classes, were 'taking the bread out of the mouths of the secondary schools.' The tables are now turned, and with a vengeance. The secondary schools, in spite of incomplete organization and most inadequate endowment, are, from the teaching they are already able to give, taking the bread out of the mouths of the universities.

All wise friends of the Scottish Universities admit that these institutions are face to face with a serious situation, if not a grave crisis. The establishment of preliminary examinations, the improvement in the quality of the instruction given in secondary schools, the caprice of fashion, the increasing keenness in the competition of business life, the breaking down in the old monopoly of the Scottish Medical Schools, the rivalry, which now embraces all departments of culture and professional training of English, American, and colonial universities—all these circumstances point to two things, a very large reduction in the attendance at the four Scottish colleges, and their conversion into purely national institutions. At various periods in the past, indeed, each of the four has enjoyed a reputation that extended far beyond Scotland. St. Andrews was at the height of its fame in the fifteenth century. The teaching of Andrew Melville and his associates of the ultra-reforming party in Glasgow during the sixteenth century was so efficient, and so pervaded by an enthusiasm which was not wholly theological, that students flocked to attend it from all parts of Europe. In the earlier half of the seventeenth century that very remarkable succession of scholars known as the 'Aberdeen doctors' transferred the centre of intellectual attraction in Scotland from the Clyde to the Dee. In the eighteenth century came the turn of Edinburgh; the celebrity of its Gregories, its Reids, and its Monros secured for it a position of pre-eminence alike in mathematics, in metaphysics, and in medicine. It is not easy to see, however, how history is to repeat itself through the gaining of similar successes in the international field by the Scottish Universities. For they have now to compete with an increasing host of rivals, some of which, such as the older English colleges, are superior to them.

pecuniary resources, while others, such as the modern German universities, are superior to them in organization and in varied attractiveness of curriculum.

The Universities Act of 1889 has probably exhausted itself, so far as alterations and reforms of a far-reaching character are concerned. It is notorious that the Executive Commission appointed under it had done its utmost three years ago, with the powers and endowments entrusted to it, so far as the three larger universities are concerned. It would have been discharged before this year but for an unfortunate dispute, complicated and embittered by apparently interminable litigation, which has arisen over the attempt to effect a union between the venerable University of St. Andrews and a new college, of the type of Mason's College in Birmingham, which has been established in the neighbouring and flourishing commercial city of Dundee. It is beyond doubt that many of the changes that have been accomplished, either on the direct initiative of the Commission or during its term of power, are calculated to strengthen the universities for the struggle that is before them. It may be doubted, indeed, whether this can be said of what in the opinion of many is the most important change of all—the admission of women to university classes. The experiment has not received anything like a fair trial—anything like that trial which has now been given to 'co-education' in the United States, and which, as was demonstrated in a recent number of the '*Quarterly Review*,' has resulted in disappointment, failure, and reaction. All that can safely be said in the meantime is that women are taking advantage of the facilities now afforded to them of obtaining superior instruction, in such numbers as to compensate to some extent for the alarming decrease in male students. Last session 256 women matriculated at Glasgow and 206 at Edinburgh. The peculiar charm of St. Andrews as a residential university town—'the Scottish Oxford' it has been termed, and not without reason, by its admirers—has attracted to it such a number of girl students from England and Scotland that owing to their influx the attendance at the smallest and oldest of the universities has increased instead of fallen off. Last session, in spite of the difficulties and litigation to which allusion has been already made, and which, unless they are brought to a close, may have a serious effect upon the future of St. Andrews, the number of students was 236—the largest total that has ever been reached.

The value of other portions of the work done by or in the reign of the Universities Commission is less doubtful. The improvement in the position of assistant professors and the appointment

appointment of lecturers on a great variety of subjects have added greatly to the teaching power of the colleges. The emoluments of ordinary professors in the smaller of them have been materially improved. Even in St. Andrews the incomes of the Professors in the Arts Faculty vary from 500*l.* to 800*l.* Several of the professorships in the two larger universities are, in spite of the Act of 1889, better endowed than all but a very few similar positions in Oxford and Cambridge. The stipends of the Professors of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh are 1,100*l.*, 1,176*l.*, 1,270*l.*, and 1,100*l.*; those of the corresponding teachers in Glasgow are still higher, being 1,430*l.*, 1,350*l.*, 1,440*l.*, and 1,252*l.* It is possible that the future will see some reduction in the endowments of the professoriate, when the teachers whose interests were effectually safeguarded when the Act of 1889 was passed retire or die. On the other hand, it has been definitely fixed by Ordinances framed by the Executive Commission, and approved of by the Queen in Council, that the salaries of certain professors shall not fall below a specified sum. In any case the position of a Scottish professor, with an income of 1,000*l.* and with the leisure for original work that is afforded by a vacation extending to five—in some cases to seven—months, must always have a fascination for the best scholars that other universities can produce. It would be invidious to make a selection from among the present occupants of Scottish chairs by way of proving the reality of this fascination, although anyone who glances at the lists which constitute the University Senates at the present time will see that they include the names of many of the most brilliant of English students in classics and mathematics, philosophy and literature. The name of one, full of years and honours, may, however, be mentioned without offence being given to his colleagues, who united two years ago with the most distinguished representatives of science from all parts of the world in celebrating his academic Jubilee. That William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, should have given all the working years of his long, successful, and beneficent life to Glasgow University as teacher of natural philosophy, is a happy augury for the future of the Scottish professoriate.

It is highly improbable that the Scottish Universities will be either harassed or helped by legislation for a considerable number of years to come. Now that the Executive Commission has been discharged, they will be left under the control of their Courts. These bodies, the constitution of which has already been described, have considerable powers of effecting changes.

changes, and like the Commission, by means of Ordinances, which, when they have been approved of by the Universities Committee of the Privy Council and by the Sovereign, have the binding force of law. But they are not permitted to make any radical alteration in the constitution of the institutions whose future is to some extent in their hands. As has been seen, they have not an absolutely free hand in fixing the stipends of professors out of the funds at their disposal. Even before any considerable reform of the kind which comes within their province to initiate can be effected, the Courts of all the Universities must show themselves to be of one mind—a contingency which is not at all probable. There are certain things which cannot be done either by fresh legislation or by efficient University Court administration; there are certain other things which ought not to be done. The natural decline in the attendance at the Medical Schools cannot be arrested by any artificial means, although of course any very distinguished professor will invariably attract pupils from all parts of the world. The Arts Faculties will not again compete with the higher schools in doing the work of secondary education. The vagaries of fashion and the necessities of business competition must be allowed to do their worst. Nor, it may be predicted with perfect confidence, will any serious attempt be made to raise the fees of students. It is the lowness of these fees—they are lower by a half than those charged by the London colleges—and the comparative cheapness of living in such a town as St. Andrews, or even in such a city as Edinburgh, that compensates to some extent for the want of the *esprit de corps* which counts for so much in Oxford and Cambridge. Were Scotland, indeed, in the happy position of Germany, where students' fees represent only 9 per cent. of the revenues of the universities, there would probably be a demand for the extension of the free-education system from schools to colleges.

As a matter of fact, all that wise educational reformers in Scotland can do, at all events at the present moment, is to call the attention of their countrymen, by means of a special appeal, to the necessities of the universities—necessities which must be dealt with immediately if these institutions are to do their proper work with even a reasonable amount of efficiency. These necessities may, for all practical purposes, be summed up in an urgent demand for a great increase in teaching power, especially in the Faculties of Arts. The professoriate is at once the strong and the weak point in the Scottish university system. It is a source of strength, inasmuch as the position of one of its members, with considerable endowments and
leisure

leisure so ample as positively to invite to original work in scholarship, science, or letters, is still calculated, as has been already indicated, to attract eminent thinkers and scholars from all parts of the world. But it is also a source of weakness, inasmuch as it is impossible for a professor to do justice to, or even to make the acquaintance of, every member of his classes, except in St. Andrews, where undergraduates are so few and have so many advantages that this most picturesque of all Northern seats of learning would have little difficulty in becoming a genuine Scottish Oxford, if it could be cut adrift from the litigation and internal dissensions, on what seem trifles to outsiders, which threaten to strangle it. There is at present one teacher to every forty students in Scotland, a ratio which still compares unfavourably with the German realized ideal of one to eleven. While it has never been contemplated to reduce the statutory emoluments of the professors so as to endow a new and subordinate class of teachers, it is admitted that something must be done to relieve them of the drudgery which, in spite of preliminary examinations, still falls to their lot.

Some years ago, many Scottish educationalists seemed to favour the introduction into the universities of the German system of extraordinary professors and *Privatdozenten*, with the help of the extra-mural lecturers who have long been recognized by the college authorities as giving an equivalent to university instruction, and who, in Edinburgh more particularly, are both numerous and well paid. This idea would appear, however, to have been abandoned; at all events the late University Commission made no attempt to give effect to it when it had an opportunity of doing so—an opportunity which it is safe to say will never occur again. The trend of opinion in Scotland is distinctly and indeed overwhelmingly in favour of the strengthening of the professoriate by grafting on it something like the tutorial system of England. We say ‘something like,’ because the poverty of Scottish students and the genius of the Scottish people alike forbid the conversion of their colleges into ‘residential’ universities of the type of Oxford and Cambridge. And in trying to establish something like the tutorial system, it will probably be found advisable to follow in the path which Scottish enthusiasm for the higher education has taken in the past. The private benefactors of the universities were in the habit of endowing small scholarships or bursaries, varying between 5*l.* and 30*l.* a year for four years, and devoted mainly to the maintenance of poor undergraduates. The value of these can hardly be exaggerated; but for them the connexion between ‘kailyard’ and college, so honourable to both, could

ould not have been maintained. But it is now admitted on all hands that the universities are more than adequately supplied with these modest endowments of research. Almost every Arts student in St. Andrews is a bursar. Fully a half of the Arts students in Aberdeen are bursars. Almost every year bursaries are a-begging in Glasgow because there are no applicants for them. The total annual value of bursaries, scholarships, and fellowships in Edinburgh is upwards of 16,000*l*. What is urgently required in Scotland is the endowment not of undergraduate but of post-graduate research—in other words, the establishment on a large scale of scholarships and fellowships to enable men who have distinguished themselves as undergraduates in Arts and Science to carry their researches further for some years and under conditions of comparative comfort. Certain endowments of this kind exist already, such as the Law Fellowship for Philosophy in Edinburgh, and the Ferguson Scholarships for Philosophy, Classics, and Mathematics in Glasgow. But they are few, and the holders of them are not compelled to do ordinary teaching work within the walls of their universities. It may be assumed, however, that if post-graduate research is to be encouraged by the establishment of scholarships and fellowships on a national scale, Scottish thrift and shrewdness will insist that the fortunate winners of them shall 'do something for their money.' There is certainly no reason why they should not be employed in teaching undergraduates while they are pursuing their own advanced studies. Thus at least the thin end of the wedge of the tutorial system could be introduced into Scotland without injuring the professoriate or breaking national educational tradition.

But the promotion of post-graduate research, in association with and as a means towards efficient undergraduate teaching, requires not only scholarships and fellowships but books. Upon this necessity Dr. Dickson, Curator of the University Library in Glasgow, who, as the translator of Mommsen and having been a professor in two Scottish universities, has a right to be heard on all matters affecting scholarship, speaks out emphatically in a pamphlet which he has published, under the title of 'The University Library—what it is and what it ought to be.' Referring to 'the holders of fellowships or scholarships, who are assumed to be occupied with post-graduate studies' and who 'are, as a rule, comparatively young men, hardly in a position, it may be, to buy many books, but full of eager interest, enthusiasm, and aspiration, ready to embrace every opportunity of advancing their knowledge and maturing their fitness for life as present or future teachers,' he says:—

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‘One hears the question asked, “Why do the Scottish Universities so often choose their professors from men trained wholly or partially in the great English Universities rather than from the ranks of their own *alumni*? Why should they continue a practice which may be virtually construed into a confession of inability to produce fit occupants for their own highest places?” On this subject I may, perhaps, touch the more freely that I have had the fortune to hold, however unworthily, two Scottish professorships in succession, and have had the privilege, moreover, of contributing incidentally to the furtherance of historical studies at Oxford by bringing within reach of the English reader a work which has, I am told, for thirty years exercised a large influence there. It is certainly no matter for regret that the Scottish Universities should have had the benefit of such pre-eminent scholarship as has now adorned through four generations the Greek chair in Glasgow. None the less it seems strange that no pupil of Sandford, Lushington, or Jebb has filled that chair; and it can scarcely be acquiesced in as a normal state of things, under which this result should accrue as a broadening basis of precedent. It was a favourite assumption at one time that this lack of higher native scholarship was due to the absence of fellowships, which might, as in Oxford and Cambridge, keep their holders resident and in touch with the university life, and might enable them to continue their own studies while taking part in tutorial work. Accordingly, a cry was raised for the endowment of such fellowships, which has met with some sympathy and support. Unhappily they have been constituted on the basis of too brief a tenure and (except in one or two instances) of too inadequate value to be helpful in fostering devotion to the life of a scholar; and under the pressure of university needs they were applied for a time in some departments to supply the tutorial aid now more wisely provided by Ordinance. But even with a longer tenure and with greater encouragements to postpone professional pursuits, the scheme was doomed to failure, not merely through the absence of ulterior motives to exertion, but through the absence of due practical facilities for prosecuting the studies in which there had been every promise of distinction. If the apparatus in the library for continuing and advancing these studies is in some respects fragmentary—in all defective and inadequate; if, where we may find one book on a subject we have to desiderate in vain several others; if one department can only be enriched at the expense of another’s requirements being postponed or refused; if a newly suggested periodical could only, as hitherto, be got at the cost of discontinuing another; if on every fresh demand the studiously disposed Fellow can only be relegated by his *alma mater* to pursue his quest as best he may at an English or Continental university, or directed to make, on every occasion when he wishes to consult some monumental work, a pilgrimage at his own cost to the British Museum, he can only abandon in despair the task of ripening his attainments on Scottish soil. . . . It is plain that the main materials and means of research, not only in all the subjects of law and divinity,

divinity, but in the fields of philology, philosophy, and literature, included in the Faculty of Arts, are to be found in *books*, and, as regards the more recent forms, largely in *periodicals*, and that further, even in the domains of observational and experimental research, it is only through the medium of books preserving the records of previous investigations that the enquirer can learn his whereabouts and be saved from the quest of what is already known or from claiming the merit of a discovery which belongs to another. The library, which is in many cases the *sole* instrument, must be in all an *indispensable concomitant*, of research. What then is to be thought of the practical worth of schemes, calling for and rewarding research, without any correlative provision of the *sine quâ non* for conducting it effectually ?

Dr. Dickson's reasoning is as sound as his facts are alarming. It is quite impossible for post-graduate research to lead to satisfactory results unless it can be conducted in a library adequately supplied with books and the periodicals that are devoted to the interests of scholarship. In this respect the Scottish Universities compare most unfavourably with others. While Oxford possesses (in its Bodleian Library alone) 500,000 volumes, Strassburg, 700,000 ; Vienna, 454,000 ; Göttingen, 480,000 ; Leipzig, 500,000 ; Harvard, 466,000 ; and even Christiania, 340,000—Glasgow possesses only 150,000. It is not a whit better endowed than Lund, the smallest of the Scandinavian universities. Dr. Dickson may well ask—

'What then is to be done? What course remains open? If, as we are told, the readjustment of grants for education in England involves as its consequence an increase in the amount available for such purposes in Scotland ; if our members of Parliament, instead of seeking to conciliate the mere popular approval of the moment, would rise to the importance of placing the national universities in their highest and most permanent interest on a footing of equality with kindred institutions on the Continent and in America ; and if the friends of the primary and secondary schools could be trusted to look beyond their own immediate stake in the fund *in medio*, and to realize the far-reaching significance of thus feeding the intellectual life of the nation at its fountain-heads, as having an ulterior bearing on all educational work, we might reckon on a sum of say 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* being set apart for the annual increment of the libraries ; and for my part I cannot well conceive any more rational, wiser, or more beneficial application of it than to this perennial replenishing of these well-springs of knowledge.'

To sum up, the Scottish Universities, if they are to hold their own even as the preliminary training colleges for clergymen, doctors, and lawyers north of the Tweed, stand urgently in need of four reforms : an extension of such tutorial system as can be
said

said to exist, and in such a fashion as has been suggested, so as to allow professors to perform genuine teaching instead of lecturing to crowded benches; the placing of the libraries on such a footing that post-graduate research will become a reality and a pleasure, and not as now a sham and a source of mortification; a considerable addition to the existing staffs of lecturers and assistant-professors; and such an increment to their incomes as will induce young men of undoubted scholarship to retain such posts for a term of years. Reforms so far-reaching in their character must involve a very considerable addition to the endowments of the universities. The necessary money can hardly be expected from the State, after the demands that have recently been made upon it; even Dr. Dickson says, of the parliamentary subvention of 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* a year which he suggests, that it is 'a consummation to be desired rather than expected.' It does not follow, however, that if the universities were singly, or better still collectively, to make an appeal to the wealth and patriotism of Scotland they would appeal in vain. Some years ago an old student of St. Andrews, who had made a fortune in Australia, left his *alma mater* 100,000*l.* Aberdeen has recently been able, through the generosity of one of her sons, to greatly increase and improve her teaching accommodation, though she is now appealing almost piteously for fresh benefactions. Of the quarter of a million which was required for the new university buildings erected in Edinburgh in 1884, the sum of 170,000*l.* was raised by private subscription. Mr. McEwan, member for one of the divisions of the City, supplemented this sum with 110,000*l.*, ultimately expended on the building of a handsome Hall, in which all meetings connected with the business of the College are held. Of the 470,000*l.* required in 1870 for the erection of new university buildings in Glasgow, 250,000*l.* was subscribed in the City and neighbourhood. Even these sums appear small when compared with the gifts to which the new universities of the United States have become accustomed. In eight years Mr. Rockefeller has given 1,200,000*l.* to the University of Chicago, including in one year 10,000*l.* for books alone; other wealthy men have subscribed as much as 1,300,000*l.* The Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore and the Leland Stanford University in California are accustomed to the receipt of single gifts amounting to 500,000*l.* But Scotland does not and cannot 'raise' millionaires of the American type. The most patriotic and hopeful of her academic sons would probably be content if her universities could be placed on such a footing as those of Germany—as Berlin, for example, with its 8,600 students and its income of 130,000*l.*.

130,000*l.*, or Erlangen, with its 1,140 students and its income of 50,000*l.* That, however, such a state of things is merely a dream at present is only too evident, from the latest report of the Finance Committee of Edinburgh University Council. Edinburgh is by far the best endowed of the Scottish Universities. It has endowment funds amounting to 606,000*l.* It has a total income of 88,000*l.*, while Glasgow has less than 40,000*l.*, Aberdeen about 30,000*l.*, and St. Andrews about 11,000*l.* Yet its Finance Committee say :—

'Until the General Fund is put upon a satisfactory footing the University Court will be almost powerless in its efforts to keep *'Alma Mater'* in the first rank among universities. . . . That the University of Edinburgh may progress and expand under the new order of things devised by Parliament and by the Commissioners, will be the earnest wish of every *alumnus*, past and present, and we take it, also, of the citizens of Edinburgh, who are bound by many ties, parental and filial, to the University which they have cherished since 1583. How these aspirations are to be carried to fulfilment is a practical question not, perhaps, easy of solution. The University of Edinburgh has received, and continued to receive, many generous gifts. The magnificent buildings of the Medical Schools, and the more than magnificent McEwan Hall, proclaim the warm heart and princely benefaction. The special endowment funds of the University have, moreover, risen from 387,000*l.* in 1889 to 606,000*l.* in 1897. Yet, with every feeling of gratitude, the truth must be told—that the University is in great need of money.'

It is, to say the least of it, highly probable that if the four University Courts were to issue a joint and special appeal to Scotland, and to the wealthy and patriotic Scotsmen to be found in all parts of the world, indicating the necessities of the institutions under their charge, and stating the purposes to which supplementary revenues would be applied, the required sum—be it 1,000,000*l.*, or even 1,500,000*l.*—would be subscribed in a very short time. If some step of this kind is not taken immediately, the Scottish Universities will be forced, a few years hence, to go hat in hand to the State, and ask for aid in maintaining what will then have become a struggle, not for supremacy, or even eminence, but for existence.

ART. VIII.—*France*. By J. E. C. Bodley. 2 vols. London, 1898.

TWO countries, England and France, divide the glory of Modern Europe. In arms and arts they have shared the supremacy of centuries, and while many a time they have crossed swords with the loyalty of honest combatants, with a goodwill no less ready they have chopped ideas and bartered influences. If Chaucer owed something to the ballades and fables of France, if the genius of Pope was fashioned by Boileau, we in exchange sent Romance across the Channel, and helped to create an alien school, whose example we still follow. In truth, the interchange has been continuous and liberal, and it would be ungenerous to declare that the advantage was on either side. But while the cordial battle of wits is still waged, for at least a hundred years the relations of the countries have been perplexed by misappreciation. Before the advent of Napoleon we fought France as an enemy who revered strategy and courage, and not even the bitter jealousies of the eighteenth century availed to distort the Frenchman's view of England. But no sooner had the great Emperor declared the blockade, and thrust aside the people which foiled his genius as a 'nation of shopkeepers,' than misunderstanding became general, and a phrase abolished the good feeling which reposed upon the sound basis of secular antagonism. Henceforth even the limited sympathy of Voltaire was impossible, and the imagination of France transformed England into a pestilent abode of fog and alcohol. A certain Field-Marshal Pillet, long since pilloried in the 'Quarterly' as 'Grand Liar and Knight of the Hulks,' set an odious fashion of obloquy, and cheerfully asserted not only that all Englishwomen were drunkards, but that all Englishmen murdered their wives. And these were no casual utterances rapidly brushed aside by reason; they helped to frame the opinion of men intelligent as Stendhal; and they created the type of Briton which still lives in comic opera and popular fiction. From one point of view the slander is unimportant; from another it is indelible and immortal. For, though reasonable citizens ultimately reject it, it lives for ever in the minds of the vulgar, who never heard its author's name; and it is due to such dullards as Pillet that many an amiable Frenchman still believes England immersed in a vast flood of cruelty and gin.

On our side depreciation is rarer and less violent. True, the average Briton despises a country which is fed (as he thinks) upon an unchanging diet of frogs and snails. But the British traveller has commonly been inspired with a quicker eye and
a hungrier

a hungrier curiosity. His narrow borders have compelled him to wander, and the habit of wandering has persuaded him to be surprised at nothing, so that, though his generalizations are more often erroneous than not, he is amused rather than irritated at novelty. Moreover, being victorious hitherto, he can afford, in the insolence of his pride, to take a lenient view of others. But above all, he has enjoyed the advantage of admirable guides. Who shall estimate the benefit conferred upon France by that wisest of travellers, Arthur Young? Narrow-minded he may have been, pedantic he certainly was; he would have turned Chambord into a turnip farm; and so little was he susceptible to luxury that he seldom saw a lofty pleasure-dome without thinking of drill-ploughs and harrows. But none the less this farmer of genius was gifted with a seeing eye, an honest mind, and a large measure of political sagacity. And, despite his agricultural prejudice, he visited France with a loyal determination to observe. He was as sane a judge of acting as of life, and he admired the *Théâtre Français* as keenly as he enjoyed the hospitality of M. de la Rochefoucauld. In brief, his '*Travels in France*' is a masterpiece of its kind; the farmer, doubtless, lurks in the background, but the man of the world is always quick to register the fleeting impression, and nothing seemed too trivial for his regard. 'Trifles,' said he, with perfect truth, 'mark the temper of a nature better than objects of importance; . . . they discriminate better.' And so he forgot his turnips for a moment, and described with excellent humour a boisterous banquet given in a country house. Nor did the true situation of France escape him. He already recognized—in 1787—the rising stream of discontent, though he could not prophesy how violent would be the flood when once the dam burst. 'Oh! if I was the legislator of France for a day, I would make such great lords skip again!'—thus he writes with a clear premonition of evil. And here he occupies a place alone among travellers. An English lady, Mrs. Craddock, whose '*Voyage*,' never published in English, has won the honour of translation into French from the original manuscript, travelled over the same ground, and saw nothing save gaiety and contentment; while the pious Jeaffreson was so blinded by a theoretic adoration of freedom that he passed through France, the land of his hero La Fayette, without discovering more than his own hearthstone might have told him. Sympathy he had to overflowing, but he was a politician, and all the sympathy in the world could not endow him with vision. Arthur Young, on the other hand, possessed eyes as well as sympathy; and it is to this Suffolk farmer that England owes her better understanding.

standing of her difficult neighbour. We do not mean that all the world has read his 'Travels,' but he has proved an example to some who write, and, refreshed by his wisdom at second-hand, the politician cannot instantly decline to the level of M. Pillet, the infamous Field-Marshal of France.

Now, there are two methods of studying a foreign country, each beset with its peculiar dangers. A traveller may trust to his eye, compose his journal from day to day, and produce a picture, perhaps inaccurate or hasty, but, if the proper talent be not lacking, inevitably vivid and apprehensive. Or he may sojourn years in the country of his choice, plump his notebooks with gathered knowledge, and produce an elaborate design from this combination of sight and study. No half-measure is possible, and while the former method is far the more valuable, if handled by an artist, the second, being commonplace, is more certain of success. Whether Mr. Bodley, who in his 'France' has sketched a corner of French life with consummate skill, could have achieved a triumph of impressionism is uncertain. It is quite certain that he has not made the attempt. He has shown himself the scholar rather than the artist, and though his opportunities of observation have been unique, though he has travelled France from end to end, though he knows the habit of *châteaux* more intimately than the most of travelled Englishmen know the fireside of country inns, though he has lived on terms of friendship with prelates, peers, and politicians, he has been content to winnow his material until the chaff of fancy is blown to the winds, and there remains but the solid corn of information. So much is said less in reproach than to define the purpose of the work, for obviously it is unjust to complain of a political treatise that it is not a poem. None the less, France, to be understood, needs an artistic sympathy more keenly than any other country in Europe. For, as we shall presently show, and as Mr. Bodley plainly believes, our neighbours across the Channel have no more political talent than the natives of Timbuctu; and it is not until we forget the common duty of voting that we can properly appreciate the wit, the energy, the elegance of France.

But Mr. Bodley's sympathies are with the harder truths of life. Administration touches him more nearly than literature, as is evident from the fact that his references to imaginative literature are at once scanty and ill-advised. For an understanding of modern France Balzac and Stendhal seem to us far more important than Thiers or Michelet: the 'Comédie Humaine' is (so to say) a light thrown upon French emotion, and there are flashes of insight in the 'Mémoires d'un Touriste'

(to name but one work) which eclipse the sputtering illumination of a thousand blue-books. Yet, in his two large volumes, Mr. Bodley quotes Balzac but twice, and Stendhal not at all. Worse than this, he makes little use of contemporary fiction, which, apart from fancy, might appear documentary evidence. Twice only does he refer to M. Anatole France's vivid studies of provincial life, and it is perhaps typical of Mr. Bodley's temper that in one of the two references he misquotes a title. Moreover, on the very rare occasions when he does persuade himself to regard humane letters, he is content to accept the old-fashioned, narrow, uncompromising point of view. His opinions are what the Frenchman of to-day would describe as *pompier*s. In his regard, the Academy hallows the talent which it accepts; a *fauteuil* is the summit of every Frenchman's ambition. But a superficial knowledge of French life is sufficient to convince us that, if the Academy be not positively hostile to literature, it generally declines to regard a candidate who is purely and simply a man of letters. In brief, Mr. Bodley is not more intelligent in appreciation than the average citizen, who lives in the neighbourhood of the Trocadéro, and chronicles his dinner-parties in the 'Figaro.' For him M. Feuillet is an artist in fiction, while M. Pailleron is the legitimate successor upon the stage of Dumas *fils*. This last statement is made in defiance even of chronology. For, supposing M. Pailleron were a great dramatist, his single work—'Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie'—is a fairy-story of no date, which was composed some years before the later masterpieces of M. Dumas. So that, if we must place M. Pailleron in the line of dramatists, we must find a place for him in the neighbourhood of Scribe, and leave Dumas to work out his individual and subsequent salvation. Then, is it worth while, in a work strangely reticent upon literature, to quote in all respect the amiable sophistries of M. Sarcey? Without endorsing the daily insults heaped upon this writer, whom Mr. Bodley describes in a journalistic phrase as 'the veteran of dramatic criticism,' we may still point out that his influence is confined to the ill-informed and optimistic *bourgeoisie*, and that he occupies in France a position no higher than that tenanted in England by Mr. Clement Scott.

In the art of painting Mr. Bodley is no less ingenuous. He accepts without question the judgment of the average man, and, in one instance at least, he builds up the flimsiest argument upon the mere legend or subject of a canvas. There is a picture in the gallery of the Luxembourg, which represents 'an agonized little boy in cavalry uniform, unhorsed and

stabbed to death by men armed with bayonets and pikes.' The significance of this work, as of a hundred other blood-thirsty works exhibited in the museums of France, is anything rather than political. If it needed any explanation, we might ascribe it to the fashion of sensational illustration set by Detaille and the rest. But it needs none, because the Frenchman has the habit of detaching works of art entirely from their subject. He looks vaguely (if he looks at all) at the picture so abhorred of Mr. Bodley, without thinking who is the murdered boy or what he is suffering. Yet, says Mr. Bodley, here is an instance of French self-detraction, 'a wanton presentment of French cruelty to the French.' He even goes further, and speculates upon the motive which induced its purchase. 'The authorities who exposed it,' says he, 'seem to have reasoned that the public who came there consisted largely of foreigners, who had an idea that the atrocities which stain the domestic history of France, from the Terror to the Commune, were chiefly the work of Revolutionaries.' That is what it is to be inappositely subtle. The Keeper of the Luxembourg most assuredly never purchased a work with his eye upon the foreigners who might gaze upon it. Nor is it likely that his judgment was influenced by the subject of the chosen picture. It is the finished canvas which he exhibits, not the legend, and his choice is directed solely by the painter's position or his technical accomplishment. There may be room for intrigue in the purchase; there is no room for folly; and the recent addition of M. Moreau's 'Salomé' to the gallery does not prove a lack of sympathy with John the Baptist.

These indiscretions are quoted not merely because they are important in themselves, but because they are typical of Mr. Bodley's deficient sympathy. Had he been more closely in touch with the artistic temperament of France, he would have understood more readily her practical imperfection. But, while the gaps in his appreciation enfeeble his judgment, in his peculiar field he is perfectly equipped. He has the history and the constitution of France at his finger-tips; no blue-book is too stubborn for his digestion; and he possesses a knowledge of the Parisian press to which the most hardened journalist must perforce make obeisance. In brief, he has produced a book which for accuracy and information cannot be matched in the statistics of France, and if there are few Englishmen familiar with the results of his research, it is safe to say that there are scarcely half-a-dozen Frenchmen, outside the ring of professional politicians, who are capable of testing his facts or of following his argument. The worst is that Mr. Bodley has
chosen

chosen an ungrateful task. France is great not on account of her government, but in her government's despite; her institutions are the outcome of ingenious mimicry rather than of logical growth; and while a history of our Commons is the history of a natural machine adapted to changing needs, the history of the French Chamber is but a record of vain experiment and severed traditions. The same field, tilled in Germany or America, produces or might produce interesting results; in France, politics is but a weed, which fortunately avails not to choke the flowers of fancy or the fruit of science. However, if the task be ungrateful, Mr. Bodley has performed it with tact and learning, and in following his argument we are far more often with him than against him.

Briefly stated by himself, the purpose of his book is this: To show 'the working of the Napoleonic machine of centralization in combination with parliamentary institutions imported from England, amid a people whose political ideas were formulated in the period of confusion in which the Ancient Régime disappeared.' At the outset therefore he follows Taine, tracing the origins of contemporary France, and recapitulating the failure of the Revolution. Now, it is the strangest irony of modern history that the Revolution, potent as a catchword, is a legend and nothing more. But it is a legend which exacts and receives an august reverence. Nobody is permitted to cast a doubt upon its perfection, and the suppression of M. Sardou's 'Thermidor,' because it spoke ill of Robespierre, is as droll an incident as was ever recorded in a 'free and enlightened' Republic. Every year the taking of the Bastille—an act of purposeless cruelty, since at the moment of destruction not a single political prisoner was harboured in its dungeons—is celebrated under the joint patronage of M. Félix Faure and of Nicholas II. In Paris at any rate the Imperial Eagle eclipses the tricolour, and thus the autocrat of all the Russias is bidden annually to smile approval upon an outrage which in his own country might not be mentioned without horror. Nor is it merely the unlettered mob that continues to honour the Revolution. A French parliamentary candidate has little chance of success who does not appeal to the sacred principles of 1789; and the 'block system,' devised by M. Clémenceau and generally accepted, does not allow the politician to acclaim reform and deprecate murder. He must approve all or nothing, and so it comes about that Marat, Robespierre, and Danton are heroes in the France that once was governed by the Great King. Men of letters share the enthusiasm of politicians. Did not Sainte-Beuve declare that in a hundred years the Revolution 'would

'would be acclaimed as far as the land of the Samoyedes'. The century has not yet elapsed, but not even the Franco-Russian alliance is likely to persuade the remote Samoyedes to take an interest in the Reign of Terror. Moreover, the declaration reminds us of M. de Goncourt's boast that the inhabitants of the Behring Straits are wont to beguile an Arctic winter by reading 'Germinie Lacerteux' with the light of a blubber candle. But the hyperbole has never seemed ridiculous, and the Revolution remains a fairy-tale, which not even the pitiless logic of M. Taine has been able to discredit. M. Renan, it is true, described it as 'a nameless orgie, a monstrous fray into which madmen, incapables, and miscreants rush, told by their instinct that their opportunity is come, and that victory is for the most repulsive of mankind.' But his was a voice crying in the wilderness, and doubtless the general adulation of insensate crime is welcome to those for whom the throwing of a bomb is a *beau geste*.

The Revolution, then, is a word of magic sound, but it is no more than a word. Happily it has no active influence upon France, and few of those who applaud its virtues remember that its capital achievement was to evolve chaos out of carnage. Maybe it cleared the way for the genius of Napoleon. But Napoleon was a hero who in any case would have made his opportunity, and his whole career was a flouting of his predecessors' aspiration. When, therefore, Mr. Bodley points out that the work of the Revolution is already abolished, perhaps he takes it too seriously. True, it turned men into wild beasts, and for the moment infected the whole world with so potent a madness that in distant America enthusiasts danced round decapitated pigs, thinking thus to execrate the memory of Louis XVI., and claimed a place among the Muses for Guillotina. But these excesses were instantly forgotten, and it is merely as the symbol of an unrealized ambition that men speak to-day of the French Revolution. However, certain principles were then enunciated, whose fate Mr. Bodley has traced with much ingenuity and some humour. Of course the principles had no real meaning. They were but catchwords borrowed from the popular text-books of the time. 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity'—how well they sounded, and how little they meant! The Romans had discussed them, and they were celebrated in Plutarch's pictured page. And so the mob of ruffians, intent only upon murder and rapine, assumed them for its own, and 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' became what the demagogue would call the 'Palladia' of France. The principles are excellent, but impossible of attainment in a

just spirit. Perhaps they were best illustrated in the Reign of Terror—Liberty to Kill, Equality of the Scaffold, Fraternity of Wolves. But even in the attenuated guise of respectability they exercise no genuine influence, and their failure is due not so much to a change of heart as to the inevitable feebleness of watchwords. They are written on every wall, and they make no impression save on the brick and stone which hold them, so that if France lags behind in the hopeless chase after these austere virtues, it is not because she has been untrue to the teaching of her Revolution, but because she is peopled by men and women, who are sincere to their nature, and who obey the imperious call of self-preservation.

None the less, it is curious that France, which has made this public boast of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, should never have come nearer to their attainment than the other nations of Europe. Of course, none save the savage is really free, but there are gradations of obedience, and probably the Englishman, who refrains from profession, has fewer fetters upon his liberty. The French boy, for instance, is kept in an unwholesome subjection long after the beard is budding on his chin, and though, as he grows to manhood, he acquires a large measure of joyous freedom, he does not, even in age, wholly escape the vexations of government. In the first place, the French citizen is not permitted in any circumstances to light his cigarette with an inoffensive match. His country demands of him that he shall pay four times their price for *bougies*, whose heads are warranted to fall, or stifle himself (at a high figure) with sulphured sticks. And should he be suspected of importing his matches from England or Belgium his house may be invaded and ransacked without notice or compensation. But habit induces a love even of sulphur, and so long as these trivial hardships lighten the burden of taxation it seems ungracious to complain. A far bitterer infringement of liberty is the French theory that no innocent man was ever accused of a crime. To be charged with an offence, indeed, is for the moment to be convicted, and the present writer can testify to the insolent injustice of a French police station. But interviews with the *commissaire* are not of daily occurrence, and, if the French Chamber is not asked to transform its criminal procedure, it is not often the business of strangers to protest. On the other hand, France enjoys many a freedom unknown in England. If you are minded to sit up there is no law of France which drives you to an unwelcome couch at half-past twelve in the morning. The gay frivolity of Montmartre could not flourish for a week in London, where the watch-dogs of virtue shudder that others should

should enjoy the lightheartedness denied themselves. So it is that each capital encourages its own liberty, and though France, for all her advertised revolt, has never emancipated herself, she does not suffer the galling chain which foreign malice has thrown upon her.

In one respect only does the Frenchman endure a serious restriction: he can hardly hope to escape the venom of religious (or irreligious) intolerance, especially if he live in the provinces. Doubtless, as Mr. Bodley points out, it was the Church which made open declaration of war, but the war has been waged by the anti-Clerical party with a vigour and malice which the most ardent Catholic never foresaw. A man who lives in the public eye would be instantly discredited were it rumoured that he allowed a priest to sanction his marriage, and only last month M. Jaurès, the eminent Socialist, was bitterly attacked in the press because it was rumoured that his children were baptized in water brought from the Jordan! The doctrines of Socialism were utterly forgotten in this ferocious controversy. Only one question demanded an answer, and this was put to M. Jaurès with the loftiest air of conviction: 'Did the Jordan supply the water wherewith your children were baptized or did it not? If it did you are plainly unfit to represent Carmaux or any other constituency in the French Parliament.' So that all the blood spilt in 1793 has not won for the French this small freedom of conscience. Again, the name of the Deity is tabooed by all good Liberals, and in a school edition of *La Fontaine*, sanctioned by the Municipal Council of Paris, the name of God is replaced by a clumsy paraphrase, a piece of narrow-mindedness unrivalled even by the Positivists of thirty years ago, who avenged themselves on their Deity by spelling His name with a small g. More remarkable still, the President of the Republic dares not make a public appearance in church. Once only has M. Félix Faure committed the capital indiscretion, and that was at the mandate of the Czar, who insisted on paying respect at the Cathedral of Paris to the religion professed by his hosts. But at this moment of exultation still more licentious conduct would have been overlooked; and when the President attended the obsequies of the ladies burnt at the Bazaar of the *Charité*, not even the presence of foreign ambassadors absolved him, and he was only excused on the ground that the ceremony was not official.

Still bitterer is the persecution of the poor citizen who depends for his support upon the state. Here is a picture drawn by Mr. Bodley in Western France, and, grim as it is, it is not without its humour: 'The postmaster of a town in the Vendée,

Vendée, who, as is usual in that region, observed his religious duties, was sent for by the *sous-préfet*, who said to him: 'It is reported that you are a constant attendant at church on Sunday; more than that, you always take a book with you; and a man who follows a service with a book must not be surprised if he is put down as a Clerical. Besides, there are your daughters: the eldest, who is being educated at a convent, sings in the chapel choir, and her sister makes the collection at the parish church. Now all these things are noted in your *dossier*, and I think it fair to warn you that you are getting the reputation of being a Clerical.' A terrible indictment truly! No wonder the poor postmaster was perplexed for a reply! But fortunately he consulted the *curé* of the parish, and fortunately the *curé* was a man of the world, who gave the soundest counsel. Instantly distinguishing between the essential and trivial, he convinced the postmaster that he must not sacrifice his career for an unimportant zeal. 'Leave your prayer book at home,' said he, 'if it offends the anti-Clericals, tell the Sisters not to let your daughter sing in the choir, and I will find another of our young friends to take the place of your second girl in making the collection on Sunday.' Thus the situation was saved, and the story reflects more glory on the *curé's* sagacity than on the *sous-préfet's* sense of toleration.

If Liberty has not flourished on the revolutionary soil, Equality has fared no better. How should it? For never was a more foolish cry uttered by human lips. 'L'égalité sera peut-être un droit,' wrote Balzac in an inspired epigram, 'mais aucune puissance humaine ne saura le convertir en fait.' So a 'right' Equality remains—a right unenjoyed. Maybe the apostles of change meant by this catchword the abolition of all titles. If that were their aspiration, Napoleon instantly made it of no effect, for he was always prompt to reward fidelity with a title, which cost nothing and doubly strengthened the bond of service. Moreover, under the Third Republic titles have increased to so surprising an extent that Dukes are more common to-day, if less authentic, than they were when M. de Saint-Simon composed his diary at Versailles or Marly. Again, of social equality there is less in France than elsewhere; the classes keep a more prudent watch upon themselves; and self-advertisement does not mean in Paris, as too often in London, an open door to the smartest houses. Men are not yet regarded as curiosities by our neighbours, and an actor could not by any chicanery enter the houses of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Even the man of letters is regarded with suspicion; and a Frenchman with a title, if he does descend to prose or poetry,
cites

cites the example of King David, and proclaims himself an amateur. Therein he proves himself supremely ridiculous, falling between the stools of family pride and literary incompetence. But in these habits there is no suspicion of equality, and no suspicion of social equality will there ever be in the world until gold and brains are banished from among us. In another and a better sense, however, France may boast an equality unknown in England. Wherever you travel, from Normandy to the Vosges, from Picardy to the Garonne, you encounter an evenly diffused and curiously vivid intelligence. You speak with your neighbour in a railway train, you interrupt a labourer at his work, and you instantly realize that you are talking to a man with whom conversation is not only possible but a pleasure. The peasant's knowledge is not only profound, but his mind is something better than a mere echo of a halfpenny press, and he expresses his independent judgment with a clearness and a style which you will seldom encounter in the British Isles. Even the language of his discourse is more often than not the purest French, and always superior to that mixture of grunt and slang wherewith the sturdy Anglo-Saxon is wont to befog his meaning. So, while on the one hand the columns of the Republican press are daily packed with the names of titled sportsmen, on the other you may note in France the best form of equality; and if the Revolution did not inculcate an utterly impossible virtue, the enemy of true reason and romance, that is because not even revolutions can work miracles, and Man will remain himself, sometimes brutal, but always various, despite the crazy levelling doctrines.

But the wildest cry of all was the cry of Fraternity, shouted at the scaffold's foot by ruffians eager for blood. 'Fraternity, as it is practised in France,' said Metternich, quoted by Mr. Bodley, 'has led me to the conclusion that if I had a brother I would call him my cousin.' And unless unveiled abuse is the privilege of brotherhood, the French are as far from fraternity to-day as they were a hundred years ago. Indeed, Mr. Bodley points out with perfect justice that while the Frenchman may condemn his enemies, whether English or German, he reserves his choicest scorn for his own race. Never since the world began did political rancour disgrace the press as it disgraces the press of modern Paris. No insinuation is too base, no insult too gross, wherewith to besmirch an opponent. If you were to draw the portrait of M. Méline (for instance) or General Billot from the traits supplied by the Socialist papers, you would portray so vile a monster as never lived upon the earth. It is true that across the Channel politics is a trade wherewith gentlemen

gentlemen are not used to soil their hands, but the French Chamber is not only composed of professional politicians, and in France he who would serve his country must pay the penalty. He must endure unmoved the most infamous scandals, and his only possible redress is an appeal to arms. It is hopeless for him to satisfy judges so variously exacting as MM. Drumont, Rochefort, and de Cassagnac. Yet any deflection from the momentary standard of any one of these *sabreurs* means unmerited and indiscriminate abuse. The practice has driven one President from office, and it was only by a timely heroism that M. Félix Faure overcame the calumnies of his fellow-citizens. Nor, in these cases, was the personal attack justified by the slightest indiscretion. It was only that the journalist wished to flesh his sharpened pen, and the President was the loftiest excuse for this species of cruelty.

Now, Mr. Bodley, we think, is inclined to underrate the importance of this warfare. The newspapers, says he, do not represent the feeling of the country, and the mass of citizens does not regard the act of government as the most loathsome of crimes. Perhaps the mass does not, because it is absolutely indifferent to the political situation. But the newspaper responds so swiftly to the opinion of the country that the '*Figaro*' was compelled by its subscribers to change its policy in a recent controversy with no more than a day's notice. And it is certain that, if the more intelligent among Frenchmen ignore politics, those who do pursue the game of government pursue it with a ferocity and unscrupulousness which prove better than a thousand arguments that France is unfit for a lowered franchise and democratic institutions. Aimless vituperation is a sure sign of decadence, and it is in aimless vituperation that the fraternity once acclaimed by the doctrinaire is finding its hapless and logical conclusion. Again, the Frenchman, intent on sparing others rather than his own kind, is the fiercest critic of his soldiers and his governors. A national disaster always demands a national scapegoat, and the demand is always satisfied. As an unsuccessful general is wont to appear in the light of a traitor, so a Minister must triumph or be discarded for ever. M. Ferry's failure in Tonkin was punished by irretrievable ruin. Yet M. Ferry was a distinguished statesman, and if ever the history of France is dispassionately written, his merits will be freely and frankly acknowledged. He was, in fact, the initiator of the colonial policy now generally advocated. But in Tonkin he received an unforeseen and inevitable check; wherefore his patriotism and energy availed him nothing. The ferocity of his countrymen

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was aroused; he was driven from office never to return; and, maybe, he congratulated himself that he escaped with his life. In brief, the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, at once preached and discredited by the Revolution, have made no progress since the year of disgrace. What then does France owe to the savage upheaval which destroyed her *régime* and compelled reconstruction? Nothing save the splendid system of central administration devised by Napoleon, which Mr. Bodley most wisely proclaims to be the key-stone in the arch of French life.

The Revolution, then, is a myth; it is Napoleon that is the supreme reality. There is no *sous-préfet* appointed this year to a distant province who does not exercise his functions in accordance with the will of that hero whom once it was the fashion to call the Corsican brigand. The Revolution destroyed; Napoleon built up. The Revolution found catch-words in the dregs of philosophy. Napoleon dictated six lines, and the thing was; and the thing not only was, but the thing remained. And so the vast machine devised by the greatest administrator of all time still works to the glory and advantage of France. With this machine to aid, no more was needed than an autocrat to represent the country abroad and to fight her battles. But Providence is chary of autocrats, and though the Napoleonic system has survived monarchies constitutional and absolute, republics and communes, and even that worst blend of all, a 'liberal Empire,' France still suffers from the lack of a Cæsar or of a stable government. This then is the difficulty wherein France finds herself: to harmonize a democratic constitution with the Napoleonic system. The reckless champions of parliamentary government ask in despair: Why not abolish the ancient habit of centralization, and give a chance to our newer methods? But the question could only be asked in despair, for upon the old machinery depends the life of a great country, and upon the modern untried system depends little else than the ambition of Ministers and the venom of the press. It is, then, to this contradiction that any study of political France must be directed, and Mr. Bodley has understood the difficulty as only a fair-minded reasoner and a trained politician could understand it. Nor does he make any secret of his sympathies. He asserts again and again, with a clearness that cannot be too highly praised, that the Napoleonic system is the salvation of France, and that her poor attempt at parliamentary government has been a conspicuous failure.

The constitution now practised in France is scarce a quarter of a century old, and so has not outlived the stage of experiment.

ment. But its trial has been long enough to convince the most ardently sympathetic that its ultimate failure is inevitable. Nor, indeed, is there any reason why France, accustomed for centuries to feel upon her shoulder the iron hand of monarchy, should in a moment arise and shake itself 'free.' The Parliament of England is the result of growth, unconscious and unconsidered, of growth which has perfected itself through centuries of danger; and it was this Parliament of England which France, in the moment of recovery from a disastrous war, chose as her model. She chose it in the enthusiasm of admiration, and did not recognize that all the elements which had prospered the English constitution were lacking within her borders. Nor was it the hand of genius which framed the new provisions; there was no Napoleon to impose a new system; and, even if Gambetta had possessed the genius of Napoleon, the new-found Republic, whose object was to suppress the individual, would have done its best to thwart him. But while genius was lacking, France had already committed the unpardonable sin (political and artistic) of disloyalty to tradition. What blasphemy is to the theologian disregard of the past is to the politician. And France was so careless of her past that, when she sat down to frame a brand-new constitution, she had forgotten the glories of Louis XI., of Henry IV., of Louis XIV. She affected to inaugurate a new existence, and she carried her mind no farther back than the year of shame, 1789.

But tradition will not be flouted, the past will not be suppressed, and the composite constitution which obtains in France to-day has failed because there remain in the country the seeds of monarchy or Cæsarism, and merely a few cuttings from that alien plant, a parliamentary government. In the first place the importation is too recent to be understood. The citizens were given the privilege of the vote, and they rejected it with a lofty indifference. Why should they value that for which they had not fought? We English, for reasons of our own, have always believed that the vote, like the air men breathe, is the right of all, and we have been exceedingly chary of conferring the necessary favour. The smallest extension of the franchise has been an excuse for a battle of the wits and a universal enthusiasm. The result is that the householder, permitted to vote, has valued his privilege, as something gained by argument and self-denial. The Frenchman, on the other hand, was asked to vote, without any pressure exerted on his part; and he was so little stirred by the favour that he merely smiled and returned to his *café*. In fact, the compulsory

compulsory favour was accepted partly with indifference and partly with cynicism. If corruption seemed to amuse the novice, then the register was tampered with, and dead men voted in battalions. At Toulouse, for instance, the electoral roll of 1893 contained 3,000 fictitious names, and, while it is likely that the real electors abstained with indifference, it is certain that the 3,000 dead-heads polled as one man. Bankrupts, absentees, and corpses were liberally inscribed, and by the aid of chemicals the names were removed of unnumbered voters hostile to the Radical Socialists. In brief, it was an election of comic opera, and, though the Prefect of the Haute Garonne was presently removed to a better post, there was no outburst of national indignation, as would be evoked in England by a similar atrocity.

But such flagrant examples of cynicism are of rare occurrence, and even when they occur they are rather humorous than shocking. The phenomenon which strikes despair into the heart of the French patriot is the flagrant nonchalance wherewith the democrat contemplates his vote. A general election makes no stir outside the party press and the hysterical brains of the candidates. The gross insolence of the newspapers, the personal violence of the bills wherewith all the walls of France are placarded, find no echo in the hearts of the people. A town about to choose its representatives seems afflicted with nothing more dangerous than inaction and fatigue. There is no bustle, no meetings at the street corner, no noisy championship of losing causes. The ordinary citizen does not tell his neighbour for whom he will cast his vote, if, indeed, he take the trouble to cast his vote at all. The declaration of the poll may cause a momentary excitement, but where there are no parties there can be no defined spontaneous enthusiasm; and the citizen goes home in the full knowledge that, though the next Ministry lives but a fortnight, the real work of the country will still be efficiently performed. After all, the French citizen is wisely inspired. Politics are but an incident in the national history, and it is possibly because our own institutions have been so wisely developed that we English hold the House of Commons in so high a respect. A man who leads his party for a session wins more immediate fame than poet or painter; and his fame depends not so much upon his intelligence as upon the universal interest inspired in his compatriots by the sound of his voice or the cut of his coat. In France every man who can read has heard the name of Daudet or Zola; not one in a hundred could tell you who was Prime Minister the year before last. Nor can it be said that the Frenchman is foolish in his choice.

choice. Literature is a finer whet-stone for the brain than politics, and the pot-house politician is not so much a patriot as a futile echo of other men's half-knowledge.

Moreover, the institutions of France are not such as to awake the enthusiasm of the mob. The Chief of the State is so often changed, he has held his office on so frail a tenure, that nobody knows whether to-morrow he will be President or Emperor. In the meantime it is difficult to invest so worthy a citizen as M. Félix Faure with the glamour of genius or authority. The *cabarets artistiques* flout the President with a contemptuous gaiety with which a traditional monarch could never be assailed. Every night the vanities of 'Félix Premier' are held up to light-hearted ridicule without a word of protest or a shudder of resentment. The journey to Russia, the meeting of the two Emperors, Félix and Nicholas, are subjects of mirth which never fail of their effect. A popular singer has but to call Mlle. Faure the Dauphine to be greeted with a roar of appreciative laughter. Nor is there in all this a suggestion of disloyalty. The scorn is quickened merely by the newness of the office and its tenant's inevitable lack of habit. It is continuity which wins respect; and, although M. Carnot made a brave effort to appear an abstraction rather than a man, M. Félix Faure has never been a symbol; he remains, and will remain, the same respectable citizen of Le Havre which he was before ever he entered upon his office. Maybe, if a President of genius could invest the office with dignity, the *poètes chansonniers* of Montmartre would sharpen their wits elsewhere, and the tenant of the Élysée might be assured of respect even in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. But genius would probably convert the Septennate into a dictatorship for life, and France, which above law and order reverences a pageant, will not be induced to bow the knee to an institution so little decorative as the Presidency.

In those 'never-to-be-forgotten days,' to use the journalist's favourite tag, wherein the Czar of all the Russias visited Paris, France felt most keenly her lack of dignity. The Czar represented not only ancient lineage but an autocratic dynasty. It was impossible to catch sight of him without recalling a romantic history and an ancestry of blood and iron. And opposite sat M. Félix Faure, who represented nothing save himself. Behind that white shirt and dress-coat there lurked no memory of France's ancient splendour. The spectator did not carry back his mind from the worthy burgess to the glories of Fontainebleau or the dying magnificence of Versailles. Truly the pageant was not in vain; the procession

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was arranged with the consummate sense of space and colour which characterizes the talent of France. One thing only was lacking—that touch of imaginative personality, either birth or genius, which ennobles a nation; and doubtless on that day many an unspoken thought was treacherous to the memory of Revolution. But if the Chief of State lacks continuity, what shall we say of the Chamber, which is elected to legislate for France, and which seldom remains constant for many months to its chosen head? Ministers are wont to succeed one another with such rapidity that even the zealous lose count, and the perpetual change is enough to prove that the machinery of Parliament will never work easily in a country whose institutions and temperament alike require an autocrat. But despite its virulence and corruption, despite its own fatuity and the public disregard, the French Chamber possesses one shining virtue—it seldom legislates. The ancient Code of Napoleon is sufficient, and the Chamber, fearful of its own instability, is satisfied if only it contrive a profitable budget. So, from its very weakness, the French Parliament is saved from the idle task of superfluous law-making, and its furtive hold upon life is but another element of strength to the Napoleonic system. As for the Senate, that reverend body conducts itself with exemplary patience and painstaking diffidence. Nobody considers its authority or expects its intervention. When some two years since it successfully upset a ministry, it was rather surprised than arrogant, and it is far more fortunate in the palace wherein it conducts its leisurely and academical debates than in its infrequent experiments in legislation.

If, then, we consider the political institutions of France, we shall perhaps conclude that the country is decrepit and decayed. Burdened with a government which she misunderstands, how shall she escape disaster? Thus asks the pessimist, with increasing anxiety, thinking in his heart that the discredit of Parliament means the ruin of France. Nor does he stop at recrimination; he is ready with remedies; and France resembles nothing so much as a sick woman whom the doctors contemplate with a restless despair. She is sick and surrounded with quacks, each one of whom, with his best bedside manner, recommends a fresh panacea. Here, for instance, is M. Jules Lemaître, who devotes two columns of the '*Figaro*' every week to the denunciation of his own country. To be born a Frenchman, says he, is a doubtful glory; and for the better instruction of his compatriots he quotes the violent condemnation of German politicians and the noisy truculence of despairing Chauvinism. Education alone is necessary, of this he is certain;

certain; and so he would regenerate the country by changing the curriculum of her schools. Here, on the other hand, is the colonial party, which is confident that France's one hope of glory lies in expansion. In vain it is reminded of its country's hard thrift and declining population. No argument can check its energy. France, it asserts, may only be saved by becoming Anglo-Saxon! That is to say, a great country must denationalize itself in order to imitate the enforced policy of another. And so, the champions of colonial expansion attempt to discover the basis of Anglo-Saxon superiority, and the most conspicuous among them, M. Demolins, has written a book to prove that University Extension is at the bottom of it all. A little research might have convinced this philosopher that our success abroad is some centuries old, and that University Extension, born twenty-five years ago, is already moribund. But painful research is no part of M. Demolins' programme; he desires a shorter cut to Anglo-Saxon supremacy, and he is certain that fifty itinerant lecturers would convert France into our most serious rival. Hasty generalization such as this would not be worth considering were it not put forth with perfect earnestness and fidelity. M. Demolins does believe that colonial expansion is the one possible remedy for France's ill-health, and he does believe that this remedy can best be sought in a loyal imitation of English life and English habits. Alas! before one imitates, one must understand one's model; and it must be confessed that MM. Demolins and Lemaître are ingenuously ignorant of the perfidious Albion. Moreover, it is not yet clear why France should expand her borders. How, indeed, can she hope for success with a population that ever declines, and with a soil that generously feeds all those children who scratch its surface? A man who lives in comfort at home has small inducement to risk his fortune abroad; and the Frenchman, constant above all to his own land, his own wine, his own boulevard, is not easily persuaded to risk the uncertainties of foreign travel. At home he finds all the elements which make life agreeable; his thrift has shielded him against the fear of poverty; his *café* gives him the solace of congenial companionship; and since no man may find more than happiness in this world, the Frenchman most properly and prudently elects to stay at home. In brief, MM. Lemaître and Demolins base their argument upon false premisses. One genuine Frenchman is worth a hundred spurious Anglo-Saxons; and there is only one method of becoming a good colonist: to be born a discontented islander and to be pushed out.

And then appears that other physician who declares that
 Vol. 188.—No. 375. N decentralization

decentralization is the only pill which will cure the suffering France. M. Barrès, in his 'Déracinés,' would prove that the provinces yield up all their talent to Paris, and receive nothing in exchange. His argument is moral rather than political. The ground of his quarrel is not so much that the country is administered from Paris by the Napoleonic system as that the provinces, whenever they grow the plant of talent, despatch a straightway to the market of the capital. But this must ever be the case. It is not France only that suffers from (or profits by) centralization. There is no country in the world that ever succeeded in checking the ambition of her sons. A man of talent is born in a distant province, and after a while he is not content to measure his wits with his neighbours; he must find a theatre whereon he may display his gifts to all the world. And so he packs his knapsack and travels, like Daudet perhaps, without even a stocking on his foot, to the city where he will meet the stoutest competitors and win at last the greatest glory. But even if it were proved that this constant attraction of Paris were the ruin of France, there is no possible means of checking the evil or of curing the disease. A country town will always appear stunted and unsympathetic to the ambition of youth, and the love of their province is so frankly platonic in the hearts of its champions that the prophets of decentralization always pass their lives upon the boulevards. Moreover, a policy of sentiment, however warmly it be advocated, must always begin and end in words. Even if it were proved that the welfare of France demanded the strict adherence of genius to its birthplace, genius would still be wandering, and let its country go hang. To object that Nancy and Marseille are governed from Paris, which does not understand their necessities nor their wants, may be misguided, but it is practical, and the objection might have a practical answer. To argue that Nancy is ruined because her intelligent sons prefer the stress of the capital to the secluded boredom of their home is sound perhaps, but it is not practical, and it will never reach a practical conclusion. Lucien de Rubempré would have deserted Angoulême even if he had never met Madame de Bargeton in his life.

It has often been remarked that the Frenchman is logical even when his premisses are false, and M. Demolins, already quoted, does not belie his national characteristics. Not content with 'proving' that the Frenchman's salvation lies in a patient mimicry of the Anglo-Saxon, he has contrived to find the seed of weakness in his own country. His recent book, 'Les Français d'Aujourd'hui,' is pessimism turned to wild despair.

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With a strange deftness he twists the wealth and prosperity of France against herself. A casual visit to England has convinced him (for instance) that England has no vines. Wherefore it is evident that France's weakness springs from the indiscreet cultivation of the grape. The grape, in fact, is made the pack-saddled ass, which shall carry all the sins of the nation. In the first place it is easily cultivated, and leads on to an easy prosperity. In the second place it discourages organization, and makes every man his own capitalist. Worse than all, it encourages the small proprietor, that shy bird which generations of political wiseacres have tried to snare, and therefore compels prosperity—and disgrace. Have we not here the *reductio ad absurdum* of political quackery? The most far-sighted ruler can hope for no more than the happiness, ease, and culture of his subjects; and yet we find an intelligent Frenchman hurling it as a reproach against the vine-growers of France, that the grape gives them so easy a life, so independent a leisure, that naught is left them but ruin. Would he replace wine by beer, and thus follow the infamous examples of the *brasseries* which are defacing Paris? Or would he subtly import phylloxera from abroad, and harass the soul of the small proprietor? It is all perplexing, and at least it shows how infamous is logic misapplied.

In the multitude of quacks there is folly, and so many remedies are recommended for the recovery of France that we are tempted to ask: 'Is France really sick at all?' And a sincere consideration of the question can lead only to one answer: she is whole but misguided. A perverse fate has persuaded her to mistake her destiny, and to harbour all those ambitions for which she is notoriously unfit. She thinks she should go abroad, though her own territory is prolific enough to support all her sons, and though she has proved in every quarter of the globe her complete unfitness for the task of colonization. This is surely no reproach. A dark-haired man is not blame-worthy because he cannot grow a russet beard, and France, with all her work to accomplish at home, is not contemptible because she cannot wring an unwilling profit out of Algiers. Again, France has no political talent. She is too ancient a *frondeuse* to understand party government, and as it is by a slavish regard for party that Parliamentary institutions succeed, it is not remarkable that the Chamber of Deputies is not an ideal house of legislature. Law-makers cannot live in caves alone, and a cave is the only habitation beloved of the freely-elected parliamentarian of France. Nor is it from lack of will that France has failed in politics: she has made more experiments

in government than all the rest of Europe thrown together, and her zeal in experiment is as yet unrewarded. But what matters it that the Chamber is discredited? The country does not exist for government; the government exists for the country; and if the country prospers, what matters it that the Palais Bourbon is not seriously regarded either as a school of behaviour or as a factory of laws? Politics touch nothing but the fringe of life. Outside their narrow realm there are many kingdoms, and the French have acquired the sovereignty of them all. Government, in fact, is a means, not an end, and if Napoleon has bequeathed to France a surety of administration, it matters little whether M. Méline holds office for a day, a week, or a year. The only difficulties which a country encounters lie abroad; and as an official who has never been a member of the Chamber can hold the permanent office of Foreign Secretary, the Palais Bourbon may degenerate into a bear-garden without risk of disgrace. The newspapers, doubtless, will exaggerate the fray, and make what capital they can from the encounter, but across the frontier these accidents assume their proper proportion, and they are not confused with the character of France. The last words of that masterpiece of clarity, Voltaire's 'Candide,' which is the very essence of French wit and French intelligence, contain the permanent gospel of France: "Cela est bien dit," répondit Candide, "mais il faut cultiver notre jardin." And France still cultivates her garden, despite M. Demolins and his prophecies of evil. She may not possess the genius of politics, but she possesses that which makes far more effectively for happiness: the genius of life. She cultivates her garden. Maybe she will not spread abroad her talents, but expansion is not the duty of all, and at home she will so gratify her taste that she will find within her own borders all the elements of good fortune. That there is an absolute divorce between politics and intelligence should in no way hamper her progress. For politics are of modern birth, and France, in spite of her Revolution and her Empire, is effectively the France of the *ancien régime*. Turn aside from the report of debates in Parliament; forget the seriousness of Mr. Bodley; and open your Balzac where you will. Study the simple life of the country side in those matchless 'Scènes de la Vie de Province,' and you will confess that something of feudalism survived the terrific shock of the Napoleonic wars. For feudalism is enshrined in the hearts of men, and not even the genius of the Emperor availed to destroy the ancient system. And when you have mastered Balzac, turn again to M. Anatole France,

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and accompany the admirable M. Bergeret to the bench under the elms or to the corner of the bookseller's shop, and confess again that life may be lived in France far away from politics and its vulgar influence. Whether Laon be the scene of M. France's sketch or no, the scene may be matched a hundred times in the north and south, the east and west of the country. Under the shadow of countless great churches the enlightened priest cultivates the Jewish *sous-préfet*, and comes off no worse from the encounter. And should fiction fatigue you, go yourself and live among the people, which knows nothing of political strife, and yet has pierced the secrets of conduct. Seldom will you meet with stupidity; seldom will you feel the lack of sympathy. Even the peasant is constant to his ideal of thrift and to his ambition of luxury, as he understands it. He is not content to eat; however straitened his circumstances, he still must dine, and even though his literature be bounded by 'Le Petit Journal,' he can talk as becomes a man, and he never degenerates into a simple machine of manual labour.

For as politics lie upon the outskirts of Paris, so Paris lies upon the outskirts of France. Behind Paris and politics are the provinces, with their varying industries and their varying life. In these distant cities dulness has no place, for with prosperity comes leisure, and with leisure comes the light-hearted gaiety of the *café*, and the innocent recreation of dominoes or cards. Why should the citizen, whose existence is thus easy and well-filled, disturb himself with dreams of distant colonies or needless self-expansion? Here men work and smile and save, remote from folly and rancour, and the casual stranger as he sips his glass realizes that the great France of Rabelais and Molière, of Saint-Simon and Balzac, still lives, and bridges in an instant the dark years which separate him from romance. In truth, the *esprit gaulois* is still alert; men talk and laugh as they talked and laughed before they were ever asked to send their doctor to Parliament or to support an unknown lawyer from the capital. And this is the strength of France, that France, with her industry and wit, her sense of art and literature, her love of beautiful things, will out-live the strife of politicians.

Yet Mr. Bodley's book persuades us to serious reflection, and though we agree with him that the failure of Parliament is immaterial so long as the ancient system of administration is maintained, we cannot resist the temptation of surmise. France will be France, whoever sits upon the throne, but none that has watched the course of French politics can be incurious

of the future. The Third Republic totters uneasily along, and the tergiversation exhibited during the trial of M. Zola proves that revolution may be at the door. For an instant Cæsarism seemed to triumph in every quarter of Paris, and an insult put upon the army, whether merited or not, seemed the last act of infamy. Meanwhile, the Ministers mistook weakness for strength, and, unable to declare the truth, took refuge in the impotent repetition of falsehood. And, doubtless, had good fortune favoured a Pretender he might at that moment have improvised a throne. But where is the Pretender? The Duke of Orleans, having made himself ridiculous, is discredited for ever. For Paris, mutable as she is, forgets not her laughter. Maybe Prince Henri, with the glory of travel upon him and fresh from the championship of M. Esterhazy, might appear an eligible tribune; and as loyalty to the ancient tradition is no custom of his family he might not hesitate to oust his kinsman. Yet again the mob was cold to indifference, and M. Méline, whose narrow view of duty was his strength, seemed likely to enter upon another term of office. But not even a slender majority tempted him to make the experiment, and so accurately are the groups balanced that a stable government seems impossible. In vain does M. Félix Faure entrust a procession of intrepid politicians with the irksome task of cabinet-making. A majority large enough to foil intrigue appears impossible, and France presents the momentary spectacle of a free democracy whose Chamber is reduced to impotence by diversity of opinion. As for the Napoleonic cause, that lives only in the institutions of the country. None of the Emperor's kinsmen is likely to revive the glory of the past, and as we look upon the France of to-day, we withhold our pen from dogmatism, and wonder, with a calm satisfaction, what the future will bring forth. But whatever happens France will still be rich within her own borders, rich in the understanding of life, rich in all those subtle elegancies which make her the most charming host and the stranger's most sympathetic friend. And if the stranger accept the gift of sympathy he should also offer sympathy in return; nor can any surer method be found of ensuring international understanding than the composition of such books as Mr. Bodley's '*France*.' For Mr. Bodley loves France as profoundly as he understands her politics, and fifty years hence it may be found that he has forged a link between the two countries as strong and as durable as that forged by Arthur Young a century ago.

ART. IX.—1. *The Crawford Collection of Early Charters and Documents*. Edited by A. S. Napier and W. H. Stevenson. Oxford, 1895.

2. *Ancient Charters, Royal and Private*. Edited for the Pipe Roll Society by John Horace Round. London, 1888.

3. *Cartularium Saxonicum*. By W. de Gray Birch. London, 1885, &c.

4. *Manuel de Diplomatique*. Par A. Giry. Paris, 1894.

5. *Handbuch der Urkundenlehre*. Von H. Bresslau. Leipsic, 1889, &c.

THE assertion that a greater diversity of opinion exists as to what history really is than as to what is really history might seem to savour both of parable and paradox. Stated in plain terms, however, this assertion amounts to little less than a truism. Few scholars would seriously think of disputing historical facts which have been 'proved' to be facts on the highest and latest authority. These facts will continue to be facts until they have been 'disproved' by an equally convincing argument. This is the ancient history which we are unmaking and remaking every day to bring it into touch with the history of our own times. But how many of our scholars are agreed upon a definition of the study of history itself? By some it is regarded as a concrete force; by others as an abstract theory. To some it means past politics, and to others philosophy. Many more consider it as a branch of the fine art of literature. By not a few it is associated with some archaeological hobby. Finally, a very few seem to regard it as a science to be applied to the discovery and interpretation of that documentary evidence which is, after all, the source of the historical facts that are accepted with so little difficulty.

Nevertheless, this latest and narrowest view of historical study has received no slight encouragement from recent manifestations. Not only are the great Continental text-books on the science of interpreting historical evidence frequently found in the hands of history teachers, but actual teaching of this same science, upon the most approved principles, may be met with at appropriate centres. Oxford has once more led the way in recognizing the importance of these critical studies. The course of original instruction in diplomatics, palæography, and in the applied scholarship of sources and bibliography (which are associated with the names of Mr. R. L. Poole, Mr. F. Madan, and the Regius Professor of Modern History), forms an agreeable relief to the conventional work of the Schools. It makes no pretensions to rank with the professional curriculum

curriculum of the 'Ecole des Chartes,' but it amply suffices for academical purposes. At Cambridge a course of instruction has been provided by the public spirit of a private scholar, and this is being followed up in a series of university lectures delivered by Mr. W. H. Stevenson upon the origins of our Old English *diplomata*. Finally, in the heart of the prosaic and illiterate capital, a third class, in palæography and diplomatics, has suddenly sprung up in connexion with the London School of Economics, which, profiting by the friendly interest of the authorities and students of the British Museum and Record Office, has achieved an astonishing success.

In another quarter the new science has found its ablest exponent in Mr. W. H. Stevenson, whose share in the recent edition of the 'Crawford Charters' and remarkable contributions to the 'English Historical Review' will mark an epoch in the study of documentary history. Mr. J. H. Round is another admirable scholar, whose work on our 'Ancient Charters' has not only proved a complete revelation to English students, but also enjoyed the rare distinction of a wholly favourable notice by Continental critics; whilst Professor Maitland has by precept and example stimulated the long-dormant interest which is connected with the study of diplomatics.

We shall attempt in the present article to show that the study of the ancient charters, which admittedly furnish a vast mass of information for the elucidation of our constitutional and social history, has been too long neglected by the main body of historical students. We shall also attempt to show that the methods of study usually employed are not calculated to establish the true value or significance of this huge heap of unsorted historical material. For this purpose we have selected certain aspects of the modern appreciation of our national *diplomata* to which we invite the serious attention of all to whom the future of English historical studies is a matter of deep concern. We propose in the first place to discuss the existing classification of the Old English charters, their descent and distribution, and their manuscript relations, as a means of estimating their comparative credibility. In this connexion it will be necessary to examine the accepted theory of the derivation of the English national writing and its supposed employment for notarial purposes by a pre-historic chancery, which even affected the use of a pre-historic seal of majesty. With the ground thus cleared for a fairer view of the subject, we propose to indicate briefly how the well-marked formulas of the Old English charters may afford a ready means of tracing its gradual evolution from the beginning of the seventh century
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to the close of the twelfth, when new forms begin to fill the countless membranes of the Chancery Rolls.

Surely no subject outside the domain of natural science was ever so needlessly hampered by an incomprehensible title. To the outside student and to the general reader 'diplomatics' are suggestive of an official intercourse with foreign countries, characterized by mingled suavity and aversion from plain talk. On the other hand, this modern use of the term would have proved equally puzzling to the pedants of the sixteenth century, whose famous '*bella diplomatica*' are scarcely remembered in the present day. At any rate the title can claim a respectable antiquity, being credibly derived from the *διπλοῦν*, or two-leaved certificate, issued by way of letters of credence to subjects of the later Empire. The Humanist scholars would seem to be responsible for the revival of the old title, thenceforth applied to the great class of royal acts which had accumulated from the days of the Chlovises and Egberhts. Now these acts, though in themselves decidedly uninteresting to any but antiquaries or philologists, possessed a real value for their fortunate possessors, as the very title-deeds of the lands and privileges which they held, or claimed, under the envious gaze of needy potentates and hungry neighbours.

From this point of view charters and chirographs, letters patent and royal inquisitions, had clearly repaid the closest study since the time of Abbot Ingulf of ingenious and apocryphal memory. It is possible therefore that the neglect of diplomatic studies in this country during the last three centuries may be due to the lack of a motive, which in turn would easily account for the remarkable interest taken in the subject by earlier writers. The '*bella diplomatica*' of English partizans were waged between the twelfth and the fifteenth century, for the very reason that the struggle with the Church and local conflicts over titles and jurisdictions ran an earlier course in this country than abroad. Moreover, such disputes as those which accompanied the disintegration of society and religion on the Continent could find little favour under an all-pervading Church and State, a far-reaching judicature, and a democratic machinery of local government.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, at least, most of the religious would have been able to account for the miraculous preservation and opportune production of the ancient evidences of their churches' possessions, or to explain the absence of seals from an Old English charter, by recourse to diplomatic arguments which would be quite unintelligible to the majority of modern scholars. The very fact that the existence of this early knowledge

knowledge has been hitherto unnoticed proves the general indifference to the subject. The pseud-Ingulf's notions about Old English handwriting and seals have indeed frequently been quoted to his disadvantage; but these might have been largely supplemented by the interesting disquisitions of Heming, Gervase of Canterbury, the Monks of Battle, Evesham, and Ramsey, Matthew Paris, and Thomas of Elmham. Even the allusions contained in early treatises, such as the 'Dialogus de Scaccario' and the 'Constitutio Domus Regis,' seem to have been practically neglected, and many others might be found amongst the Chancery and Exchequer compilations of the thirteenth century.

There is preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster a certain original charter of King Offa, dated in the year 785, though to a sceptical critic it might appear to be an unusually skilful forgery of the Edwardian monks. In the body of this charter the church of Westminster is mentioned as 'in Torneia in loco terribili quod dicitur "æt Westminster,"' and this word 'terribilis' has puzzled certain learned editors not a little. One of these has suggested that 'terribilis' is here used in its 'late-Latin signification of venerable,' and reminds us of the provincial use of the word whereby 'a terrible man for the hill' may mean 'a "huer," or watcher on the cliffs for mackerel or pilchards, of more than ordinary experience or keenness of eyesight.' From this point of view, therefore, the abbey enjoyed even in those early days the reputation of being a 'terrible fine place.' Another authority, however, in a history of Westminster published with 'embellishments,' opines that the word applies to the swift current which washed the shores of this marshy spot, and that the rendering should be 'a dangerous place.' And yet our mediæval chroniclers were perfectly aware that in the diplomatic language of Old English charters the proper wording of the sentence would have been 'in loco quod dicitur, *terribili vocabulo*,' &c. Even as late as Higden's time we find this formula paraphrased as 'in loco qui Thorneya dicebatur, quod sonat spinarum insula, nunc autem dicitur Westmonasterium.' 'Locus spinosus' was therefore the mediæval synonym of Thorney Island, and this pretty play upon the name, this affected shudder at a *vox horrenda*, a 'locus terribilis,' should incidentally have given our editors a hint as to the true date of this supposed eighth-century charter.

At the same time it may be admitted that these early diplomatic essays do not take us very far. The sententious brevity of writers like Fitz Nigel and Gervase might indeed lead us to infer that they knew more than they chose to impart—'*Quæ revelanda sunt cum omnium libri aperti erunt et janua clausa*.'

But

But in the case of less practical writers these *obiter dicta* may degenerate into idle gossip. Thomas of Elmham assures us that it was usual, in attesting ancient charters, to insert hairs from the head or beard in the molten wax 'pro signo posteris,' or else to leave an impression of the teeth upon the surface 'in iujus rei evidentiam.' In proof of this Thomas vouches the great foundation charter of Lewes Priory, granted by the first Earl of Warenne, in the seal of which some of the earl's hairs were still shown to the devout by the guardian monks. Unfortunately, however, the charter in question makes no mention of this formality in the clause announcing the signs of validation, but in a charter of the second earl it is stated that a lock of hair was cut from the grantor's head by the Bishop of Winchester before the altar. The incident is, of course, connected with the well known practice of symbolical delivery of seisin by means of placing some votive offering 'super altare.' We may gather, moreover, from an anecdote of Matthew Paris, that the prophets of the new science were not honoured in their own houses. The historian relates that in the reign of King John there appeared amongst the brethren of St. Albans an inquiring mind in the body of one Walter of Langley, who mastered the whole art of diplomatic composition, to such purpose that, like his contemporary Thomas Marlberge, he could answer the Papal clerks in their own jargon. Unhappily these rare accomplishments turned the good monk's head. Intoxicated with the importance of the new learning, he became insupportable to his fellow-writers of the *scriptorium*. In vain was he banished to the cloisters and flogged 'usque ad effusionem sanguinis.' The diplomatic spirit could not be cast out. Then there was a judgment of 'Propter multas litteras insanire,' and Langley died miserably, in chains, in the Abbey's cell of Binham, and was buried in his chains, a warning to all conceited and intolerant pedants. But apart from contemporary discouragements and constitutional checks, there were no traditions of an Old English chancery practice to stimulate or direct these fitful diplomatic essays. The canons of diplomatic criticism which had been enunciated by the Papal chancery at the close of the twelfth century were not adopted by learned Europe until the close of the fifteenth, and thus the flood of critical literature which burst from the New Learning of the Renaissance period found its natural course through Continental channels.

From that time onward English scholarship has toiled painfully in the wake of foreign science. Possibly the example of specialists like Richard Fitz Nigel, Alexander of Swereford, and Walter of Stapledon inspired certain zealous antiquaries
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of the sixteenth century, as these in turn smoothed the way for the deeper researches of Selden, Prynne, Dugdale, le Neve, Madox, and Hickee. Nevertheless, we cannot fail to observe that these industrial giants in the making of imperishable works of reference are out of touch with the Continental scholarship even of that time. The materials for the epoch-making work of Mabillon had been long prepared, not only by the blunders and extravagances, but also by the discoveries and experiments of his predecessors, which undoubtedly owe their first inception to the ancient lore of the Continental chanceries.

Certainly English students have had equal opportunities with those of Continental nations for profiting by the great diplomatic treatises of the eighteenth century, whilst they have perhaps enjoyed exceptional advantages through the lavish patronage of antiquarian literature, and the formation and maintenance of collections in which an unequalled series of native *diplomata* has been preserved for all time. It is, however, only too clearly recognized in the present day that the study of English diplomatics has missed the modern scientific impulse given to Continental scholarship by the establishment of the 'École des Chartes' and the systematic teaching which has resulted from that movement. Is it, then, surprising that the greatest English antiquaries of this century have made no pretensions to any diplomatic knowledge whatever, or that the occasional disquisitions of editors of real learning are too puerile to be compared with the doctor's thesis of a French or German student; in short, that until a new planet swam within the eager ken of a pale watching master there lived not one Englishman whose name could be mentioned in the same breath with those of the veteran Delisle, of Sickel the 'invincible,' of Ficker the 'subtle' doctor, of Bresslau, Liebermann, Bémont, Giry, Havet, and a dozen more, the brilliant products of the diplomatic schools of France and Germany, Italy and Spain?

Why should this thing be? 'Because,' it would be answered by our foreign critics—

'in this matter, as in all others, you English are a law to yourselves. Masterful and self-reliant, your countrymen have plucked the truths of history from thorny places. With a grip of iron upon facts and theories, they have produced the best-arranged and the worst-written constitutional histories in the world. Without possessing the rudiments of diplomatic science, they have edited the texts of diplomatic documents and have compiled works of reference thereto which stand as rugged monuments of insular scholarship. All this is but another instance of your perverse courage. It is magnificent, but it is not—history!'

Perhaps,

Perhaps, after all, there is some truth in this objection. History in the last years of the nineteenth century has indeed become a science of documents, wherein the established versions of our religion, laws, and constitution, the characters of our great men and women, our victories of war and peace, appear as the sport of experts; and in this game of skill our record is not a good one.

For thirteen hundred years, since the landing of the Roman missionaries, we have possessed a stock of public *diplomata* unequalled in any other country, and during the last fifty years we have attempted to bring the earliest of them together in a printed 'Codex.' At no time, apparently, has the question of the sources of these *diplomata* been seriously discussed. They are still, to the great majority of students, merely typographed abstractions of constitutional or economic or philological interest, to be taken as they are found, with such casual reservations as it has pleased a few inquiring minds to propound.

And yet, if the Old English *diplomata* form an important item in our scanty historical evidence for the pre-Conquest period, it might be thought that their authenticity was a matter of some moment. To base our historical arguments upon supposed facts or imaginary relations is possibly to argue from false premisses. We can repeat the statement for what it may be worth, we can estimate its value according to the probability of its form and the credibility of its source; but to accept it as Gospel without any scrutiny whatever, and to build upon this flimsy basis of fact a lofty superstructure of theory, is surely not an historical method that will commend itself to the inquiring student of the future.

The Old English *diplomata* which are thus presented to us in the pages of our printed 'Codex,' *Diplomatarium*, or *Cartularium*, may be said to have been derived from two apparent sources. In one quarter, they are preserved in some ancient writing, and this written form, which may be either the original or a version thereof, is usually contained in a single sheet, or is occasionally entered on the fly-leaf of some Gospel-book or custumal. Failing this original, there may be a later copy or abstract, which commonly bears an outward resemblance to its exemplar. If, however, as most frequently occurs, neither original nor apograph has been preserved, our text would be derived from a monastic entry-book, register, or cartulary, which may have been compiled at any time within eight hundred years of the date of the original instrument. Again, there are some cases in which none of the above sources are available, and we are dependent upon a modern transcript. Lastly, owing to the well

well known practice of presenting ancient charters for confirmation or for official inspection, numerous texts have been preserved in the rolls and registers of the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, and King's Bench, and not infrequently, as Mr. Stevenson has shown, these inrolments furnish a unique or at least a preferable version of the original instrument.

The second class of diplomatic texts comprises such as no longer exist in any ancient writing, but in a printed form, which sometimes causes our gratitude to the bygone editors to be tempered by mingled curiosity and regret.

To the misfortune of this unequal descent of our existing texts must be added that of their uneven distribution. It is perfectly obvious that we no longer possess the whole or even the bulk of the *diplomata* that were executed between the seventh and the eleventh centuries. It is also to be inferred that what we do possess were scattered in irregular groups amongst the local repositories from which they have been rescued. In one period Winchester comes to the front, and in another Worcester. Wessex and Kent and East Anglia are fairly well represented; Mercia not so well, and Northumbria not at all; but no volume of diplomatic evidence issues continuous and complete from any one source. We may be justly proud of the learned zeal of the cartographers of Canterbury and Rochester and Worcester; but one really perfect local collection would have been worth many times the joint result of their labours from the point of view of the student of English diplomatics.

At the same time, we must be on our guard against pressing the conclusions based upon these statistics to their logical extremity. It is premature to bewail the loss of a vast mass of Old English charters, estimated solely by the *residuum* that has survived, without some further assurance of the necessity for their existence. Indeed, our limited knowledge of the occasions which governed these grants of 'boc-land,' or of privileges and immunities connected with its possession, points to a somewhat different conclusion. We are no longer compelled to suppose that book-land was the several holding of all who claimed a several estate in the *Ager publicus*. On the contrary, we are now well assured by our great legal historian that book-land was 'a clerkly and exotic institution, and that grants of it owe their existence, directly or indirectly, to royal favour, and can throw no light, save incidentally, on the old customary rules of land-holding.'

This Old English customary procedure is perhaps the key to the puzzle of the missing charter. In the bracing atmosphere of this native custom the 'book' imported from the imperial or pontifical

tical chancery may well have languished as an 'exotic,' if it should have gained such repute as led to its further propagation is really due to entirely extraneous circumstances, the exact force of which has not perhaps been as yet sufficiently retained.

It might, however, be urged, even by an expert like Mr. Birch, that it is not the business of the editor of a 'Codex' to attempt to estimate the value of the manuscripts which have been selected for the purposes of his edition. Granted that this is a matter of opinion, we can only regret that our own opinion does not coincide with that of Mr. Birch. At the same time, this reticence may serve to furnish a few humble suggestions to the editors, a few useful hints to intending students—and most this :

The 'Codex' (or by whatever other name the printed text of Old English *diplomata* may be called) is not to be regarded as a finality. That is to say, we must be prepared to go behind the printed text in order to estimate the historical value of the materials which we propose to use. The 'Codex,' in fact, is a chronological register of *diplomata* brought together for the convenience of reference. It does not (whether rightly or wrongly) make any serious attempts at diplomatic criticism. It is a matter that is designedly—we might almost say wilfully—left to the ability or taste of individual students, as though it were a matter which concerned the palæographer and philologist alone.

Here, then, we have a view of the 'Codex' which is instructive to the whole body of its students, the classification of its contents.

This is a subject which we are apt to overlook in using the printed and numbered volumes of the printed text. We forget, in order to effect our convenient chronological arrangement, that the original codices have been, so to speak, cut up and pasted up. Thus we have lost sight of the antecedents of the collected charters, their local colouring, and their distinctive individuality. We may hastily scan page after page of the 'Codex,' without being reminded of Heming or the *Textus Roffensis*, and even the blatant pseud-Ingulf almost passes unheeded in the crowd of minor forgers.

It is true that our 'Codex' may be tardily furnished, like that of Kemble, with a partial key for the identification of the sources, but how many will use it, or would realize the meaning of its synonyms? How many of us are accustomed, like Professor Liebermann, to carry in our heads the equation, 'Ad. 150 = Codex Wintoniensis,' the chief source for Winchester charters ;

charters; or to distinguish from memory between the MSS. 'Tib. A. 13,' which, being Heming's cartulary, must be treated with respect, and 'Faust. A. 3,' 'Claud. B. 6,' 'Bodl. Wood. i.,' and 'Vesp. B. 24,' which, as they contain the respective collections of Westminster, Abingdon, Glastonbury, and Evesham, should be used with considerable caution?

This question of classification, therefore, may be earnestly recommended to the attention of the student who has not the requisite skill to tell at a glance whether this or that charter bears a genuine aspect. Thus equipped, he will 'know his warranty' for the statements in the printed text, and he can take such further precautions as are needed by recourse to special texts. It will be seen that this recommendation amounts to 'starring' the several codices, just as individual charters have, to a limited extent and to a certain date only, been 'starred' by the editor of our first 'Codex.' The principle is perhaps more sound, as it is also far less arbitrary, than Kemble's method, since it applies to the whole period, and includes charters which were formerly unknown or at least omitted. Again, instead of condemning a few instruments at random upon evidence which is not stated, a thorough scientific scrutiny is invited of every specimen which is intended to be used. Neither is the labour of identifying the several collections so great as might be thought. A full half of the contents of Mr. Kemble's 'Codex' is derived from only a dozen famous cartularies, the residue being made up from original parchments, lesser registers, or printed versions.

It has been usually supposed that the authenticity of any particular charter can be ascertained with comparative certainty by means of diplomatic tests. At the same time, it cannot be said that our experiments in this direction have been uniformly successful. A charter which conforms with all the laws of philology and all the rules of palæography may still be proved a forgery by external evidence, if we have reason to suspect a forgery from its manuscript relations. For the purpose of a true diplomatic test, therefore, an appreciation of those manuscript relations is essential, and yet it is employed in very few instances.

It might, indeed, be objected that to proceed thus upon suspicion of forgery would be to prejudice the case. The truth is, however, that we have not yet arrived at an understanding even as to the diplomatic definition of a forgery. Time was when, during the sharp reaction from long centuries of childish credulity, charters were denounced as forgeries for the slightest inconsistency. Since then we have been passing thru

fresh period of reaction, in the direction of the limitation and refinement of the term 'forgery,' until it has become an extremely hazardous matter to reject a charter at all. Between the downright dogmatism of Hickes and the cautious methods of Mr. Kemble and Professor Earle there is perhaps room for a middle course, and that course will be safest steered by the light of diplomatic criticism.

But first there is a limit to our patience and our gravity, which hitherto each one has set for himself. Whether there is any profit in a discussion of charters like those of Croyland is a question which most people have answered in the negative, and yet the Croyland forgeries are with us always—in the 'Codex'—and with them stand score upon score of kindred forgeries which are accepted and used every day as historical evidence. Even the most honoured of our codices are not always immaculate. The originals which have been perpetuated in facsimile include eleventh- and twelfth-century imitations of Old English characters and composition. The Worcester and Rochester books have preserved here and there a forgery as palpable as any of Croyland, whilst in comparatively respectable collections, such as those of Christchurch, Canterbury, and Winchester, we are presented with whole batches of suspicious charters. As for houses like Abingdon, Malmesbury, Evesham, Glastonbury, St. Edmunds, Bath, St. Augustine's (Canterbury), Shaftesbury, Wilton, Sherborne, Peterborough, Chichester, and Chertsey, it is enough to say that wherever there is a motive to forge we may suspect a forgery.

This motive theory is indeed the vexed question which can never be answered to the satisfaction of all. By keeping it carefully out of sight, Mabillon and his followers were able to formulate a series of tests which, as Hickes truly observed, would save almost every suspected charter from condemnation. And this cry has been raised once more in our own times: 'Let us save something! No matter if the king is a wrong one, or the indiction, or if the witnesses are impossible; these are clerical errors which may be set down to the carelessness of a later scribe.'

It has been strangely assumed by nine writers out of every ten that a forged charter is an original composition of a much later date than the period to which it refers. Therefore these critics have chiefly concerned themselves with a laborious search for trivial anachronisms; but in numerous cases in which there is a reasonable suspicion of forgery, the scribe has merely tampered with an original grant by way of interpolating a word or a sentence to cover some disputed point which

(from his pious view) the original grantor had accidentally omitted to foresee. In such cases, when erasure or insertion were not practicable, a perfect model, both as to handwriting and composition, was available for the fabrication of an improved original.

To detect these nearly contemporary forgeries by the test of handwriting alone is indeed a difficult task. The unfailing instinct which serves the really great palæographer in this matter is the rarest possible gift. The remarkable success achieved in this direction by the present Principal Librarian of the British Museum is written at large in several critical notices of our Old English *diplomata*, but as a rule the official expert is wisely reticent concerning the precise dates of historical manuscripts judged by the writing alone. It is recorded in his own handwriting that one of the greatest of the official antiquaries of the seventeenth century, a man who literally lived and breathed in an atmosphere of records, was persuaded that a certain noted manuscript was of the time of King Henry VII., and in this opinion he was especially fortified by the character of the illuminations. It is now known that the writing is of the reign of Henry III., but good authorities have pointed out that even for this date the illuminations in question are singularly archaic.

To do the forger justice, however, he usually avoided a literal imitation of the original charter, and contented himself by propounding a presumably faithful copy; for in the case of an avowed and none too intelligent transcript, what matters it that a few errors of chronology have crept in? Truly these things would matter nothing if only the phraseology of the charter, including its interpolations, were found to agree with the contemporary style. This, however, is a point which seems to have escaped observation entirely, and thus the critics who denounce the Croyland forgeries have readily swallowed the Old English seal of majesty and the Chancellor atop of it.

From the very beginning of the seventh century until past the middle of the twelfth the diplomatic writings of this country were composed wholly or to a large extent in the Old English style. That such a national style existed it is no longer necessary to maintain as though it were a novel proposition, but it is necessary to make the assertion emphatically, because it is generally assumed that the Old English *diplomata* from the eighth to the tenth centuries were composed with very little method. It is also assumed that in the Confessor's reign, or even earlier, a diplomatic apparatus was introduced modelled upon the highly organized system of the Continental chanceries.

We must not forget that the origin of the national writings

is a subject that finds an important place in our Continental handbooks. The connexion between the history of the Old English handwriting and the survival of the Old English style is indeed a very close one. We all know the extent of our national obligations to the ancient Irish civilization. The Anglo-Saxons, we are told, were the scholars of the Roman missionaries, but they also had Irish teachers. The meaning of this is that in the south the influence of the Roman school prevailed and in the north that of the Irish. The feature of this Old English writing, the *manus Saxonica* of later antiquaries, is not, however, as with the Irish, its unchanging form, but its remarkable flexibility. It is large or small, angular or round, fair or cursive, according to the period or the style in which it is written. Finally, instead of preserving its individuality as a mere archaic survival, this Old English writing, together with the native art of illumination, may be traced for four centuries after the Conquest, assimilating itself with the Anglo-French and Gothic characters in general use.

The gradual conversion of the insular writing to the universal forms of the Franco-Roman writing instituted by Charlemagne is usually explained as follows. It is supposed that the French hand must have invaded the *scriptorium* of every English monastery towards the close of the tenth century. The new calligraphy was apparently adopted by the English scribes for their own national writings, at first with obvious difficulty, but soon with an ease and elegance of form that excelled their models. At length, with the opening of the eleventh century, the native pointed minuscules have been transformed. With the Conquest the national hand disappears altogether, and its place is taken by a French court-hand. That the *stilus Anglicus* continued to be used for the composition of a few English books and for a few English versions of Latin *diplomata* does not affect this view, since, although the typical Old English letters were still employed in a degenerate form, the character of the writing as a whole is that of the Franco-Roman minuscule hand of the period in which these writings were made.

It is with the greatest diffidence that we venture to take exception to any part of the accepted theory of the descent of our national handwriting. We take this exception on the ground that the assumption which underlies it, that the Old English writing did not take a cursive form, is misleading; whilst the consequent assumption that the native hand was superseded even before the Conquest by the Continental cursive for diplomatic purposes is based upon a wholly unreliable authority.

The fact is that the term 'cursive' may be and has been used in two different senses. In one sense it has been used to distinguish the special diplomatic writings of the Roman chancery, which were imitated by the national scribes, just as they borrowed the whole of their notarial apparatus from this source. In the other sense it applies to a form of minuscule writing, which has been called the cursive or diplomatic minuscule, which is less regular than another form which has been called the pure or literary minuscule. Thus cursive writing, as an artificial class, is restricted to the writings of the Continental nations which were derived from the style of the Roman chancery, to the exclusion of the Irish and Anglo-Saxon writings which were not derived from this source. On the other hand, as a mere variety of minuscule writing, the term 'cursive' is applicable to the latter equally with the former, since the insular writing was, relatively, as cursive as the Continental itself.

It is true that the cursive writing of the Continental *diplomata* was practised in a particular connexion, in the royal chanceries erected upon the model of Imperial and Papal Rome. Thus it was inseparably connected with a notarial class and technical formulas, to which it is indebted for the artificiality and exaggeration which distinguish it so clearly from the Irish-Saxon type. Moreover, it is equally clear that the insular writing of the Irish and Anglo-Saxons had no such official establishment, and that their official acts were not drawn by professional notaries guided by the style of a royal chancery. But this is all. The contrast is only an artificial one. There is, in fact, only one Old English letter which differs absolutely in form from the Gallo-Roman minuscules. The most cursive forms of Irish and Anglo-Saxon writing very nearly approach the least cursive Continental forms, whilst types of pure minuscule writing occur which are identical in both. The Irish-Saxon is stiffly correct, the Gallo-Roman is ingeniously distorted. When the latter was reformed under Charlemagne by reverting to the pure minuscule, these distinctions were at once diminished.

All this, however, would really matter very little were it not for the inevitable conclusion that the Old English cursive, although it was not derived from the Roman stock, is nevertheless found at a later date in an identical state of development with the Franco-Roman writing, and therefore at some time or other it must have been brought into harmony with Franco-Roman forms by a summary process of conversion.

Upon this mere inference and upon the utterly worthless authority from which it is derived rests the whole modern theory.

theory, not only of the origin and development of the Old English *diplomata*, but also of their diplomatic environment. And so we read that Alfred 'tira de France des moines savants qui portèrent dans cette ile la littérature et les caractères français usités au IX^e siècle,' and elsewhere that in the same reign the Franco-Roman writing 'a doctoribus in litteris instituta est.' The statement that these calligraphic reforms and notarial influences were still further advanced during the reign of the Confessor, and were forcibly completed at the Conquest, chiefly depends upon the *dictum* of the Benedictines, which is based upon the authority of Mabillon, Hickes, and other writers who in turn relied upon the testimony of the mediæval chroniclers. This statement has been tacitly accepted by every modern authority, but it will be found that the above references lead us back to the most tainted source of Anglo-Norman history, the forged chronicle of Croyland. In vain we are assured that 'l'autorité d'Ingulfe, Abbé de Croyland, ne permet pas d'en douter,' 'en effet Ingulfe, auteur du tems, dit,' or 'ut cum Ingulpho loquar,' 'nam Ingulpho teste,' 'testante Ingulfo in historia Croylandensi,' and so forth. The acceptance of this glaring falsity must be regarded as a fatal flaw in the most learned argument.

Therefore we do not need the hypothesis of an enforced reform by Alfred the Great, or by the Confessor or the Conqueror, to account for the resemblance of the rounded minuscules of the later Old English Latin *diplomata* to the reformed Continental calligraphy, any more than we need an explanation of the common features presented by the Gothic or Humanist writings of a still later period. We do not need the artificial distinctions which have been built up, on the evidence of lithographs and uncouth forgeries, between a 'Roman Saxon' and a 'Set Saxon,' a 'cursive Saxon,' a 'mixed Saxon' and an 'elegant Saxon'; between an Anglo-Saxon and a Dano-Saxon, a Semi-Saxon and a Norman-Saxon. It has been well said that 'les écritures minuscules romaines sont plus ou moins élégantes à proportion de l'habilité des mains qui les ont tracées,' and the Old English scribes possessed at least abilities and traditions which would incite them to adopt the best models available in their own day. Such at least was the habit of a still later school of professional penmanship, when the masterpieces of a famous monastery went the round of an admiring and emulous fraternity.

With certain limitations, then, we may claim a national continuity for our own branch of the great Roman family of writings from the sixth century to the twelfth. It is true that

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no diplomatic writings have survived of the great Northumbrian kingdom, but for the rest, for Mercia and Kent and for Wessex, we have more than enough to enable us to satisfy ourselves that for the earlier period and the later, in pointed or in rounded writing, or in the mixture of the two forms, there is unmistakable evidence of the existence of local schools of English scribes, undismayed by French fashions and certainly undisturbed by Frankish or Norman chancery clerks. Of these men some at least must have been young, and, according to the rule which is cited by M. Giry himself, the hand of their youth would have remained the hand of their later age. Even if these men were the sole survivors of their school, we have here, as Mr. Stevenson has lately pointed out, one means of bridging the gap between the revolution of the Conquest and the reorganization of the twelfth century. But were they the sole survivors, or who were their successors? Not the clerks of a royal chancery, for there was no such organization in England until the middle of the next century. Are we, then, to believe that their pens were taken from the hands of the English scribes and placed in those of foreigners who knew not the English formulas still preserved from policy or indolence? It is in vain that to escape this dilemma the grotesque theory of an Anglo-Saxon Renaissance has been put forward, wherein French and Italian monks, becoming antiquaries in self-defence, are supposed to have acquired a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon grammar and formulas sufficient to enable them to follow English models, and even to reconstruct them, as it would seem, to their own profit and to the edification of modern scholars.

And this is the whole gist of our exception. It would have mattered little for the sake of a name or theory whether the Old English writing was evolved out of the isolation of the early missionaries or was transformed in turn at the nod of an English lawgiver or Norman Conqueror. It really comes to exactly the same thing in the end. But because these orthodox theories leave us stranded, at the threshold of the Conquest, in the face of an unsolved problem of vital moment, we are compelled to seek a clue to the diplomatic apparatus which existed in our earliest age of documentary history.

We shall seek in vain among the *Tabulæ Curiales* of this country for an authentic list of the Old English chancellors, such as forms, in the learned work of Dr. Bresslau, a noticeable feature of the history of the Continental chanceries.

The earliest mention which occurs in our mediæval literature of a true chancery establishment dates only from the close of
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the reign of Henry I., and even this reference has been taken to apply more especially to the court of the Norman duchy. Some twenty-five years later the English chancery as it then existed appears as the clerical department of the all-powerful Exchequer. Indeed, beyond a natural grouping of the chancellor with the king's chaplains and with the clerks of the *scriptorium*, we have no positive mention of an independent establishment of the chancery before the beginning of the next century. Far less, then, can we expect to find any traces of such an establishment under the Anglo-Saxon monarchy, and yet not only is an Anglo-Saxon chancery with appropriate chancellors and notarial appurtenances alluded to in charters which purport to be of contemporary date and in the works of mediæval writers, but also in the descriptions of modern authors, from Coke and Spelman down to our own times.

We were perhaps prepared for such a view by the prevalent opinion respecting the transformation of the Old English handwriting through foreign notarial influences before the Conquest. It is not surprising that this opinion should accept the further establishment of an Anglo-French or Anglo-Norman chancery in which the new *diplomata* would be officially composed and executed. Probably in both cases modern writers have been misled by the conjectures of early chroniclers who were unversed in the higher branches of diplomatic criticism.

At the same time the supposition was a very natural one. The foreign chanceries, with all their pomp of chancellors, notaries, formulas, and seals, their artifices of the *dictamen* and subscription, had from the close of the twelfth century been brought into close and fruitful connexion with England, and the system which men saw in use in their own day they would naturally take as being applicable to an earlier age.

It becomes necessary, then, to test the correctness of this prevailing theory of an Old English chancery and notarial establishment before we can conveniently consider the probable nature of the apparatus that actually existed.

Although the most discerning of our modern scholars would look askance on some of the Anglo-Saxon chancellors enumerated by Dugdale, the existence of the office, under the Confessor at least, has not been seriously doubted, whilst the claims of other notarial officers who are mentioned in the 'Codex' have never been investigated, for the simple reason that their existence seems to have escaped notice.

Three chancellors of the Confessor have been generally accepted, Leofric, Wulfwig, and Regenbald, with his vice-chancellors, Alfgeat and Swithgar. Of these all but one may
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be easily disposed of. Bishop Leofric was, indeed, well qualified to hold such a position, both from his learning and his foreign education; but the only authority for his position is the *dictum* of Florence of Worcester. Wulfwig, on the other hand, is precisely described as the King's chancellor in a contemporary charter, but the charter in question proves to be one of the worst forgeries of the church of Westminster. The position of Regenbald, however, rests on much stronger evidence. He is circumstantially described as chancellor and as performing notarial acts in several charters of the reign, and as the King's priest in others. In addition he is incidentally mentioned as chancellor in Domesday Book.

As usual, however, these notices will not bear the test of diplomatic scrutiny. Of the charters in which Regenbald appears as chancellor all but two are gross forgeries of Westminster, and with these is swept away the notarial position of Allgeat and Swithgar. In one of the two remaining charters, 'Regenbaldus Regis Cancellarius' appears among the witnesses. This is the foundation charter of Waltham Abbey, a production in the style of the Ramsey school of forgers, and of this it is perhaps enough to say that it contains amongst the other witnesses two 'Capellani Regis,' a 'Pincerna Regis' and a 'Pincerna Regina,' two 'Dapiferi Regis' and a 'Dapifer Regina,' an 'Aulicus Regis,' a 'Palatinus Regis,' a 'Procurator Aulæ,' together with the quasi-notarial subscription, 'Hæc ego subscripsi Swithar sub nomine Christi.' Finally, in the text itself, we meet with 'Sac' and 'Soc,' 'shiræ,' 'hundreda,' 'placita' and 'gelda,' with the notorious exemption from all secular service, declaimed with a 'statuo ut.' The other charter referred to gives Regenbald the title of 'cancheler,' and as this was contained in the twelfth-century 'Codex Wintoniensis,' a work which abounds in affected archaisms and palpable anachronisms, we need only suppose that he is here designated by a post-Conquest title.

In the case of the remaining charters of the reign, in which Regenbald is styled 'presbyter,' it has not, by a slight inadvertence, been observed by Mr. Stevenson that the 'priest' merely appears amongst his fellows in the lists of witnesses, without any notarial functions whatever being ascribed to him. These charters being admittedly genuine, the distinction appears most significant.

There remains the Domesday evidence. Here, amongst several other notices, Regenbald is once styled 'Reinbaldus canceler.' The title has been taken to refer to a pre-Conquest office, but no one who has quoted this entry has troubled to
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mention the fact that 'canceler' is a gloss interlineated in the MS. Doubtless Regenbald, as Mr. Stevenson justly observes, would have been styled 'chancellor' by French official scribes after the Conquest, just as he is so styled in the rubric of an Old English charter in the Chichester Register, though in the text itself he is styled simply 'presbyter.'

In addition to the above reputed chancellors, notices are to be found in the 'Codex' of royal clerks or chaplains exercising more or less well-defined notarial functions. Of these, with their fantastic names, their 'scripsi et subscripsi' and their 'dictans conscripsi,' it need only be remarked that a notarial subscription to a forged charter is the common evidence of their presumed office.

On the other hand, it might not unreasonably be inferred that during the Anglo-Saxon period several great churchmen held a position not very different from the modern conception of the office of chancellor, or at least that of chief of the chaplains who were also the King's clerks. Our great historian has suggested that 'the office held by Dunstan under Edred must have been very much like that of the later chancellors'; but we are elsewhere reminded that the masterful bishop 'has left, beyond a few lines of writing, the endorsement of a charter and the prayer put into the mouth of a kneeling figure in an illumination, no writings whatever.' All that we know about the lives of churchmen like Dunstan and Æthelwold is perfectly consistent with this supposition, and yet they had not the name of chancellor, nor are they found to exercise the functions of a chancellor in that notarial formula which is the real test of the existence of a notarial system.

The editor of the fragmentary Cotton MS. Faustina A-10 in the Rolls Series has given us an interesting sketch of the official career of Æthelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who is described as 'keeper of the Rolls to King Eadgar.' This title, it would seem, is derived from the expression 'a secretis regis,' applied to the Bishop in the MS., and this expression, taken in connexion with a charter of the reign, in which Æthelwold is somehow 'mixed up,' and which introduces the word 'gedihlgean,' also signifying something secret, gives us 'to enroll in a court of record' as a 'very suitable sense for the passage.' Therefore, if the king's 'a secretis' were the keeper of the records, 'all is easy,' and we may call him 'Lord High Keeper of the Rolls.' Fortunately, however, it is not necessary for us to go all these lengths of supposition in order to suit the meaning of an Anglo-Saxon word ('diligian,' not 'diglian'), which from the context seems to
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mean that buildings were *pulled down* in order to be improved and enlarged.

As with the royal chancellor or notary, so with the kingly seal. The existence of neither is warranted by the genuine forms of Old English *diplomata*. One part of this proposition is however of very serious moment. Far greater stress has been laid by modern writers upon the existence of an Old English seal of majesty than upon the functions of its keeper, and all our authorities are agreed that the regular sequence of the great seals of England dates at least from the reign of the Confessor.

At the same time it is useful to remember that these same authorities were agreed as to the existence of a great seal in a much earlier period, beginning with the reign of King Offa. Few more learned dissertations have been written in the last fifty years, or have been more implicitly accepted, than the famous description by a great English antiquary of the royal seals affixed to certain Old English charters preserved in the church of St. Denis. Even in the present day these wondrous survivals of an Old English notarial system figure in the official catalogues, and are reproduced in the standard diplomatic texts without a breath of suspicion or a sign of disavowal. Nevertheless, the searching test of diplomatic criticism applied by Mr. Stevenson has quite recently proved these venerable *insignia* to be gross and palpable forgeries. After this it is needless to subject to any serious criticism the leaden seals of St. Augustine or King Coenwulf, but these things should be remembered when we approach the question of the great seal of the Confessor. Let us therefore do so cautiously.

In the first place, it has been already suggested that the well known instances of the exercise of notarial functions by reputed chancellors and vice-chancellors or other officers in this reign are gross and wilful fabrications, and with these is included the alleged employment of a seal. On the other hand, the certainty as to the use in some form or other of a signet by Anglo-Saxon notables, as well as the foreign proclivities of this King's court and household, should make us slow to deny the possibility of the use even of a seal of majesty for certain purposes during this reign. It is perfectly possible that at any moment an ancient seal of the Confessor, duly attested in an unimpeachable charter, may come to light. We can only deal with the evidence that is available at the present moment.

The existing impressions, as far as they are known to us, have been arranged and described with great care and precision by official experts who very properly have not discussed the personal question of their authenticity. Roughly speaking,
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there are some sixteen of these seals, of which one-half (including two casts) are preserved in the Museum and the rest in the Abbey itself. One other specimen is in the possession of the Earl of Winchilsea. Of the above none of the British Museum specimens are attached to true *diplomata*. Three are attached to writs, of which one is admittedly and another is obviously forged, and the remainder are detached. Of the casts the less said the better. In the case of the Westminster Abbey collection, one large charter is a notorious forgery, whilst the rest are merely writs to which the great seal is attached by what the French experts neatly term a *simple queue*. The Winchelsea charter is another admitted forgery.

Certainly it may be argued that the great seals attached to these writs, and to other writs from which they are now missing, form as good examples as any that might have been attached to true *diplomata*. But this raises several important questions—whether the Old English writ required or was intended to be sealed at all, especially with such a new device as a pendant seal of majesty; again, why some writs are sealed and not others; finally, why these sealed examples should be practically confined to the church of Westminster, a connexion in which ‘charter’ is almost synonymous with ‘forgery.’ It is difficult indeed to avoid the suspicion that the monks, distraught by the new fetish of a royal seal, forged this unlovely presentment of their saintly patron, in order to fortify a few poor writs which bore his genuine greeting and farewell.

It may perhaps be asked, ‘What then is left of the outward signs of an Old English *scriptorium*?’ The answer must be that, in spite of the rejection of foreign formulas and later symbols, there is abundant evidence of the existence of a highly developed style of diplomatic composition. Just as the Old English scribes were unquestionably the equals if not the superiors of their Continental brethren in mere penmanship, so they appear to equal advantage in respect of the regularity and precision of the formulas which they have made their own. None the less it is only reasonable to suppose that some system was adopted to facilitate the proper composition and the due execution of an Old English charter, but of such a system we possess only a few slight indications. It is true that certain writers have made no difficulty at all about the matter. ‘During the Anglo-Saxon era charters were prepared by professed scribes or notaries and read aloud in some place of common resort.’ Possibly a class of professed scribes existed in Anglo-Saxon times, but there is no evidence whatever that their services were requisitioned for composing royal charters. Those
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who are best versed in Old English diplomatics have rejected the theory of a college or school of notaries, and have sought a solution of the problem in the clerical activity of the Church. The truth is that we have scarcely any information at all concerning the *Schrift-wesen* of the Anglo-Saxon period. What little we know points to the conclusion that the art of writing, like every other branch of learning, was directed by the Church, and was practised almost exclusively in houses of religion. The wandering scholar had not yet made his appearance in England, and speculations as to the extent of the culture disseminated by the great northern schools are futile in the face of the confessed *ignorantia literarum* prevalent in court circles from the time of Beda. It was not till the end of the eleventh century that sovereignty was graced by anything approaching a clerical establishment, and another century had elapsed before every lordling had his chaplain or clerk, his *camera* or *gardaroba*. In the meantime the nation's writing was undertaken by its spiritual directors. It needs not to dwell upon the all-reaching influence of the Anglo-Saxon Church which pervades the public acts and councils of the nation. The fact remains that whilst for the laity 'the common memory was a sufficient archive,' the religious found their account in the formal registration of their privileges. So it had been from the time of Beda, and a new impulse was given to the practice by later reasons of state. Perhaps we do not always sufficiently realize that practically the whole existing bulk of Old English charters has been both made and preserved through the agency of the Church. The lay grantee was either a 'man of straw' who obtained a collusive grant *ad construendum monasterium*, or a worthy 'minister' of the Crown, whose hard-earned acres and well-preserved body were sure to come the Church's way at last; and the Church was there to make charters for them both. This is a view which at least simplifies matters considerably. The motion for a grant or confirmation or innovation of charters must proceed from the Church itself, and every church possessed the requisite knowledge for the preparation of the necessary instrument. This would be dictated by the respective bishop or abbot or some learned subordinate, and written on the spot, which was often enough the church itself, on the occasion of a royal visit. Then it was presented for formal ratification by the king and his *optimates*. Thus the services of a royal chancellor, chaplain, or notaries could be well dispensed with.

This is not a purely conjectural procedure. We find indications, slight, it is true, and unvouched, but very suggestive, of the actual process in question. It is a 'notarial' subscription
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of Abbot Brightric of Malmesbury, which deposes that, after diligently reading and scrutinizing the charters of his church, he has dictated a certain charter, written the same with his own hand, and subscribed it as witness among his peers. Even so did Bishop Heaberht of Worcester, when he saw his church being unjustly despoiled of certain lands at the instigation of King Bertwulf of Mercia, proceed to the great council at Tamworth, taking with him the elders of his church and its ancient charters, and then and there obtained judgment in his favour, dictated by him in the terms of a charter for which he fined to the king and queen in horses and rings and vessels of gold and silver. Instances in point might be multiplied, and although the charters may be fabrications, the writers have at least unconsciously described the way in which the churchmen would have gone about their business.

Is not this the key to the method of composing the Old English *diplomata*, which appear so unconventional to the student of the regular Continental forms? In this primitive age the grantee drew his own grant and obtained its ratification by his personal supervision and supplication. In a more sophisticated age he fed a royal notary, bribed a royal chancellor, and fined to the royal exchequer, to a like end. The Old English charter is a religious and a local product. The handwriting is local, the language is local, the formulas are adapted by local scribes from academic models; the executive clause only is central, inasmuch as the court by which it is ratified followed the king into the locality.

But this local aspect of a large number of charters which find places in monastic cartularies must not entirely supersede the wider view of the professional rather than official part played by the Church in the production of the Old English *diplomata*. These local efforts are reinforced or even supplanted on occasion by the professional intervention of an independent churchman; but all the same the general effect is in harmony with that constitutional scheme in which the Anglo-Saxon laws also have their place and which received its lasting form in a charter of liberties composed by a clerical leader from a local model on the altar of a London church.

The existence of distinct formulas in the composition of the Old English *diplomata* has frequently been observed, and a definite classification of these formulas has been proposed by Mr. Kemble, followed by Professor Earle. But how loose does this classification appear by comparison with the modern arrangement of the Continental types! In the first place the distinction of the protocol, or official phraseology at the opening

opening and close of the instrument, and the text or tenor of the same, is not indicated at all. Again, the striking omission of certain formulas which are represented in Continental *diplomata* is accepted without comment, whilst other clauses, which can be clearly recognised, have remained unnoticed.

Nevertheless it would be possible, by a slight modification of the existing arrangement, to bring the composition of the Old English formulas into close agreement with that of the Continental forms, although to prove their derivation from those forms would be no easy matter. We can have very little doubt that the Anglo-Saxon scribes, who received the art of writing from the Roman missionaries, derived the outlines of their diplomatic formulas from the Gallo-Roman chancery, which in turn was modelled upon the course of the Imperial and Papal Curia. There is no other possible explanation of the existence of a considerable body of Old English *diplomata* composed in diplomatic form from the seventh century. And yet we cannot identify any number of the insular formulas with the specimens preserved in the Papal, Imperial, or Frankish collections and precedent books. At one time we have a snatch of the Roman and at another of the Frankish formular; here we recognise Marculf, and here the *Liber Diurnus*; now a charter is dictated by a Papal legate, now by a Franco-Saxon priest.

This failure to identify the common sources of the Old English formulas is at first sight somewhat disquieting. We must remember, however, that the formulars of the Merovingian and Carolingian chanceries were not contemporary with the most active period of English diplomatic writing, and that these very formulars were practically disused by the *dictatores* of the tenth and eleventh centuries, when individuality of style ran riot in the Western chanceries. Perhaps also our confused impression of the insular forms is only the natural result of a cursory inspection of the strange medley of historical documents which fill the earlier pages of our 'Codex.' We have, first of all, to put aside Old English 'versions,' rhymes, wills, conventions, letters, Papal bulls, laws, councils, and other historical documents which, however interesting in themselves, do not furnish us with examples of regular diplomatic formulas. Even then it will be found a matter of no small difficulty to classify the formulas of the residue of credible examples in a comprehensive system, for no Anglo-Saxon king used the distinctive style of a Continental chancery, and a constant overlapping of styles and an interchange of formulas is met with from first to last.

It would be wholly impracticable to dwell here upon those marked features of the Old English formulas which may be fairly regarded as national distinctions. In each of these there is ample scope for the expression of the national polity, and the rich harvest of constitutional and philological terms which have been thus preserved to us has been already reaped and garnered by skilful and industrious hands. It will be enough for our present purpose to suggest a classification of the products of the Old English *scriptorium* on broader lines than those which are indicated in the 'Codex.' Thus, the *diplomata* of the seventh and eighth centuries, being comparatively few in number, of a very miscellaneous character, and for the most part of suspicious authenticity, may easily be grouped together, with the general characteristics of irregularity of form and traces of foreign influences. In the next group might be comprised the *diplomata* of the ninth century and beyond, to the reign of Æthelstan. This is a period fertile in originals and forgeries, but the sequence of formulas is on the whole well preserved, and the kingly style is becoming fixed. Finally with the reign of Eadward the Elder certain formulas are more or less recurrent, but of the *diplomata* of this king so many are confirmations, innovations, narrations, so many in truth are later apographs, that the inception of the new style must be deferred to the reign of Æthelstan.

The third period begins with this reign and lasts till the conquest of Cnut. For the first time we recognize the consistent use of appropriate (we might almost have said stereotyped) formulas, which are found recurring with the greatest precision in the several diplomatic types to which they respectively belong. Thus a charter which begins with a preamble in a certain form of words will usually contain a superscription, exposition, grant, sanction, dating and attestation clauses in an equally distinctive form; that is to say, each of the charters which contains any one of these formulas will agree with every other charter as to this and the remaining formulas. There are, of course, variants and irregular forms, but the circumstance is so remarkable and unexpected that we should be prepared for considerable limitations in view of the importance of the proposition itself. But this is not all. We are also able to ascertain that one or other of these distinctive forms is preferred during a certain period of the reign; that a particular form is sometimes employed for the composition of a batch of charters executed on the same occasion, and that characteristic forms are somewhat affected by several religious houses.

Of this interesting trait one illustration out of many that
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might be presented must suffice. In some dozen charters of the reigns of Æthelstan and Eadmund, all lying within a period of ten years, there is to be found a remarkable variation of that lurid phraseology of the mediæval sanction which depicts the horrid torments of the seething Pit. Here, by an impressive contrast, the listeners were reminded of the avenging power of the wild and fearful spirits of the storm beneath whose chilling breath the frozen traveller sinks in his shroud of snow. It has been shrewdly suggested by Sir Frederick Pollock that this glacial curse was the work of an English 'royal' scribe who had made the passage of the Alps. Perhaps, however, its origin may be connected with some winter night's tale fresh in the mind of a plain English monk as he composed a charter for his house to be submitted to the Easter Witenagemot. Amongst the dread legends preserved by William of Malmesbury is that which recounts the fate of Ælfsige, Bishop of Winchester, the enemy of good Archbishop Odo and his *protégé* Dunstan, who in his ferocious partizanship of the court violated his dead rival's new-made grave with words of shameful insult. That same night the sacrilegious prelate was visited by Odo's angry shade. Despising the warning of his impending doom he journeyed to Rome that he might receive the pallium gained by his intrigues. But the curse of Odo overtook him in the frozen passes of the Alps. In vain the frantic monster flays his patient beasts, seeking to restore the vital heat with their reeking entrails. His suffering feet are frozen in their gore—the impious feet which had spurned the tomb of a saint.

It is at least a singular coincidence that this glacial curse should have been first used in two original charters, the one composed for the church of Canterbury and the other for the church of Winchester, both of which were executed on the same occasion. But the date of these charters is that of the year 939, whereas Odo died at least as late as 958, whilst two other originals exist, both for the church of Canterbury, and dated 940 and 946 respectively. From the Winchester *scriptorium* this sanction was probably borrowed by scribes who composed charters for the houses of Bath and Wilton, and to this small circle it was confined, although it was adopted in a single instance by the later copyists of Malmesbury, Abingdon, Shaftesbury, and Wells.

It was not to be expected that a series of definite formulas should begin and end with the reign of Æthelstan. Some of these, especially the forms of the invocation clause, can be traced back to the reign of Ælfred or even earlier, whilst others again recur in the charters of Æthelstan's immediate successors.

In some respects indeed it might be held that in the reigns of Eadmund, Eadred, and Eadwy the Old English *diplomata* reach their highest state of natural development. That is to say, there is, all things considered, evidence of greater originality and resourcefulness than we can find in the more artificial, varied, and irregular forms of the later Anglo-Saxon monarchs. In proof of this it may be asserted that the scribes of the later period have constant recourse to the conventional phraseology of their predecessors, unless these manifest revivals are to be attributed to the deliberate imitations of bolder and more unscrupulous fabricators.

With one important exception the same remarks might apply to the examples of the fourth period of the Old English diplomatic writing, which extends from the invasion of Cnut to the Norman Conquest. So far as the regular *diplomata* of this period are concerned, beyond the final settlement of the royal style there is little variation in the now stereotyped formulas, the old familiar invocations and preambles recurring with monotonous precision, as though the scribes of this later age suffered from poverty of invention.

At the same time we must date from the beginning of this period the rapid development of a new and far-reaching system of diplomatic construction, which was destined to supersede entirely the typical forms of the Old English charter in the course of the following century. In the reign of Eadgar we notice the presence of a new class of diplomatic instruments in the pages of our 'Codex.' These *diplomata* are written wholly in the Old English character and language, which was even then the vernacular. Not only so, but they are also composed in a style which is totally distinct from that of the Latin charters of the period, a style so precise and so well adapted to the growing requirements of the kingly state that it survived the Conquest itself, and forms the basis of the royal writ, which has been continuously employed down to our own time.

The importance of the above definition of the Old English writ will be easily recognized, but the fact is one which may seem to stand in need of something more than assertion. Stated in the briefest possible way the case is this, that the Old English writ is found to contain the elements at least of a 'superscription,' 'address,' 'salutation,' 'notification,' 'exposition,' and 'disposition,' as well as in some cases of a 'sanction' and *apprecatio*. From this it follows that the form of the Old English writ approaches very nearly to the Continental type, as opposed to the impersonal form of the true Old English *diploma*. That is to say, we have here the epistolary form,

represented by the superscription, address, salutation, notification, and valediction, of which the first only is found in the Latin charters of Anglo-Saxon kings. Moreover the characteristic portions of the latter class of instruments, namely, the invocation, proem, exposition, disposition, and sanction, either drop out altogether, or are reduced or modified to a very considerable extent. Speaking generally, it will be found that the invocation and proem are omitted, and that the exposition and disposition develop new and distinct formulas, with a tendency in the case of the latter towards the insertion of final clauses in Continental fashion, whilst the sanction is represented by a mere ejaculation, or is even replaced by an epistolary valediction. Lastly, it may be observed that the scope and purpose of the writ itself are conducive to that brevity and precision which are associated with post-Conquest formulas.

The question will naturally be asked, 'Whence is this Old English writ derived?' It appears suddenly in the 'Codex,' in the reign of Cnut, side by side with the regular forms, to which it bears no resemblance either in structure or in phraseology. Clearly, then, it is not evolved from the native Latin *diplomata*. At the same time, in spite of its general diplomatic affinities with the Continental *indiculum*, the original of the Old English writ cannot be traced in any foreign chancery. It is true that several of its most characteristic formulas exactly correspond with those of the later Anglo-Norman Latin writ, to which a foreign origin is usually assigned, but this is a coincidence which gives rise to a further problem.

It may be possible, however, to identify the source of the Old English writ in a class of instruments of which numerous examples are given in the 'Codex.' These are the Old English conventions, wills, and other private deeds, a series of somewhat uncouth *diplomata*, but nevertheless containing, embedded as it were in their diffuse narrations, most of the essential formulas of the Old English writ.

It now remains to ascertain the relations of this new instrument with the Anglo-Norman writ, and of both of these in turn with the post-Conquest charter. In the first place we are able to distinguish in the period following the Conquest a new and rapidly increasing class of instruments which are in fact the essential portions of true *diplomata* grafted on to the formulas of the Old English writ. Long before the close of the next century this new and hybrid class has superseded the dispositive functions both of the formal charter and the informal writ. Indeed we see here only a further development of the great change of procedure which was introduced by the use of the Old English

English writ at the beginning of the eleventh century. The truth is that the diplomatic instruments of the Anglo-Norman period are characterized by the confusion of ideas which so often accompanies a policy of compromise. The Old English charter, with its subscribing witnesses and native characteristics, was possibly retained from motives of policy, whilst at the same time the importance of this formal *diploma* was counterbalanced by the active use of the sealed writ, with its later developments. And this sealed Anglo-Norman writ is nothing more than the Old English writ perpetuated either in its vernacular form or in that of a Latin 'version.' Here, then, we have the genesis of the instrument which not only does duty for the more formal *diploma*, but assumes with its new garb all the diplomatic formalities which the *diploma* has shuffled off, supposing always that the Anglo-Norman writ is derived from an Old English prototype.

This is a question which perhaps admits of little argument in the face of the fact (significantly remarked by M. Giry) that the form of this Anglo-Norman writ, which reproduces all the essential features of its Old English precursor, has no exact parallel on the Continent before the beginning of the twelfth century. We can only regret, therefore, that in this further instance we have been so grievously misinformed as to the alleged disuse of Old English diplomatic forms at the Conquest.

Possibly the cause of this oversight may be found in the outward dissimilarity of the catchwords of later Latin versions of Old English writs, which have passed through an intermediate stage of adaptation. In fact, there are 'versions' and versions: those that are wooden and mechanical, and those that are skilful and elegant paraphrases. It would seem, indeed, that an idiomatic Latin version of an Old English writ was beyond the powers of an untrained scribe. When we meet with such a phrase as '*salutat amicabiliter*,' we know, without looking further, that we have to do with a mere 'version' of an Old English writ which contained the usual salutation, '*gret . . . freondlice*.' But the science of the Anglo-Norman chancery avoided such crude phrases. '*Salutem*' was a form of salutation as precise and characteristic as the Old English greeting. In the same way, '*valete*' might be substituted for the faithful rendering of '*God eow gehealde*' as '*Dominus vos conservet*.' And so with the rest: '*Sciatis*,' instead of '*Ego notifico vobis*,' was hit upon as the equivalent of '*Ich cythe eow*,' whilst other familiar turns of expression are seen in the movent, dispositive, and final clauses of the Anglo-Norman 'charter.'

The turning-point in the evolution of the charter may thus be placed before the Conquest itself, and is found in the tendency,

from the close of the tenth century, to supersede the true *diploma* by the convenient writ, without a seal (except in particular and suspicious cases), but with new diplomatic formulas, which were adopted bodily in the later Latin 'versions' of the post-Conquest writ, which in turn served as the model of the post-Conquest charter. As for the still older form of the pre-Conquest charter, composed in the common form of the Continental chanceries, but without their notarial accessories, this, too, survived the Conquest, and this, too, influenced the composition of the modern charter in a less degree. We can recognize its influence upon the formal and ceremonial character of the latter as opposed to the writ—the amplification of the royal style, the form and conditions of the dispositive clause, and the well attested execution.

There is one more stage in the evolution of the charter—that which lies between the Anglo-Norman writ and its expansion into the form of the later charter—a form which, built up as it was from the diplomatic chaos of the eleventh century, deserves the term of the 'new model' charter.

The distinctive formulas of this new type cannot be described with any degree of precision before the middle of the twelfth century. For more than a hundred years before this date the true *diploma*, as we have seen, was undergoing a process of transformation, from the conventional form of the Old English Latin charter to the equally conventional form of the thirteenth-century instrument entered upon the charter-roll of the Chancery. The key to this transformation is found in the adaptability of the new formulas of the writ to the more precise and legal requirements of the Anglo-Norman chancery. Here were found, ready-made, the protocols of the future charter, needing the mere embellishment of a central pendant seal affixed to a detached label. Here, too, was found a precedent for abolishing the turgid preamble and sanction of the old *diploma*, and for developing the dispositive and final clauses into compendious formulas. It is in the development of this dispositive section, in the elaboration of the royal style, the address to the great men and subjects at large, and in the careful attachment of the royal seal, that we find a general distinction between the new *diploma* and the Anglo-Norman writ upon which it was based.

It is true that the subject-matter of the several diplomatic forms which obtain during this early period has been differentiated by Madox in his 'Formulare Anglicanum.' We must nevertheless insist that no such classification can be attempted on any scientific principle until the existing *diplomata* of the Anglo-Norman period have been sifted and arranged, a work
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which has happily been entrusted to the care of the most capable scholar of our own time. The great work of Madox is, in fact, a mere medley of charters and writs, royal and private, without distinction of diplomatic forms, and regardless of the authenticity of the selected texts. It is from a new study of original instruments alone that we can hope to obtain any real knowledge of the composition of the post-Conquest *diplomata*. A copy or entry in a register or cartulary offers, as Mr. Round has justly stated in his all too brief Introduction to our 'Ancient Charters,' no distinctive features. Probably an official enrolment, even of a considerably later date, conveys a better idea of the original context; but this also is unsealed. We require to know the size of the parchment and its shape; how it is cut or folded for the attachment of the pendant seal; the date of the writing itself, as far as we can safely pronounce an opinion thereon, and whether it is written in a diplomatic hand or otherwise. For even though a perfect text can be reconstructed *verbatim et literatim*, there may be affectations and imitations that tell their own story, as in the case of a later forgery which is careful to avoid a distinct spacing of its words. It is everything to know whether the scribe of a doubtful charter was fraudulent or merely careless.

With the accession of the first Angevin king, and the development of the administrative machinery during the second half of the twelfth century, we enter upon a fresh phase in the diplomatic writings of this country. The royal 'charter' is already applied to other purposes than the formal conveyance or assurance of lands and privileges, and this development accounts for a new class of records, connected with the growth of the Curia and Exchequer and the departmental organization of the royal Chancery itself.

If in one sense the later charter may be regarded as an offshoot of the writ, in a more realistic sense the writ may be considered as an offshoot of the charter. Already the writ has been largely used to supplement the ordinary processes of justice in the national Courts. Then, as the King's Court draws to itself special cases, the possessory assizes of the twelfth century begin, as Professor Maitland has so clearly told us, to influence the whole course of justice. The Exchequer is erected as a great administrative department, and harbours for a time the clerical apparatus of the Chancery. For new actions and a new fiscal procedure appropriate writs are required. The King's Court and the Exchequer have their respective seals, but only the Chancery can issue original writs; and so they are issued, in an ever-increasing volume, the '*brevia de cursu*,'
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which are soon beyond the ken of the successors of Glanvill and Richard FitzNigel, until this prolixity of the cursitors excites the deep murmurs of the commonalty.

Another class of writs, the departmental warrants of the Courts of Common Law and Exchequer, concern our purpose still less. These were usually preserved in files or *forules*, and apparently were not worth the pains of enrolment. Even in the case of the original writs of the Chancery directed to the several Courts, we are accustomed to pick and choose amongst the *memoranda* rolls and precedent books of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries. Mere judicial writs are reckoned by the thousand and by the sack. Again, there are the official writs directed to the respective officers, which command returns to be made to the Court, and these possess a far greater value, not for diplomatic reasons, but because of the historical value of the information conveyed in the returns which they originated.

There are other diplomatic instruments which may be regarded as reproducing, in a large degree, the epistolary form which is the actual basis of the charter and writ alike. These are the Letters Patent and Letters Close, which constitute by far the largest section of the Chancery Records in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In one aspect these instruments seem to overlap and supplement the functions of the charter and the writ. There are patents which exactly resemble charters except for technical distinctions of style and execution, and it is certain that English antiquaries, from the time of Bracton to that of Hardy, have not had very clear ideas as to the exact distinctions between the two classes.

We can scarcely doubt that this process of overlapping had been going on from a much earlier date. A glance at the contents of the printed '*Fœdera*' for the Anglo-Norman period will reveal the existence of a number of documents which are not truly charters. Here, then, we have to deal with a second offshoot of the true *diploma*, in the shape of a series of state papers illustrating the whole administrative work of the Crown, the records dealing with every conceivable matter of State, from a treaty with a foreign potentate to a licence for an itinerant merchant—from a statute of the realm to a commission for the peace.

Amidst all this diplomatic bustle the charter steadfastly maintained its hereditary position as the proper medium for a royal grant of lands or liberties made in a solemn and deliberate manner. The Charter Roll, in which such grants were officially recorded, continued to be made up until the eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., after which date the '*Patent*' achieves its

its final triumph, and the formalities of the old *diploma*, with its address to the 'archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors,' and its long string of courtly witnesses, finally disappear, though 'creations' are thus embellished till the year 1620. But if the true *diploma* was ousted by its earliest offshoots, the latter in turn were seriously menaced by younger rivals. It would be rash even to generalize upon this subject until their learned Deputy Keeper has spoken the last word upon the diplomatic composition of the mediæval Chancery Files. Roughly speaking, however, the origin of the Privy Seal has a close analogy with the earlier and less formal use of the royal writ. The informality is marked in this later period by the substitution of the privy seal or signet for the great seal, and herein has been observed a return to a very ancient practice. In some respects also the new use, or abuse, of the privy seal as an administrative device, from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, may be compared with the earlier expansion of the *diploma* into the letters patent. From the signet it is but one step to the sign manual, a revival of another earlier mode of execution. The supremacy of the privy seal, which had overborne the patent, which had ousted the charter, is shaken in turn by the royal warrant of the post-Restoration period. Nominally, of course, both privy seal and warrant were subsidiary and intermediate processes for the issue of letters patent under the great seal, but their practical significance is otherwise. There are cases without number in which the experienced searcher does not for a moment expect or care to find an enrolment of letters patent, but the privy seal alone. So too a 'signed bill' or an 'immediate warrant' dispenses even with the formality of a privy seal. When every department has begun to possess its own warrant books, we must look there for the trivial mandates and subordinate appointments which once required the sanction of the seal of majesty.

Here then the evolution of the charter is for the present completed; but who shall say for how long even this much-altered *diploma* will be preserved? It has outlived most of its ancient formulas and all its old associations. The Exchequer Board has crumbled into dust, and the Pipe Roll has given place to the Budget. The dispatch-box is used instead of the Petty Bag, and the Hanaper is shown in a museum. The last thing that concerns the modern Chancery is the composition of a royal charter, whilst in their turn the conveyancers have made short work of chirograph and convention. And so the time may come when the royal charter will once more be granted in the Witan of the nation.

- ART. X.—1. *Cuba in War Time.* By R. Harding Davis. New York, 1897.
 2. *The New York 'Sun,' April-June.* New York, 1898.
 3. *New York 'World' Almanach.* War Edition. New York, 1898.
 4. *Our Navy—its Growth and Achievements.* By Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N. London, 1898.
 5. *The Interest of America in Sea Power.* By Capt. Mahan. London, 1898.

EIGHTY miles south of the most advanced United States possession on the Atlantic sea-board lies the island of Cuba, dominating the approaches to the Gulf of Mexico and parting by an interval of seven hundred miles—through which its coast stretches unbroken—two of the chief passages into the Caribbean. These two passages are, on the west the Yucatan Channel, and on the east the Windward Passage. Thus the possessor of Cuba, if a strong naval or military power, has immense strategical advantages for the attack of the United States' ports on the Gulf and for the control of the great island-enclosed expanse, which in the future, when the Central American isthmus is pierced by a ship-canal, is certain to be one of the most frequented seas of the world. Its surface, to-day almost unruffled by the freighted keels of the world, owing to the decline in the West Indian sugar-growing industry, and the unsettled and backward condition of the Central American and bordering South American states, will then be crossed by the highway between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of the United States. And therefore the ownership of Cuba is a question which must deeply interest the people of the United States.

Nor is Cuba a possession to be coveted on strategical grounds alone. Fitly named the 'Pearl of the Antilles,' it is at once the largest and the richest island of the West Indian group. It has valuable mines and a soil which for fertility is unrivalled. It has all climates, from the boiling heat of the tropical coast-line to the delicious coolness of the mountain slopes. It is famous for the exquisite beauty of its scenery, for the softness and rich colour of its atmosphere, and for the glory of the vegetation which clothes its fruitful plains and its verdant mountains. This is the land which four centuries ago passed into the hands of the corrupt and deadening rule of Spain, and the acquisition of which for the last two generations has been eagerly desired by the United States.

Fifty years ago the annexation of Cuba to the United States was attempted again and again, when the Southern States were
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yet slave-holders, and when, with the balance of power inclining to the abolitionist and anti-slavery North and West, fresh lands, where slavery might be perpetuated and where States might be formed to redress the balance, were sought for by the Southern aristocracy, which then controlled at once the policy and the diplomacy of the country. The North, however, though it had failed to prevent the spoliation of Mexico, was strong enough to hinder any new crime in the interests of slavery, and Mr. Buchanan was foiled in his aggressive diplomacy. The great Civil War followed, and for a time the attention of both South and North was concentrated upon domestic affairs. A breathing-space was granted to Spain, to put her house in order. Needless to say that she neglected all reforms, and at the end of the war, just when the United States had their hands free, had to grapple with a dangerous insurrection in Cuba.

The history of this insurrection has yet to be written. It was a savage and protracted struggle, marked by fiendish cruelties on either side. It smouldered from 1868 to 1878, when the last insurgent bands were hunted down. There were moments when the intervention of the United States seemed certain to be forced upon Spain. In 1873 the American steamer 'Virginus' was captured by the Spaniards, laden with American filibusters and arms for the insurgents. The men on board were taken to Santiago, tried by drum-head court-martial, and for the most part ignominiously shot, whether American citizens or not. They were shot, too, in spite of the vehement protests of the British and American consuls. This execution produced the most violent excitement in the United States, then ready for war, with an overpowering fleet and an immense army, thoroughly trained and broken-in to service. Spain could have offered no real resistance. General Grant, the President at this time, prepared for war, but discovered that if he fought he might have France and England against him. The 'Alabama' was still fresh in men's memory, and there was great bitterness between England and the United States. The President's enquiries convinced him that an attack upon Spain was inexpedient, if not impossible.

For another twenty years Spain was left in peace to misgovern her magnificent colony. She attempted no reforms; her administration was as corrupt, incompetent, and retrogressive as it had been in the days of 1850 or 1860. In spite of, and not because of, her rule the island flourished. American capital was largely invested in the sugar- and tobacco-growing industries; British capital built her the Cuban railway system; the destruction and devastation of property and the loss of life

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in 'the ten years' war' were repaired, when in 1895 a fresh insurrection broke out. The United States had grown in strength since 1873; their interests in Cuba were far greater than in that year; their anxiety to obtain Cuba—under the circumstances a natural and intelligible anxiety—was at least as great. Yet though individual Americans were the source of much trouble by subscribing, volunteering, or equipping filibustering expeditions in the Cuban cause, the United States' Government set its face against intervention. Once more Spain was given an opportunity to reform her ways and a brief delay in which to suppress the insurrection. But the signs were evident and ominous that America would not tolerate this persistent anarchy and misgovernment at her very doors.

Mr. Cleveland, who was generally an enemy of spread-eagleism except where it was directed against England, was averse to intervention in Cuba. Yet even in 1895 the opposition or Republican party was declaring in its State 'platforms' for the recognition of Cuban independence.

"We most heartily sympathise," said the Nebraska Republicans, "with the people of Cuba in their desire to attain independence and self-government, and demand, in case of Spain attempting to make good its threat to wage a war of extermination against them, the prompt recognition of the belligerent rights of the Cuban Republic by the United States."

When feeling was thus rising Mr. Cleveland adroitly transferred the growing animus against Spain to Great Britain by his famous Venezuelan message. Thereby he created the utmost resentment, temporary though it has proved, in this country, at the unprovoked and indefensible menaces of the United States. He risked an encounter which must have proved as disastrous to the United States—now that we know their real preparedness for war—as it must have been unfortunate for England. He prevented this country from coming to the help of the Armenians and avenging the cruelties which the Sultan had wreaked upon them. He failed to achieve success in his move, if it had a political object—and other object it could have had none—as his party was almost immediately broken and disorganized by the Free Silver question.

His successor, President McKinley, whatever else he may be, is a very astute politician. That he is something more is at least probable, as it has been his aim to cultivate good relations with England. Before he had been many months in office he fully recognized that, unless his party could bring off some great stroke of policy, its continued success at the polls was problematical.

matical. The Dingley tariff created more enemies than supporters. Precisely at this moment the perennial Cuban question reasserted its importance. Through the autumn and winter of 1896 and throughout 1897 feeling in the United States was rising against Spain and the hopeless incompetence which was devastating the island of Cuba because a comparative handful of insurgents could not be subdued.

Upon the destruction of property—much of it American or British—came outrage and massacre. That the insurgents are as guilty as the Spanish soldiers seems possible, though this point has never been clearly put to the American people, whose withers have been wrung by horrible tales—for which there is unquestionably foundation in fact—of the massacre of the Cuban wounded, of the murder of women and children by Spanish guerillas, and of atrocities which are even worse than leath in the minds of a race so generous and considerate to its womankind as is the American. Yet the shootings, burnings, and ravishings, which have marked Spanish rule wherever the Spanish flag has been hoisted, went on, till in an evil day for Spain General Weyler ordered the inhabitants of the four most prosperous provinces to retire to the fortified towns. To compel their retirement he sent out flying columns which burnt their huts and plantations. The wretched ‘pacificos’ or ‘reconcentrados,’ as they are called, homeless and penniless, were swept into the coast cities, where they did not join the insurgents. In the coast cities they were starved to death or swept off by the score by every imaginable disease that waits upon bad food, crowding, and filth.

The cry of these miserable victims was not as yet heard in Europe. It was heard in America, and the humanitarian feelings of the American people, as distinct from professional politicians, were undoubtedly encouraged by party leaders and speculators on the Stock Exchange. Presently upon the ghastly tales of correspondents came the yet more ghastly photographs of the living skeletons which filled the Cuban towns. In many cases the negatives of these photographs have been examined by cool-headed and impartial English correspondents, so that there can be no charge of ‘faking.’ The story and the sight of the state to which Weyler had reduced the only innocent inhabitants of Cuba aroused the ‘*saeva indignatio*’ of the people of the United States. They are by nature and education impulsive; prone to generous and disinterested acts; hating cruelty and oppression with all the Englishman’s hatred. Mainly because they have been taught, in the travesties of fact which are served up to American children

children at school as history, that England is a cruel and oppressive tyrant, they have been so easily inflamed against her. Little surprise can therefore be felt that, when Weyler's severities were known, one unanimous cry went up from every organ, except the few that represent the superlatively righteous and hair-splitting individuals known as 'Mugwumps,' to intervene in Cuba and forever end Spanish rule.

As naturally this cry was used by the politicians for their own ends; as naturally it was misunderstood in Europe. The Continent has no belief in the Anglo-Saxon's humanitarianism. Just as it saw in our solicitude for the Armenians the desire to acquire territory at the Sultan's expense, so it sees in the American outburst of wrath nothing but a veil of sentiment cloaking the Machiavellian desire to round off the possessions of the United States with Cuba. It is a signal but not extraordinary fact that the Anglo-Saxon—or Anglo-Celt, according as we reckon up the ingredients which compose the population of the British Empire and the United States—alone understood the Anglo-Saxon. When Europe was jeering at this sham-sentimentalist 'Yankee,' Englishmen, Canadians, Australians, and South Africans were tacitly or openly expressing sympathy. Curiously enough, this had not been expected in America. Thus the attitude of Britishers everywhere throughout the world all the more delighted a people peculiarly susceptible to our often bitter criticism. They felt that they were understood, and instinctively, involuntarily, drew nearer to us.

It would make too great a demand upon our space to narrate the history of the diplomatic duel which was carried on during the later months of 1897 and the early weeks of 1898. The trained Spaniard put the untrained amateur American hopelessly to rout in the combat of words and despatches. The Court of Madrid succeeded in putting the United States in the wrong, and in creating the impression, whether well or ill founded we will not enquire, that Spain was making every reasonable concession to American demands. Meanwhile the Conservatives resigned in Spain; the Liberals came into office; Weyler was recalled; and 'autonomy' was conferred upon Cuba. President McKinley welcomed this course of action, but hinted that the pacification of Cuba must be expedited. It was about this time that an unfortunate letter of Señor Dupuy de Lôme, the Spanish Minister at Washington, which was obtained and published in an unmannerly and dishonourable way, filled the American public with fresh doubt and suspicion of Spain, as it suggested that 'autonomy' would be a mere
fiction

fiction to hookwink 'the Yankees.' We can best understand American suspicion of Spain and American irritation at her success in the diplomatic struggle, by recalling the attitude of England and the English press to Russia during the Port Arthur negotiations. The American saw that, though the continuance of Spanish rule in Cuba might not transgress the ordinances of international law, there are certain moral rights and principles against which it offended, and which could only find their sanction in the determination of the United States to enforce them by arms. 'There is no inalienable right in any community,' says Captain Mahan, 'to control the use of a region, when it does so to the detriment of the world at large, of its neighbours in particular, and even at times of its own subjects.'* Nor is the assertion of such a moral law unprecedented. Despotic powers have justified acts which were perhaps to the world's detriment, such as the division of Poland, by it. The Concert of Europe has in part enforced it against the Sultan. It is the sole excuse for Germany's seizure of Kiao-Chau and for Russia's seizure of Port Arthur. And therefore it ill becomes these states to attack the 'immorality' of America's conduct in regard to Cuba.

Autonomy was formally established in January. In the middle of that month there were riots at Havana, whereupon the American Government at once assembled a squadron at the Tortugas, near Key West, and sent the 'Maine' to Havana. She arrived on January 24th; on the evening of February 15th she was destroyed, with 2 officers and 264 men. The direct cause of the explosion was asserted by an American court to be a submarine mine, though no attempt was made to fix the responsibility on the Spanish Government. The justice of this verdict has been questioned, and we believe that, in this country, it is generally discredited. Yet the catastrophe was of itself sufficient to have caused war, even had it not been but the climax of a series of incidents each tending to embitter the feeling of America against Spain. The report of the Court of Inquiry was not issued to the public till March 28th, but the President and responsible men in Congress knew its general bearing much earlier. The first real war measure was taken on March 8th, when Congress voted the sum of 10,000,000*l.* for purposes of defence. The purchase of ships, guns, and ammunition at once began.

About this time the American Government is said to have sounded England as to the attitude which she would maintain

* Mahan, 'Interest of America in Sea Power,' 167.

in case of war, and to have been assured that strict neutrality would be observed. It is possible and probable that the chance of intervention by European powers was also discussed, and there seems some reason to suppose that President McKinley was given to understand that England would countenance no such action, and might, in certain circumstances, join the United States in resisting it. This at least is one of the interpretations to be placed upon the singular warmth with which the President expressed his gratitude to England in interviews with the correspondents of the 'Times' and 'Daily Mail,' and upon a passage in Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech, delivered many weeks after the war had begun, in which the British Minister spoke of the possibility of England and America standing shoulder to shoulder in the cause of right. Moreover it is certain that the British Government was sounded by the military powers of the Continent on the subject of intervention, and that it declined to have any part or parcel in such a proceeding. The British Ambassador at Washington gave all his support to America, and thus Continental schemes to put England forward as the antagonist of the United States collapsed, whilst intervention by France, Russia, and Germany, singly or combined, became impossible in view of the union of hearts between England and America.

There is evidence to show that as far back as the beginning of March the President had decided upon war, and the only wonder now is that his Government did not immediately take proper steps to prepare for the struggle. He wished to fight, but at the same time, as a skilful politician in a democracy, he wished to appear compelled to fight rather against his own inclinations by the mandate of public opinion, and so perhaps he was averse to the taking of precautions. The sensational press of America had, with the destruction of the 'Maine,' commenced to shriek for immediate war to avenge 'an act of treachery and crime.' The 'Maine' catastrophe it was which drove the President forward and made his demands upon the Spanish Government more brusque and peremptory. On April 19th Congress applied the pressure for which he had been waiting, in its famous joint resolution demanding that 'the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.' Next day an ultimatum was forwarded by telegraph to General Woodford, the United States Minister at Madrid, calling upon Spain to evacuate Cuba immediately, and giving till the 23rd for a reply. On this same day the Spanish Minister at Washington demanded his

passports, and on the 21st Spain notified General Woodford that the ultimatum—which had been read by the telegraph censor at Madrid and submitted to the Spanish Ministry before it was sent to the General—would not be received, and that diplomatic relations were suspended. On the 22nd the war definitely began with the blockade of the Cuban coast.

In these final steps America stands forward as the apparent aggressor, imposing demands upon Spain with which the Spanish Government could not comply without a grave injury to the national honour. American precipitancy is to be explained by the cry 'Remember the "Maine,"' which was thrilling the United States, but it produced a bad impression in Continental Europe, whilst the dignified and heroic attitude of Spain evoked universal sympathy. Yet had Germany, France, or Russia had one of their finest warships destroyed in the harbour of a power with which relations were at the time very strained, it is more than doubtful whether they would have acted otherwise than did the United States.

It is now necessary to examine the military position of the two combatant powers, and the preparations made on either side. Neither was ready for war as Europe understands readiness, and therefore vigorous action did not immediately follow upon the rupture of diplomatic relations, as it would in the case of a struggle between two neighbouring European states. The United States have on their side geographical conditions, population, wealth, and engineering resources. Havana lies only 1000 to 1200 miles from the real bases of the United States' navy, the dockyards of Norfolk, League Island, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Newport News, and 80 miles from the advanced post of Key West. It is 300 miles from Tampa, in Florida, where the railway system of the United States touches the sea, and 595 miles from the equally important railway centre and port of Mobile. Cadiz, on the other hand, the real base of the Spanish navy, is 4127 miles from Havana, and the Canaries, the advanced outpost corresponding to Key West, 3800 miles. In view of the grave obstacle which the difficulty of obtaining coal places in the way of fleets during war, these distances were enough to cripple Spain, unless she was permitted free entrance to and exit from the fortified ports of Cuba and Puerto Rico.

In population the United States have seventy millions against Spain's seventeen; in wealth and resources no comparison is possible. The United States have great ship-building yards, which can construct as rapidly and as cheaply as those of England; Spain has, outside her Government dockyards, a
solitary

solitary establishment at Bilbao, and has rarely got a large ship to sea in less than five or six years from its commencement. Whilst the finances of the United States are, if not in first-rate order, at least capable of bearing any strain, Spain, exhausted by the steady drain which the insurrections in Cuba and the Philippines have brought upon her, finds it difficult to raise the money required for the war. United States 4 per cent. bonds stood at 123, two months after the outbreak of war, when Spanish 4 per cents. were as low as 33.

Besides this advantage in geography and finance, the United States have a great advantage in national character. The average American is quick-witted, intelligent, and peculiarly skilful in handling mechanical contrivances. On the other hand the very independence and alertness of his intellect render him averse to discipline and a constant critic of his officers. But for this fault his intelligence and mechanical aptitude fully compensate, now that war has become so much a matter of machinery. The American warship, as those who examined the fine cruiser 'Brooklyn' at the great naval review of 1897 know well, is filled from end to end with tricky machines and contrivances, such as our navy rejects because they are liable to go wrong in the hour of action. Yet these have been kept in good order by the Americans during the war. The Spaniard, on the other hand, is as a rule indolent, ill-educated, and by no means a good sailor and good ship-keeper. Consequently we have seen Spanish ships, nominally capable of 20 knots, good in actual fact for only 12 knots. We have seen delicate vessels such as the Spanish destroyers—which were of the best and latest pattern—achieve absolutely nothing, because they were not managed with skill or husbanded for action.

As the sea parts the United States from Cuba and from Spain, it was clear from the first that the issue of the war must largely depend upon naval strength. Here, again, there could be little comparison. The United States had ready for sea four of the best battleships in the world. One of these, the 'Oregon,' was on the Pacific coast, but had been ordered round to Key West on March 13th. She reached her destination on May 24th. To these four were to be added an older and inferior battleship, six powerful but slow monitors, of which two were on the Pacific coast, an armoured ram unready for sea, two fine and speedy armoured cruisers, seventeen protected cruisers, and ten torpedo-boats, besides several gunboats and older craft. Four protected cruisers and two gunboats were at Hong Kong, under Commodore Dewey, when the war began. Against this fleet, which was all the more formidable because its items were

new,

new, Spain had ready for sea only four armoured cruisers, all good ships of recent type, three destroyers, three torpedo-boats, some armed transports and a few old cruisers in Atlantic or West Indian waters, with a dozen or more old cruisers and gunboats in the Philippines. Preparing for sea at Cadiz she had one battleship, one armoured cruiser, two good protected cruisers, four destroyers, and eight or nine torpedo-boats. It is a significant fact that at the date of writing this unready squadron is still 'preparing,' but at Port Said instead of Cadiz. Its aimless movements and protracted delays proclaim the doubts and hesitations of the Spanish Ministry.* It is probable that on April 22nd, when the war began, coal and ammunition were lacking, for nothing else will explain the extraordinary inertness and incapacity which marked the Spanish strategy.

In *personnel* Spain had a great paper advantage. She had far more officers than the United States, more seamen, and a trained reserve. But the low quality of her seamen was not atoned for by her superiority in quantity. Her gunners could not shoot straight, and judging from a general order of Admiral Cervera's, the discipline on board her ships must be of a remarkably low description. 'I need not,' ran this order, 'call upon you to give proof of conscientiousness in your attention to duty, especially that of watch-keeping, a task often irksome.' No British or American admiral would exhort his officers or men to keep watch vigilantly, any more than he would exhort them to eat, breathe, or sleep. In one respect alone is the Spanish seaman above all reproach. He does not lack passive courage, and may be trusted, as Santiago and Manila showed, to stand up to be slaughtered, even when the odds against him are hopeless. Pity cannot but be felt that brave men should be killed for so little purpose or result.

In quality, then, the United States' *personnel* was incomparably ahead of the Spanish. The American naval officers are among the best in the world, scientific, well-educated, having the 'sentiment of the sea,' cool, brave, resourceful, and energetic. The men at the head of the fleet were old, but with admirable judgment the Navy Department brushed tradition aside and selected a comparatively junior officer,* Captain Sampson, who stood fourth on the captains' list, for the command of the North Atlantic fleet, which was charged with the task of operating in West Indian waters. It says much for the

* There were in December 1897 five admirals and ten commodores, besides three captains, above him on the active list.

loyalty of Commodores Schley, Watson, and Remy, who are senior to him, and who are now under his orders, that Admiral Sampson appears to have had no trouble and no friction inside his fleet. The precedent set by America in this direction is most valuable, and it is to be hoped that it will be followed by the British Admiralty in the hour of need, since England also suffers from the misfortune of old officers at the head of the navy. Admiral Sampson is the typical American officer—quiet and undemonstrative in manner; reserved in speech; cool and cautious, with abundant courage; a great artillery expert; and, if wanting in any direction, perhaps lacking that dash which is rarely found in any but the young leader. But with Farragut's achievement yet fresh in the memory of the United States the Navy Department may be pardoned for choosing a man of fifty-eight years for the highest and most responsible command.

In the period of preparation for war both Spain and the United States added considerably to their fleets. Spain purchased three fast Hamburg-American liners and took up several of her *Compañia Transatlantica* steamers, but these have as yet achieved nothing. The United States bought a good protected cruiser and an auxiliary cruiser from Brazil, whilst over eighty steamers, yachts, and tugs of all kinds and sizes were purchased in England or America. Amongst these were eight fast mail-steamers, four of them Atlantic liners, of the utmost value for cruising and scouting. At the same time the ships on the stocks were hurried forward—amongst these being five fine battleships and twenty destroyers and torpedo-boats. One or two of the battleships and all the torpedo craft will be ready by the close of the year, if the war lasts so long, and the other battleships will be at sea early in 1899. Then the balance of sea-power will incline yet more decisively against Spain.

To man the ships purchased and hastily commissioned, a fair number of officers from the retired and active list were available. The seamen and stokers were wanting; to obtain them draughts had to be made upon a half-trained body of men known as the Naval Militia. This force is a State organization, intended entirely for defence within the particular States. It thus answered to our old Naval Volunteers. It numbered, in 1897, 3,871 petty officers and men, and its duties are described in the 'New York "World" Almanack' as being 'to man the coast and harbour defence vessels, thus leaving free the regular force to carry on offensive operations at sea.' The weak point of the force, as of our Volunteers, leaps at once to the eye. Its
employment

employment is not left to the central naval authority—that is to say, its members cannot be sent anywhere without some stretching of the President's constitutional rights; they must, unless they volunteer specially, be kept on their own coasts near their own homes.

To overcome this difficulty it was announced that Naval Militiamen who wished to be mustered into the United States' navy must enlist as seamen in the regular navy. But the members of the force, many of whom were gentlemen by birth, were disinclined to see their organizations broken up, or to be draughted with strange seamen whose manners and habits were not their manners and habits. They were patriotic, but they did not see the necessity for personal inconvenience. Thus, of the *Massachusetts* battalion of militia, numbering 195, only 20 at first responded to the call. 'The others said . . . until the emergency appeared more pressing than at present they would decline to take the final step of a two years' enlistment in the navy, until they could return to their homes and arrange their personal affairs.' It must be said to their credit that most ended by enlisting, and America was treated to the honourable spectacle of a millionaire's son acting the common seaman, an admiral's son doing boatswain's mate, and famous yachtsmen humbly going about quartermaster's duties. But the difficulty which occurred is instructive, and still more instructive perhaps is an incident which happened in the Michigan Naval Militia. A detachment of 150—the Militia numbers 260—was telegraphed for 'to help man' the auxiliary cruiser 'Yosemite.' On this a chief boatswain's mate of the Militia went to Washington to remonstrate. He wanted the ship to be manned entirely with militiamen, instead of having to swab decks 'with fishermen and lascars.' He won his point, but the horror of the Michiganders may be pictured when on reaching their ship they found that they were to be commanded not only by three United States' naval officers, but also by a mate who had served in the 'Yosemite' before she had entered the navy. They protested once more, but this time the Navy Department got rid of their importunity by ordering the 'Yosemite' to sea. Similar difficulties were raised by the New Jersey Naval Militia.

It will be gathered that United States' defences, so far as they were organized at all, were organized in conformity with the radically vicious catchword, 'Defence, not defiance.' The navy was essentially a defensive and not an offensive force. It was strong in the coast-service type of armour-clad, for even the fine ships of the 'Indiana' type are designed rather for coast-work than for sea-keeping, and are from this point

of view strikingly inferior to our 'Majestic' or 'Royal Sovereign' classes. There was no provision of that first requisite for amphibious war, a mobile expeditionary force, and the American press has been the first to deplore the oversight. The United States' army numbered only 27,000 men, and had not been drilled or trained as an army. Since the Civil War it had been split up into weak detachments and employed in police work. It was not certain that the State Militia, numbering 113,000 men, could be called upon to serve outside the frontier of the United States, and it was practically an undrilled undisciplined force, destitute of trained officers. The company officers were elected; the superior officers, appointed by the State Governors, were often politicians rather than soldiers.* The feeling of some of these feather-bed warriors was expressed by a member of the 13th New York: 'I didn't join this regiment to fight—I joined it for its society and its dances, and, if it is necessary for the regiment to go to war, then I'll take out my discharge.' It is due to the honour of the 13th to say that this candid gentleman was hooted and mobbed, and that the rest of the regiment was ready enough to fight. But after what has been said of the Naval Militia, the recurrence of the same difficulties with the Militia is most instructive. Nor will it escape notice that British military organization, so far as the Volunteers are concerned, runs on the same defective lines, and that our want of a sufficient, ready, mobile force is nearly or quite as serious.†

As with the Naval Militia, so with the Militia, the difficulty is being surmounted by calling upon the men to enlist in the United States' army. Here the question of retaining the militia organization has cropped up. The members of each regiment are anxious to keep their comrades and officers whom they know, and they have shown themselves particularly opposed to the appointment of trained officers from the United States' regular army to command them. Lieutenant-Colonel 'Ham.' Lewis, of the Washington Militia, who is known in the playful American press by the sobriquet of 'the pink-whiskered militiaman,' has made himself especially notorious by his opposition to West Point officers—West Point being the American Sandhurst and

* The Governor of Georgia, in the quota of volunteers raised by that State, attempted to appoint eighty-six politicians to the officers' list of two regiments. We are not told whether he has succeeded in this patriotic attempt, but service papers in America complain bitterly that real soldiers are passed over and politicians chosen for commands.

† 'The day of a National Guard has passed for ever away,' said the New York 'Sun.' The Volunteer is similar in class and training to the U.S. National Guard.

Woolwich rolled into one. He opposed in Congress any increase of the army:—

‘To increase the standing army in order to provide for a favoured few—for those who may have graduated at West Point and hold now the privileges of this nation—this is the object of the law. Make mercenaries of our volunteer soldiers and martinets of every insolent military under-strapper. Let these men work for a living as men, and be entitled to the consideration of the American citizen.’

In these words we have an echo of Mr. John Burns’ unmannerly and untrue description of the British officer as a ‘gilded popinjay.’ Let us hope that Colonel Lewis and Mr. Burns will note the results of a want of ‘gilded popinjays,’ if ever the American militia takes the field.

In several regiments there has been a disposition to vote against volunteering for service outside the United States. The 7th New York, composed largely of well-to-do men, voted not to volunteer; three-fourths of the 13th Regiment did the same, and ‘were hooted, jeered, and cursed’ by their comrades. In the 71st New York Regiment, Company F, 55 voted for service inside the country, and only 38 for service abroad. There was a good deal of ill-feeling, at first, in the South, as it was supposed that the North was going to put the Southerners in the forefront of the battle. The Richmond (Virginia) Militia declined to go outside the United States. Two other Virginia regiments, however, responded eagerly, and the appointment of the ex-Confederate general, FitzHugh Lee, to high command has perhaps finally ‘placated’ the South. In any case the President’s call for 125,000 men issued on April 23rd was well responded to; and the quotas from the various States were recruited up to their full strength by the middle of June. A second call for 75,000 more men was issued at the end of May. Thus at the date of writing the United States have nearly 300,000 men in arms, in the army and navy.*

There have been many striking instances of the exalted patriotism which we should expect from a great race. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, famous as a hunter and naval writer, left his high post in the Navy Department to raise a regiment of rich young men for service in the field. Millionaires such as Mr. Wanamaker, Mr. Chanler, and Mr. J. J. Astor have raised and equipped regiments or batteries. The great merchants and employers have announced that *employés* who serve through the war will have their places kept open for them and their

* Regular Army, 68,000; Navy and Reserves, 20,000 or more; Volunteers, 200,000.

wages paid to their wives and children. It cannot be denied that their conduct reads a lesson to British employers, who are none too ready to employ Reserve-men and old soldiers. As an instance of the spirit of Americans we may quote a quaint sign which all through the recruiting period graced a 'Bowery' bar in New York :

' In God we trust.
All others must pay cash for drinks,
Excepting Marines, Soldiers, and Sailors
Serving under the American flag.'

One more point must be mentioned before our account of the creation of a great army by a democracy is complete. In the debate in Congress on the organization of the volunteers it was suggested that the men should be allowed to elect their own officers. The proposal was rejected, mainly because of the earnest and energetic protest of General Grosvenor, a soldier of the Civil War. 'If I wanted to plant a seed of sin that should grow into the tree of death,' he said, 'I should vote for the measure. We cannot make the appointment and promotion of officers depend upon a caucus.' And he showed that fifty per cent. of the elected officers in the army of the Civil War found their way home within two years. It would have been well had President McKinley, himself an able soldier, weighed this protest, and refrained from appointing political officers—such as Mr. Bryan, who offered himself as a private, not as an officer, but was at once through the influence of his political friends made a colonel. Remembering the story of Fremont and his like in the Civil War, the political general must be pronounced a disastrous failure.

Before the outbreak of war there had been much conjecture as to the probable action of the two navies. Spain, a fortnight before the ultimatum, had assembled her four armoured cruisers, three destroyers, and three torpedo-boats, under Admiral Cervera, at St. Vincent in the Cape Verdes, 2400 miles from Puerto Rico, and 3300 from Havana. It was supposed, and with good reason, that before war came she would move her torpedo craft, under the escort of the armoured cruisers, to Puerto Rico and Cuba. On the north coast of the latter island they would find innumerable shallow and island-defended harbours, whence to issue and strike at the American fleet. It was supposed that the armoured cruisers, evading a battle by their superior speed, would then steam north, along the American coast-line, threatening Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and New York, all of which were open to attack in mid-April. Finally

Finally they could coal at Halifax and return home, or proceed, if they chose, to West Indian waters. On their part the Americans were expected to take steps to meet the torpedo flotilla and destroy it before it reached the West Indies. Simultaneously they were expected to blockade Havana with their weaker ships and to seize San Juan in Puerto Rico by a conjoint expedition. Puerto Rico, lying on the line of communication between Cuba and Spain, was the best point of concentration at which to await a Spanish fleet. It was supposed that the American authorities would take steps from the first to watch the Cape Verde fleet and prevent its sailing westward. If, as was afterwards found to be the case, the fast cruisers were not ready for the work, the question must obviously be asked, Why was the war hurried on by the United States' Government? Mr. McKinley might well have waited till his fleet was ready. But, as events have proved, Spain was utterly incapable of taking advantage of the chances which he gave her. In war lost opportunities rarely recur. Yet Cervera with the St. Vincent fleet was given opportunity after opportunity to no purpose.

As contrasted with this programme, the actual performance is interesting. First, taking Cervera's fleet, which was far the most formidable Spain possessed, it has achieved nothing or worse than nothing. Every consideration rendered it imperative for the Spanish admiral, when his chance of striking a surprise blow had been lost, to maintain his small force in effective existence till it could gain the support of the ships preparing for sea at Cadiz. He might have intercepted the 'Oregon' on her voyage round to Key West from San Francisco; and with his four armoured cruisers and three destroyers *ought* easily to have captured or destroyed her. We say *ought*, because subsequent events have shown the worthlessness of the Spanish navy as a fighting force. The loss of the 'Oregon' would have been a terrible blow to the States; it would have caused great exultation in Spain; and would have had a far-reaching political and strategical effect upon the war, by rendering it possible for Cervera to return to Cadiz without provoking a popular outcry. Once more it must be repeated, the political situation dominates war, and the leader or strategist who loses sight of the fact must incur the charge of incompetence.

For a week after the war began his squadron delayed at St. Vincent.* On April 29th it sailed, but even then failed to

* Probably that coaling arrangements in the West Indies might be completed, and to give time for the colliers to reach the rendezvous.

take with it its three torpedo-boats. The four cruisers and three destroyers vanished for a fortnight. The effect was magical. Spanish battleships, cruisers, and torpedo craft were seen here, there, and everywhere—in the West Indies, off the American coast, and in the North Atlantic. Captain after captain of neutral steamers arriving at New York told with strange circumstantiality of detail how he sighted a large cruiser, a torpedo-boat, or a fleet. The sound of heavy firing was heard almost everywhere along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and though this was not really surprising, in view of the fact that a dozen warships or auxiliary cruisers were daily engaging in target-practice off the coast, it was always put down to the Spanish fleet. So great was the uneasiness that the Navy Department retained two battleships and two powerful cruisers under Commodore Schley at Hampton Roads, a force sufficient to engage and defeat the Spaniards, had they appeared. This strategical action fully justifies the report of the three British admirals on the British manœuvres of 1888, that a reserve fleet will always, in time of war, have to be retained in the Channel; and shows that they had considered the political situation. It is less satisfactory to reflect that the country has never listened to their warning.

On May 10th a startling report was received that Cervera had returned to Cadiz. This was his right course of action, from the strategical point of view, but was, as has been explained, quite impossible from the political standpoint. The report was probably circulated by the Spanish Government. That same day the fleet appeared at Martinique, but for some strange reason no news of its presence in West Indian waters was telegraphed to New York till May 12th. It is difficult to repress the belief that some agency, friendly to Spain, delayed the message. The American auxiliary cruiser 'Harvard' was in the neighbourhood, sighted the Spaniards, and her captain seems to have been the first to send the news. The Spanish destroyer 'Terror,' in a deplorable state of disrepair, came into the French harbour and lay there for some days making good defects.

Cervera's sudden and unexpected arrival caused great excitement in the United States. Admiral Sampson with the bulk of the North Atlantic fleet was off San Juan, out of immediate reach; Commodore Schley was far to the north at Hampton Roads; scattered round the western end of Cuba were thirty or forty weak gunboats, tugs, yachts, and torpedo-boats, maintaining the blockade. Martinique is 1400 miles from Cienfuegos, on the south-western coast of Cuba, a port connected by rail with Havana,

Havana, whilst San Juan is about 1100 miles from Cienfuegos. Then, Cervera could have steamed at 11 knots to Cienfuegos, against Admiral Sampson's 8,* he could have arrived there first and have done plenty of mischief, even had Sampson received immediate warning. Schley could not reach Cienfuegos any sooner than Sampson. As a fact, owing to the suppression of the news, neither of the two was warned for three days, so that Cervera was actually given three days' grace.

Cervera attempted nothing. He hovered two or three days in the neighbourhood of Martinique, whilst the United States' fleets were given time to get the news and to move to cover Cuba. Probably he was short of coal and supplies, for otherwise nothing will explain his inaction. Sampson also, though the Spaniards did not know it, was in much the same predicament. He had to hurry precipitately back to Key West to coal, instead of being able to steam towards his enemy. The danger of crediting false reports is strikingly illustrated. There had been a tale that the Spanish fleet was at San Juan, and this had doubtless led him to steam thither. 'A false alarm,' it has been said, 'may bring a fleet at full speed to the scene of action and deplete its bunkers. Returning to port it will have to fill up again before it moves.' The admiral in war must strike the balance between the risk of moving prematurely and wasting coal and supplies, and the equal risk of moving too late. Schley's fleet steamed slowly down the Atlantic seaboard, reached Charleston on the 15th, and Key West a day or two later, when it was only detained a few hours to coal. Great then was Cervera's opportunity, with all the enemy's powerful ships temporarily out of the field.

He is said to have had four large colliers with his fleet, and to have settled upon a rendezvous in unfrequented Venezuelan waters. It is probable that the 'Restormel,' a large British vessel, was on her way to join him at this rendezvous, and that she was the only collier. She broke down and failed to keep time, finally being captured by the Americans whilst hovering about the Cuban coast. We can easily understand the straits to which Cervera might be reduced by this misadventure, especially if he had started from St. Vincent, as seems probable, with his bunkers barely filled.† He was compelled to make for a port where he could get coal, and chose the island of Curaçao, a Dutch possession on the Venezuelan coast, well

* Admiral Sampson had the slow monitors to delay his fleet.

† The extreme coal stowage of the 'Vizeaya' class is 1100 tons, and 200 or 300 tons might be carried in bags, as a deck cargo. Ships so lumbered could not fight, but there was no danger of an immediate action.

placed at the strategic centre of the Caribbean. Here he appeared with his four armoured cruisers and two destroyers, and requested to be allowed to coal, on May 14th. Two vessels only were allowed to enter the port. These took on board 500 or 600 tons of bad coal—the good coal was all in the United States' consul's hands. The other four had to shift as best they could. The fleet left on the 15th, and steamed or rather crawled to Santiago, a fortified harbour in south-eastern Cuba, where it arrived on May 19th.

The entrance to Santiago harbour is exceedingly narrow, sinuous, and bordered by high ground. It was therefore impossible, on a mere reconnaissance from the sea, to determine whether the Spanish fleet was inside or not. As Madrid—presumably for political reasons—asserted with unusual emphasis that the fleet was inside, the general opinion in the United States was that it was not there. Sampson and Schley, having finished coaling, went in search of it. Sampson steamed east along the north coast of Cuba, and then returned to the neighbourhood of Key West, whilst Schley apparently proceeded through the Yucatan Channel, eastwards along the south coast. He reached Cienfuegos on May 21st with the 'Massachusetts,' 'Texas,' 'Brooklyn,' and several smaller vessels. Over a depression in the hills between the harbour and the sea he saw plainly the topmasts of four large ships. A torpedo-boat at night stole some way into the harbour and made out four large ships and twelve small. These were taken for the Spaniards; and for three days Commodore Schley cheerfully blockaded an imaginary fleet, till on the 25th he heard that Cervera was at Santiago. He must not be blamed for incompetence, as the truth is that in these days of long-range guns, when reconnaissances cannot be pushed home in daylight, such mistakes will often occur. All the intelligence Schley received up to the 24th or 25th pointed to the presence of his enemy in the harbour. Thus Cervera had lost one more chance—five clear days in which to coal and get to sea. As he made no movement it is almost certain that some of his ships had gone wrong in the boiler or engine-room departments, since there were reported to be 4000 or 5000 tons of coal at Santiago, and he could scarcely be in want of fuel. As usual he was sighted off the American coast, this time near Nova Scotia, where seven 'mysterious ships' were seen on the 25th by some imaginative pilots, and there was great fear at Washington that he had really escaped.

The American fleets—first Schley's and then Sampson's—were, however, allowed to close in on Santiago, and thereafter

Cervera's

Cervera's squadron was doomed. To get into Santiago in broad daylight with big ships is no easy task; to get out at night, possibly under a heavy fire, is a desperate enterprize, demanding the boldest and most adroit seamanship. Cervera showed no activity. The two destroyers did not trouble the American fleet with nightly *alertes*; a careless watch was maintained; and presently the entrance to the harbour was partially blocked by the sinking of an American collier at the narrowest point. This difficult and dangerous feat was accomplished by Naval Constructor Hobson with a crew of seven volunteers.

The trap thus closed on Cervera, the American ships began a steady bombardment of the Santiago forts. A fortnight later, on June 13th, General Shafter, with an expeditionary force of 17,000 men, left to attack Santiago by land. Thus all the circumstances of Wei-hai-wei were repeated, with this exception, that the Spanish gunners have inflicted far less damage upon the American fleet than the Chinese gunners inflicted upon Admiral Ito's squadron. The movement of the transports to Santiago had commenced on the 9th, but was temporarily suspended at the news that more imaginary Spanish ships were hovering about Havana.

Before the arrival of General Shafter's force, Admiral Sampson seized Guantanamo Bay—a magnificent sheet of water within which his ships could coal and refit with perfect security. The bay lies only thirty-seven miles to the east of Santiago, and was thus admirably suited to his requirements. A small force of marines landed and entrenched themselves on the shore of the bay, but though there was constant skirmishing there was no serious fighting.

On the 21st the landing of General Shafter's army began at Baiquiri, where there is an excellent iron pier, eighteen miles from Santiago. The whole of the expedition was ashore on the 22nd. The advance upon Santiago at once commenced. On the 25th a sharp skirmish occurred at a village known as Sevilla, in which the 1st United States Volunteer Cavalry, better known to fame as 'Roosevelt's Rough Riders,' suffered heavy loss, but at the same time distinguished themselves for dash and courage. On July 1st the Americans, supported by some 4,000 Cuban insurgents, delivered a fierce frontal assault upon the Spanish positions before Santiago. The fighting was in places very determined; the losses on both sides heavy, the Americans suffering severely from the fire of guns landed from Admiral Cervera's fleet. At nightfall the positions on the Spanish left, just to the east of Santiago, were in the hands of General Shafter's men. In the centre, further to the south, the
Americans

Americans were as successful; but on the extreme Spanish right, near the entrance of the harbour, they were repulsed. So indecisive did the action appear that there was grave uneasiness in the United States for General Shafter.

He stood his ground, however, and on July 2nd reinforcements began to arrive. A Spanish assault was beaten off. General Pando, who was on his way to Santiago with 6,000 Spanish troops, was delayed by the Cuban insurgents. Such was the situation—by no means exempt from danger for the Americans—when, on July 3rd, Cervera literally threw his fleet away. It is now evident that the Spaniards in Santiago must have lost all hope, for him to have taken the desperate step which he did take.

In broad daylight, on July 3rd, the American fleet blockading Santiago saw the Spanish squadron of four armoured cruisers and two destroyers leaving the narrow entrance to the harbour in single line. The American fleet concentrated with all possible rapidity and gave chase to the enemy, who stood westward along the Cuban coast. An amazing engagement followed, in which every one of the six Spanish vessels was driven ashore in a sinking plight. The armoured cruisers are said to have been riddled by the projectiles from the American 13-, 12-, and 8-inch guns. The Spaniards on their part failed to inflict any serious injury upon Admiral Sampson's command. It is an extraordinary fact that Admiral Cervera's cruisers, though armed with six 11-inch, ten 6-inch, thirty 5·5-inch, and six 4·7-inch guns, all modern in pattern and excellently mounted, and though they carried no less than twenty-two torpedo tubes, only killed one man and wounded two in the American fleet. Were it not for the terrible loss of life in Cervera's ships, we should be inclined to call this a mere burlesque of a battle. But at least it shows one thing, if nothing else, that it is absolutely useless to possess modern ships and modern weapons if there are not officers and seamen trained to employ these ships and to fight them. For years Spain has neglected manœuvres and evolutions at sea. That is the lesson for every Admiralty.

In one respect the American fleet has disobeyed the teaching of history. Again and again it has bombarded shore works, at Matanzas, at San Juan, and at Santiago. That it has done this with impunity points to the exceeding badness of Spanish shooting rather than to any flaw in the deductions drawn from the past. At Matanzas, however, little or nothing was effected; at San Juan not much more; and we still await detailed reports of the engagements at Santiago. The general objection to
purely

purely naval bombardments is the waste of expensive ammunition which they involve, and the risk of injury to the ships. At Havana, it is significant to notice, there has been no attempt at bombardment.

The troops despatched to Santiago are, with few exceptions, regulars, and should be ample to complete their task. But the country round Santiago is difficult, and the season is the rainy and unhealthy one. Yet the bombardment of the town has already begun, and its fall may be speedily expected. Admiral Sampson's fleet may now at any minute dash into the harbour, when the Spanish positions will become untenable. As soon as Santiago falls San Juan will be assailed. Thus gradually Havana will be isolated, and will be reduced, if we may risk a conjecture, rather by starvation than by assault. Its defences are reported to be in good order—though, with the experience of Manila, this does not mean very much—and there is a large garrison in the city. Fall it must before an effective blockade, cut off from all hope of relief, and the American Government will be wise to play the waiting game. After Puerto Rico has gone we may expect to see one of the Canaries seized, and an American coaling-station planted within hail of Europe, if Spain does not before that sue for peace. Already the Continental Powers are shuddering at the prospect. England, however, feels no uneasiness. As the United States become an imperial Power, their interests will more and more be identified with our own, and the help of the British fleet will become more and more essential.

In the Far East American arms have been blessed with the most signal success. Commodore Dewey left Mirs Bay—now a British possession—on April 27th for Manila. His departure was chronicled and recorded in every newspaper of the globe; his destination was well known; a child could have calculated the precise hour at which he would appear at Manila. Yet such was the hopeless incompetence of Spain and of the Spanish navy that, when on May 1st he appeared in Manila Bay, having steamed almost unmolested past the Spanish forts at the entrance, he found the Spanish fleet at anchor with banked fires near Cavite. Admiral Montojo, the Spanish commander, showed plenty of courage, but richly deserved to be shot for his careless indolence. There is no excuse for a commander who anchors and banks fires at the very moment when the enemy is to be expected. The result was a battle in which every Spanish vessel was burnt or sunk, whilst the Spanish gunners proved themselves unable to kill a single American. History records few such encounters. With their steady, rapid, and accurate fire,

fire, Commodore Dewey's men simply blew their opponents out of the water. They wound up by knocking the Spanish forts at Cavite, under which Montojo's fleet had anchored, about the garrison's ears, and took possession of the arsenal. Manila could not be occupied, as the American fleet could not supply the force of men required to maintain order. But it must fall—will fall before this article appears in print—as an ample force is on its way to Admiral Dewey, escorted by two protected cruisers and a fine monitor. The first American troops have already arrived. Spain has characteristically talked of despatching reinforcements to Manila, but long before they are on the spot, the Americans will have completed their work. Moreover, the Spanish squadron which can beat Admiral Dewey's fleet does not exist.

After the battle of Manila all manner of revelations were made as to the rottenness of the Spanish defences and the unserviceableness of the Spanish ships. The latter, had they been in the hands of British officers, would have had no chance of victory. They only mounted heavy guns totalling 226 inches of calibre, against the American 318 inches. In displacement they were 50 per cent. to the bad. On the average they were smaller, older, weaker in battery, and armed with older guns. Much wood was employed—as in all British ships built before 1896, which are simply filled with combustible fittings—and this was ablaze after the first few shells from the American guns had hit. The pumps had to be kept going in Montojo's flagship because she was leaky. The engines of others were in disrepair. Finally it would seem that the powerful weapons which should have been mounted in the shore fortifications, and which had been paid for by the long-suffering Spanish taxpayer, did not exist.

The battle of Manila has practically made over the Philippines to the United States. The question for us is what our cousins will do with their new possession. On every ground it is to be hoped that they will retain it. The presence of any other Power than an Anglo-Saxon one in Malaysia would be dangerous and distasteful to Australia. Coaling-stations at Samoa and Hawaii, both of which groups lie within the sphere of influence of the United States, would link the new colony to the Pacific coast, and have been advocated in Congress and in the American press. A powerful American squadron and a forward American policy in the China seas have no terrors for England. For good or for evil, the United States have at last burst their shell and become a world-power, competing with England, Germany, and Russia. As Germany and Russia tend to draw closer, so it would seem

that

that in the near future England and the United States will draw together. But whereas Germany and Russia are as oil and vinegar blended, the feeling of race-patriotism gives a far deeper, far more real foundation to the long-wished-for, ardently desired Anglo-Saxon understanding.

Thus the American-Spanish war, though in itself an insignificant struggle, begins a new era. It has revealed an almost unsuspected military weakness in the United States, and put for the agis of our fleet, which still, in 1898, rules the sea against any probable European combination, an attack might have been delivered by the Continent upon America; or the strength of the United States might have been boldly challenged by a German seizure of South American territory. It is our 'fleet in being' which, as a pillar of cloud and fire, has shielded the United States through the contest. The close of the war will see America with an army of the best material, some 250,000 strong. Immense additions to the United States navy are projected or sanctioned, and these will raise its fighting strength to very formidable proportions. Three large battleships, four monitors, sixteen destroyers, and twelve torpedo-boats are ordered or to be ordered. This will bring the American fleet of first-class battleships up to twelve. It has also been proposed to construct a number of armoured cruisers. Unquestionably the American Navy Department would do wisely to substitute fast sea-going vessels, suited for offensive war, for the four monitors, which are useless for anything but harbour defence. Practical experience has convinced the best American naval officers that the monitor is radically wrong as a type. She is unsteady, rolling twenty-one times to the 'New York,' an armoured cruiser's, eight. She is uncomfortable. Her guns cannot be worked in a sea-way; she is slow; and above all she carries an insufficient supply of coal for extended operations. Against this she is invulnerable, but invulnerability can be too dearly purchased. If America is to be a world-power, she must dispense with vessels that do not love the sea, as England has found it best to do.

On the relations of England and America the war must have a far-reaching effect. The alliance is not yet; perhaps will never come; but at least for the first time in history we have stood forward as the active friend of the United States. Our real good-will has survived the rudest shocks, the Irish plots, the unpaid Behring Sea indemnity, the Venezuelan incident, but it only waited real danger to a state which we regard as kindred to our own to evoke it. Hitherto Americans have looked upon England, because they have been taught so to look
upon

upon her, as *the* enemy. With the solitary exception of the inglorious Mexican war and the dispute with France in 1798, they have never fought any country but her. Their school-books record and exaggerate the successes of 1775-1783 and 1812-1815, against Englishmen. The Civil War, great and glorious though it was as a chapter of history to both North and South, is remembered chiefly as an occasion upon which England disappointed the hopes of both and was the friend of neither. Hereafter Dewey's victory and Hobson's exploit will divert attention from Lexington, from the 'President' and 'Constitution,' and from the chequered career of the 'Alabama.' Whether the feeling of friendliness to England has penetrated the West and South we do not profess to know. But when Kentucky and Missouri women resolve to boycott French goods, because French sympathy has been on the side of Spain, it looks as though there also our attitude had not escaped notice. The war which has reconciled for ever North and South promises also to reconcile Anglo-Celt and Anglo-Saxon.

The effect will react upon our policy in every direction. With a friendly America, concession in Ireland and the remedy of all just grievances, even of grievances which do not seem substantial, become safe and expedient. We do not desire to disinter the carcass of Home Rule, or to exaggerate the influence of the Irish in the United States, but to do what can be done to propitiate American opinion. In Central America we shall look forward without uneasiness to the American control of the inter-oceanic canal, which is a certainty of the remoter future. We can turn our eyes to the Far East and prepare for the coming struggle with the certainty that no enemy in the West will 'climb upon our backs' when we are fighting for life. The dream of the Dual Alliance, that the United States would attack Canada whilst the French and Russian fleets and armies held our attention in the Old World, has now little possibility of realization.

There are yet pessimists in England who predict that Jamaica and Canada will share the fate of Cuba and Puerto Rico. Their fears are absurd, for when all is said, there is a vast body of silent citizens in the United States who love justice, and who would regard such conduct on the part of their Government as the basest treachery and ingratitude. Treachery and ingratitude are not characteristic vices of our race. Moreover British rule in Canada and Jamaica is neither corrupt nor tyrannical, and American citizens know this perfectly well. It is significant that in the shock of battle with Spain American soldiers and sailors are being called upon to remember not Hull, Jones, Decatur,

Decatur, and Lawrence, but Drake and Hawkins, the mighty seamen whose names are the common inheritance of our race. And those who maintain that the Anglo-Celt or Anglo-Saxon does not dominate the United States might take the trouble to glance through the American Navy List. With two or three exceptions every admiral and captain has an unmistakably British name. It is good for Americans to be able to recall the past which unites, behind the past which severs, as the two nations stand upon the threshold of reunion. Strong in the new-born friendship, the Anglo-Saxon will go forward, through the coming century of trial and danger, with the irrepressible energy of the race—

‘Detachments steady throwing
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!’

- ART. XI.—1. *L'Espagne en 1897*. Par Gaston Routier. Paris, 1897.
2. *Don Emilio Castelar* (Public Men of To-day Series). By David Hannay. London, 1896.
3. *History of Spain to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic*. By Ulick Ralph Burke. London, 1895.
4. *Note-book in Northern Spain*. By A. M. Huntington. New York, 1897.
5. *Lord Salisbury at the Albert Hall, May 4th, 1898*.
6. *Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, May 13th, 1898*.
7. *The New York 'Times,' February to June, 1898*.
8. *'La Epoca.'* Madrid, April to June, 1898.
9. *El Cuarto Poder*. Por Armando Palacio Valdes. Madrid, 1888.

THE close of the last year brought peace between Turkey and Greece, and men rejoiced that the danger of reopening the Eastern Question had passed away. England had serious objects of anxiety on her Indian frontier and on the Upper Nile. Crete was still a subject of discussion; but there was no prospect of the disturbance of good relations between any of those Powers whose sayings and doings make up the telegraph news in our morning papers. The new year had hardly opened when it became known that the question of the Far East was in a much more acute stage than that of the Hither East had ever reached in recent times. Whilst Crete and the controversies which beat round that island remain, another war has broken out involving the future of important possessions in both the great oceans. The guns of the United States at work, not only in the Caribbean Sea, but in the Southern Pacific, have awakened an echo in every part of the world, and stimulated the belief that a new adjustment of international relations was dawning upon us. The war between China and Japan, it is now seen, opened questions of momentous consequence for other States. The transfer of the colonies which a few months ago remained under the flag of Spain is not a matter of indifference to any of the larger commercial nations. In these circumstances, it is not surprising to find that each country is more than ever busy with the examination of its relative position towards other States. In England this subject has attracted attention rarely bestowed on it. Men are beginning to wonder what might be the position of our country in this or that conjuncture, and are not content, as of old, with the general assumption that other nations are all wrong and more or less hostile to us, whilst we are right and are strong enough to take care

care of ourselves, and that their hostility does not much matter. Even the Radicals, who endeavour to check the new tendency of the people to recognize the importance of foreign affairs and the necessity of forming some scheme of international policy, have a foreign policy of their own, which they call co-operation with one great Power, and which experience has shown would simply mean surrender. Mr. Asquith tells us that the best hope for the future lies in friendship and co-operation between England and Russia. His language is an admission that the days of 'splendid isolation' are over. Even by the most thorough-going of the Radical leaders the doctrine of the Silver Streak is abandoned. In this state of things the Spanish-American conflict has an attraction quite out of proportion to the dramatic interest which it possesses.

It would be difficult to find in the world's annals any parallel for the present war between the most advanced and vigorous of the new nations and the great martial people who have maintained the soldierly traditions of Europe from the time of Scipio to the Peninsular War. Even as late as 1860 the fighting qualities of the Spaniard were splendidly illustrated, in the Moorish campaign that gave the title of Tetuan to the House of O'Donnell. Although the nation has generally been slow in enterprise, and their characteristic, from the days of Pelayo to those of Alava, has been tenacity rather than happy daring, they have distinguished themselves more than once in naval warfare. The struggle has lasted now nearly three months, and Spain has done nothing, although she possessed disciplined and courageous troops and a very considerable navy.

The Americans, on the other hand, boast that they are not a military nation. Their numbers, accumulated wealth, the spirit and personal courage of their population, and their rare instinct for organization, supply excellent material for great armaments; but, to bring these advantages to bear, time is required, and when this war commenced they had practically no army, and their navy was of small proportions. The Spanish navy has ceased to exist. The soldier, badly fed, short of ammunition, fighting behind entrenchments to the death, remains. But the purpose of the Spanish authorities is still a mystery.

Unfortunately for the prospects of Spain there is little in the present helplessness of the country inconsistent with past history. We cannot cherish the hope of any reaction which might open a new era for her people. Never has Spain followed with close attention what was going on among other nations. She never was able to boast a spirited population claiming civic individuality. Spaniards have never been united in a common

purpose in which each felt a personal interest. In France, in England, in Holland and the more important States of Italy and Germany, like Florence, Venice, Saxony, Prussia, we see the people through many generations under different forms of government identifying themselves with great lines of policy, maintained by a succession of parties and eminent leaders. In Spain, on the other hand, the only cause which has ever stirred the people was the integrity of Spanish territory. To exclude the stranger, whether Moor or Frank, they have fought with persistency and glory. Their military renown in the world has been founded rather on their valiant services under individual chiefs than as champions of a national policy. The campaigns of the Arragonese Kings, of Gonsalvo of Cordova, of the generals who served all over Europe under Charles V., the brilliant expeditions of Cortes and Pizarro against the native empires of America—these were rather personal adventures than indications of a national tendency. They showed the splendid material of which the Spanish soldier was made. As in the Roman times, the soil still gave birth to men of martial genius, worthy of comparison with Hadrian and Theodosius.

The productiveness of Spain in great individualities was phenomenal for many centuries after its settlement by Augustus. Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Theodosius, are statesmen whom the world cannot forget, and their shades would not disdain such followers as Ferdinand X., Henry of Arragon, and Gonsalvo of Cordova. In theology and speculation Hosius, Isidore, Lull, and Servetus proved the intellectual vigour of the soil. In the annals of Leon, Castile, Navarre, and Arragon show us some monsters of cruelty and perfidy, they abound in examples of public spirit, purity of life, elevation of character, and dauntless courage. But the St. Ferdinands and the Gonsalvos did not constitute a national type, much less a permanent class.

The longer record of the country is made up of the continued conflicts to protect their soil against the intruder. It is to the earlier stage of this struggle to maintain the flag of Spain that we owe the formation of the Spanish nation, such as it now exists. The extremely mixed populations of the northern coast were organized under the influence of the Church and the feudal system into a fighting people, who for close upon eight hundred years carried on the struggle to win back the country from the African invader. This is the period which has made Spain what she will always be, the land of romance for Western Europe. It was these centuries which moulded the character of the population, with their strange diversities

diversities of race and temperament, and their serene confidence in their own position in the world, a position won by their good right hand. During all this time, in Northern Europe and in Italy, new civilizations were coming and going. The culture of the Court of Charlemagne, the era of the Crusades, the vigorous life of the Hansa, had no echo south of the Pyrenees. On the Portuguese side of the Peninsula the Crusades had some influence from time to time when the warrior tide went by sea, but Spain, even with her Atlantic seaboard, was unmoved by the long struggle of the Plantagenets for dominion on the Continent. It was only that spoiled soldier of fortune, the Black Prince, who for a few years brought about some contact with the different political organizations to the north and to the south of the mountain barrier. But from 1358 to 1513, she was again absorbed in her own concerns without let or hindrance from other Powers. The intrigues of Louis XI. in Navarre did not interfere with her isolation. The campaigns in the Two Sicilies neither moved the mass of the people nor affected their public life.

At the death of Ferdinand of Arragon the unity of Spain had been achieved, and by the accession of his grandson Charles she became part of a vast empire embracing the richest and most prosperous portions of the earth. Under Spanish control was the accumulated wealth of the great Italian cities, of the rich provinces of Flanders, whilst beyond the ocean a new East had been discovered, teeming with treasures such as only fairy legend could parallel. The wonders of the New World had already stirred the imagination of the Spanish people, when their new Flemish sovereign was tempted to add to his other cares the responsibilities of the Imperial Crown. Before the contest opened by the death of Maximilian in 1517 was decided, Cortes was master of Mexico. Before the battle of Pavia, Pizarro had conquered Peru, and the great flood of bullion had set in, to the satisfaction of the officials at Madrid and the bewilderment of the soldier people. Men whose habits had been formed in camps were deprived of their natural leaders, who had been attracted to the public life of other nations. At the same time the mines of the New World gave a new direction to the spirit of adventure.

For war was substituted the discovery of treasure, not the pursuit of industry. The Spanish tongue, that *lengua encantadora*, is a key to the history of the people. In its vigour and picturesqueness it is something between the precision of General Orders and the 'Barrack-Room Ballads' of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In structure it is the most unscholarly of the Romance languages—

languages—the pigeon-Latin of the West. It is the spontaneous utterance of the men who fought under the Pelayos and Alfonsos and Ferdinands, and who secured the result that Europe should be European and not Oriental. When France had already laid the foundations of a great language, which, strengthened by her Teuton conquerors, should compete with the glories of the Roman tongue, whilst the monks and scholars of Italy were moulding a language of academic grace and exquisite melody, the sturdy soldiers who followed Ferdinand the Great mixed Arabic and Latin as convenience and a musical ear suggested, and fashioned an utterance of their own so life-like in expression, so sonorous in delivery, that it has become the finest oratorical instrument of the world. Everyone who has listened to public speakers using good Castilian feels the spell of this tongue, so fresh in its ebullience, so masculine in intonation and harmonious in cadence.

Its noble pre-eminence as a spoken language is probably due to the fact that students and literary men like Alfonso El Sabio, Villena, and Santillana were but few. There was no closet influence to bridge over the interval between the camp ballad and the public orator. With the growth of peace and wealth came the Inquisition and imported fashions, and with one or two magnificent exceptions like Cervantes, United Spain never produced a literature to compare with the camp songs or the early chronicles, to do full justice to the splendid resources of her diction.

Spain is the country of all Europe the most Chauvinist, but, since the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present day, it is that which, in religion, in politics, in all the higher regions of mind, has been the most continuously subjected to foreign influence. The barrack-room intellect of the victorious Spaniard crystallized the narrowest forms of Roman theology. The labours of Dominic and Loyola gave to these doctrines a coherence and toughness of structure formidable to Rome herself. Charles V. was a true Fleming, ignorant even of the Spanish tongue. Although his son Philip was brought up in Spain, he was through his whole career immersed in complex schemes of policy to maintain his dominion on either side of the Atlantic. His interest in Spanish affairs was chiefly concerned with the extinction of heresy. The Flemings gave place to the Bourbons, and later came the struggle with Napoleon for national existence. The people showed the old virtues of the race: tenacity of purpose, unwavering personal courage, a thorough belief in Spain for the Spaniards—the same qualities which had enabled them to carry on the struggle

of centuries against the Moors, from the rock of Covadonga to the Navas de Tolosa—but the capacity to produce leaders was gone.

The Peninsular War moved the nation to its depths. The struggle was waged by one of the greatest and most intellectual of soldiers. Wellington's testimony to the merits of the Spaniard as a fighting man is abundant, but he never discovered a capable lieutenant among the host of brave gentlemen who aided him in the expulsion of the French.

Many are the attempts made to account for the arrested development of Spain. Not the least picturesque is that of the magic spell cast over the country by the moral and intellectual glories of the Ommeyade Amirate of Cordova. The rough warrior is depicted gazing on the corpse of the civilization he has struck down, rapt in an unending trance by the beauty which no effacing fingers can destroy. Another popular theory is the power of the Roman priesthood, but this explanation does not explain why Mariolatry and relic worship should be more completely dominant south of the Pyrenees than in Italy itself. The passion for large fortunes, inspired by the wealth of Peru, is a third solution, and those who remember New York in a railway boom, or the state of London the year before the slump in Kaffirs, will appreciate this theory. All these causes have contributed in varying degree to her stagnation, and the result has been, not so much that Spain has become one of Lord Salisbury's 'dying nations,' but that, with all the splendour of romance, with all her soldierly power, with all the majesty of her presence in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, she has never taken among modern States her place as a living nation. Isolated by mountain and sea from the rest of Europe, she has remained absorbed in the contemplation of past glories, Christian and Moor, enjoying with keen zest the pleasures of the earth and the rapture of that gift which Diogenes preferred to the company of Alexander.

Among the various analyses of Spanish history, it is not uninteresting to quote just now an American writer of refined feeling who has made some study of the less familiar parts of Spain:—

'How often the question is asked as to the causes which have brought Spain down from her ancient position in the affairs of Europe, and it is a question not impossible to answer, though the great cause is probably to be found in a direction different from that which is generally supposed. Pride, a weak monarch, a dissolute court, religious intolerance, all these are admirable starting points from which to prove a nation's decline. But Spain has been by no means

means unique in the possession of these requisites. A close examination of the intricate mass of intrigue and counter-intrigue and plot at the capital reveals a condition differing from that of some other countries only in being a little later in occurrence. In fact, all these are mere effects: the cause is the absence of that which has developed the great nations of the earth, the cause on which civilization rests, the great primitive developing agency—the trading spirit. Spain lacks the trading spirit. For seven centuries she was a battlefield. During that time, while she was keeping the Mohammedan wolf from the door of Europe, there was no chance for the development of the trading spirit. What growth came in a measure to some of the coast cities was the result of local commercial relations finding an extension and expansion at sea—not the exchange of commodities between nation and nation. The spirit of getting by the good right arm grew and produced its tradition, while the precarious cultivation of land for food, an occupation ever more and more removed from the leaders, became the work of an ignorant and unrespected class.

‘With the absence of trade goes the absence of a knowledge of the outside world, and, though a certain general knowledge was brought back by the Europe-conquering soldiers of Charles and Philip, it was a knowledge of how easily gain could be made in the old way rather than a stimulus to the merchant.

‘Without the logical traditions of buying and selling, raised up through generations, Spain could hardly avoid the errors of government which the want of such traditions brings. . . . Of so excellent nature have I found the Spaniard when one knows him that I cannot help believing in his ultimate development.’ *

With the Napoleonic era came another mental servitude. The loss of the American colonies introduced new economic conditions. It was impossible to restore the clerical power, the most absolute in Europe, the Court system established by the Flemings and developed by the Bourbons, and the only guides Spain found in the new political world were the publicists of the French Revolution. It was in the debates of the Convention that young Spain looked for stepping-stones on which to traverse the currents let loose by the French war.

But although the clergy had lost influence, although there was abroad a zest for personal liberty which made the restoration of the Inquisition impossible, even the most violent champions of revolution shrank from any attack upon the pretensions of the Roman Church. The old ecclesiastical order of thought was accepted as the basis of all things. Neither by argument, invective, nor innuendo was there any consistent attempt to disturb it. The Church estates have been appropriated, but rather by doctrinaire politicians in the latter days of Isabella II.

* ‘Note Book in Northern Spain,’ p. 5.

than by revolutionists, and liberal provision has been made for the maintenance of the clergy.

It was not until 1854 that any agreement could be arrived at to allow liberty of worship, and then this concession was hedged about with the prohibition against 'any public act contrary to religion.' Yet no country has a more terrible record against the sacerdotal power than Spain, but for keen controversy the modern Spaniard has no inclination. It would be disagreeable to his friends and disturb the quiet of his family. He has no rival as a sayer of pretty things: *hablar flores* is his great art. He is a quick observer of visual facts, a sympathetic companion, full of genial reminiscences, but excitement about abstract propositions is repulsive to his nature. He can be eloquent on the beauties of the universe, tender over our obligations to humanity, impassioned in his denunciations of falsehood or of malice, but to work out a train of thought would be distasteful to his neighbours, and expose his brain to unwonted stress.

As in most other Roman Catholic countries, Conservatism was fatally handicapped by the traditions of clerical power and the influence it exerted over masses of the population. Liberalism meant the assertion of individual freedom, of State authority as opposed to the despotism of the Church tempered by Court intrigues. Accordingly, the whole series of Ministers who have governed Spain for now sixty years, from Narvaez to Canovas, have claimed the description of Liberal with one qualification or another. It was only during the earlier years of the present reign, when the success of the restored dynasty seemed assured, and the statesmanship of Canovas del Castillo appeared all-sufficient for the wants of Spain, that the term 'Conservador' began gradually to return to political currency.

The history of Spain since the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833 has been filled by the efforts of the country to digest the abstract principles which the French Revolution had supplied for the conduct of life. The 'Union Liberal' of Espartero, the Progresistas of O'Donnell, the Moderados of Narvaez, all represented so many attempts to enable the country to live a modern life without toiling over the problems which make up European history between 1588 and 1793.

Even her revolutions have their own dates, unconnected with the general movement of Europe. In 1843, five years before the great European upheaval, came the rising which produced the Constituent Cortes of that year, a nearer approach to a French Convention than anything which Spain saw after the death of Isabella. The constitution of 1843 remained a paper constitution,

constitution, now established, now revoked, but it was the store-house of party controversies during the long series of abortive revolutions down to the fall of Isabella after Alcolea in 1868. Then Spain tried systems of great diversity—a new dynasty, a Republic—and at length returned to the constitutional representation of the House of Bourbon. In this period, between 1833 and 1876, revolution and fierce international conflict had transformed the face of Northern Europe, but not even the dramatic history of France could seriously affect this other world beyond the Pyrenees.

The mass of the people are more concerned about a new dress for the Madonna in some neighbouring church than with the fall and rise of nations in other parts of the world. Mercantile and trading localities may have less affection for the Madonna, but their knowledge of public life is hardly more extensive. On the other hand some two-and-a-half per cent. of the population do undoubtedly feel a keen interest in politics. This class is made up of officials, ex-officials, candidates for office, newspaper editors, and professors. The great landowners, the hierarchy, the army, do not belong to it, but yet the political class has a position, a sphere of its own, more important than the trivialities of its discussions or the number and extreme diversity of its schools of opinion would lead the observer to suppose. The existence of this noisy section of the population is a consolation to the lazy sleeper awakened, the every-day Spaniard, although he is not disposed to admit it. His denunciations of cabinets, of officials of all parties, are frequent and strong, but this clatter at Madrid yields a sort of vague assurance that he is not at the mercy of the Inquisition or a Court favourite. The crisp editorial, the eloquent oration in the Cortes, is some proof that he, too, lives in the modern world, secure in the enjoyment of its personal comforts, but it must be a course of life which does not conflict with his mental associations or imperil his ordinary enjoyment of pleasure.

Even in the bright pages of a satirist like Valdez we see that the decried world of Madrid is something which provincial Spain would be unwilling to part with. The factions at Sarria, the author's merry creation, be they Clerical or Liberal, the coteries, too, in haughty Seville, are awed by an appeal to the standard of opinion in the capital.

The distribution of landed property is another consideration which shows how widely different is the state of the country from anything to which the theories of the French Convention would apply. There never was in Spain that fierce animosity between the landowners and the peasantry which burst out into
lurid

lurid flame throughout France. The storm of the Revolution has accordingly left the rights of property unaffected in four-fifths of the Peninsula, and in the south there exist landed estates larger than any to be found west of the Dniester.

The representative system throughout the country is admittedly conducted by the Ministry of the day and its agents. A large Ministerial majority is a matter of course, but a certain number of seats are assigned to each section of the Opposition. In most places the voters opposed to the existing Ministry remain at home on the day of an election. If personal animosity or passing excitement induces them to do anything so unseemly as to crowd to the poll a company of bludgeon-men at hand will teach them manners. In the new Cortes which Señor Sagasta called in April, an assailant of the Government was reproached by one of the Ministers with the indecency of his attack upon men who had provided him with a seat.

It is only when we remember the evolution of the present political régime, and the saying of M. Mazade that nowhere but in Spain is there such a '*disproportion permanente entre les mots et la réalité*,' that we are able to comprehend the proceedings of the Cortes lately in session at Madrid. Its labours had hardly begun when the report of Admiral Dewey's seizure of Cavite opened a new chapter of Spanish history. One could understand a sudden revolt of the followers of the Government or a vigorous effort to support the Minister's proposals and secure them free exercise of their discretion. Either of these courses would have been natural, but neither has been adopted; the whole time has been spent in a series of eloquent dissertations or a few carping criticisms interspersed by eulogies upon the patriotism and honour of this person and that. In reading these debates one is rather reminded of a graceful minuet at some Court ball of the seventeenth century than of the representatives of a nation making a last fight for the remnant of their foreign possessions. Nor is the language of the press inconsistent with the illusion. There is little or no information what Spain is going to do, but there are many epigrammatic and pungent criticisms on Mr. McKinley. He is accused of insincerity, of hypocrisy, of indifference to bloodshed—he is pointed out as a man not entitled to call himself a gentleman. Of any real study of American politics, of the parties or the men who influence them, there is no trace whatever.

The drama performed at Madrid is still conducted according to the rules laid down by the late Señor Canovas. He was the Spaniard who in this century came nearest to the rank of statesman. His influence was the personal factor in the restoration

restoration of Alfonso XII., and down to his assassination he continued the guiding spirit in public affairs. To him was due the expedient of dividing the political classes who supported the dynasty into two main groups, Moderates and Progressives. To make this party division effective he trained his own supporters, the Moderates or Right, to abandon office now and again so that the other gentlemen should have their innings.

Outside the dynastic parties there are two others which find a voice in the Cortes, through the wise magnanimity inculcated by Señor Canovas. The Carlist Deputies are few, but they represent a following considerable both in numbers and in organization. In the Basque provinces they have strong popular support, whilst everywhere they have sympathizers among the clergy and the great landowners, who are not unfriendly to a party which is antipathetic to modern ideas. It has been sometimes said that with the growth of socialism the Carlists, on the principle of reaction, have gained strength. There is no evidence, however, that they have made any material progress since the restoration. They had their opportunity in 1873, when the Radicals had disorganized the army, and when '*Cantonalismo*' became rampant and threatened the very existence of Spain. The great majority of the people were ready to welcome anyone who promised a stable Government. Even a foreigner like King Amadeo had a chance. They succeeded in consolidating their power in some of the mountain districts, where Carlism is supposed to represent ancient local rights, but Spain gave them no encouragement. When the Republic vanished they had the advantage of very feeble opponents in Serrano, who became chief of the State, and in his Home Minister, Don Mateo, the present adviser of the Queen Regent. Once, however, the task of putting them down was taken in hand, General Concha captured their fortifications and drove them across the Pyrenees without serious difficulty. The fact that Carlism is a living faith among the Gallegos and the Catalans is one reason the more why most parts of Spain look coldly on it.

The Republicans, on the other hand, constitute a distinct section of the Cortes, and engage attention owing to the personal respect entertained for several of their leaders, such as Castelar and Salmeron. They are at present officers without soldiers, and are divided into factions of varying importance. There are the Irreconcilable Republicans, of whom Zorrilla was the leader, and the Posibilistas—a term adopted by Castelar when he accepted the present dynasty as supplying the only practicable Government, whilst he retains his old predilections for

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Republican institutions as affording the best ideal. But the Republicans are still further divided as to the constitution which they would establish. A Federal Republic was the dream of Castelar, and is at present the most popular idea among the party who, in political discussions, are described as Federalistas or Posibilistas, according as they are Republicans out-and-out, or, like Castelar, Republicans supporting the dynasty. The main work of Castelar when in office was to put down the Federalists, who at Seville and Cartagena threatened the dismemberment of Spain. In the eyes of his countrymen, his chief merit is that, charged with the duties of government, he cast his own theories to the wind, set about reorganizing the army, and commissioned Marshal Pavia to crush the men who were trying to apply his teachings. The noisy demonstrations made in the present Cortes by Señor Salmeron and other Irreconcilables tempted him, at a very unfortunate moment, to break through his long reserve and again unfurl his flag as a Republican. Foresight or political ability he has never shown; but he has never been tempted to intrigue. Marshal Pavia would have been glad to have served under him, after the forcible dispersion of the Republican Congress in January 1874. His co-operation in the restoration of the Monarchy, which was then seen to be inevitable, would have been welcomed by Canovas. Mr. Hannay sums up very fairly his real claims upon the gratitude of the nation :—

‘When, however, he refused to prolong his own tenure of office, and did so on what really seemed grounds of principle, a new planet swam into the ken of the Spaniards. They may not have thought him much wiser, but they did think him honest, and that he had set a good example which might be followed with advantage. Castelar, in fact, raised the level of what was expected from politicians, and thereby he did his country no contemptible service.’

During a number of years Señor Sagasta has ably seconded the policy of constitutional opposition inaugurated by Canovas. A fellow-countryman of Espartero, he grew up in the vague liberal sentiments which the Duc de Vittoria was so fond of enunciating; and when he arrived at an age to find scope for his ambition, went to the Cortes as deputy for Zamora, and soon became a favourite among the Progresistas. The themes of the Girondists or of the Mountain were equally available for magnificent oratory, but he was careful to avoid committing himself to any such un-Spanish doctrine as liberty of worship. As the champion of the Progresistas, sometimes in alliance with O'Donnell, sometimes in banishment, he attained great popularity before the fall of Queen Isabella, and on the nomination

tion of the Provisional Government in 1866 became Minister of the Interior in the Cabinet of Marshal Serrano. His manner of applying in office the abstract principles which the *Progresistas* had been proclaiming in opposition revealed new and unexpected qualities. He combined the dexterity of Metternich with the versatility of Talleyrand, and over all he threw a glamour of ingenious rhetoric worthy of a Gladstone. Minister of Foreign Affairs to General Prim, he returned to the Interior under King Amadeo. It was during this period that he finally parted company with the Extreme Left among the Spanish Liberals. His antagonism to Zorrilla was uncompromising. From the brief Republican experiment under Señor Castelar he kept aloof; and when General Pavia and Marshal Campos determined on the restoration of the Bourbons, Sagasta became the head of the Cabinet which was to keep order in the interval and then make way for Señor Canovas. As the pupil of Don Antonio, in maintaining the dynasty he has played an interesting part; his subtlety is conspicuous in the correspondence with the United States during the winter. As long as Señor Sagasta retained the full vigour of his ingenious mind, the system of turn and turn about might work very well; but the public began to fear that as he got older he might be forgetful of the rules of the game. The use which he made of his minority during the summer session of last year was perhaps accounted for by special circumstances in the internal condition of his own party. Señor Moret had announced a Cuban policy of his own; but, if Don Mateo was reduced to compete with Señor Moret or Señor Gamazo for leadership of the Liberals, this was one more reason why the principle of alternate Cabinets introduced by Canovas should not have been applied in the circumstances of Spain last August.

In the state of the Cuban question at that time the substitution of Sagasta for Azcarraga was a confession of Spain's impotence. However brilliant a dialectician, he had never shown through his long and varied career the least sign of capacity to adopt an original or resolute policy. In official life his success had been his gift of pliability, the grace with which he played a subordinate part to the more commanding spirit of Don Antonio. His main guiding principle he had borrowed from Talleyrand—never to do to-day what can be put off to to-morrow. Hostile critics of the Canovas-Sagasta period used to say that Spain was ruled alternately by insolence and idleness, the *malhumor* of Don Antonio or the *pereza* of Don Mateo.

In Francisco Silvela, the Right claims the statesman of the future.

future. He was long since recognized as the most distinguished man in the party after Canovas himself. The younger brother of Manuel Silvela, he had early admission to the inner circles of political life, and a wealthy marriage secured him leisure and opportunity to increase his social influence. His acquaintance with affairs gave balance to his political discourses, and his considerable gifts of eloquence were tempered by a sense of proportion not common in Spanish oratory.

On one point he and Canovas were at variance. He has always contended that the condition of modern Europe required Spain to break with her old traditions of isolation. Certain sooner or later to feel in every fibre the shock of the events occurring in other parts of the world, she should not rely on the barrier of the Pyrenees, but enter into the joys and the cares of other countries. In the actual circumstances of Spain, an active foreign policy, he urged, was an essential condition of her continued existence as an imperial State. His country, he has ever maintained, should follow the policy of Cavour in former years, of Germany in more recent times, and seek alliance with States likely to have common interests.

In a memorable reply to Silvela, some three years ago, Señor Canovas argued that Spain was too weak to claim the position of a great Power, and she could not with her traditions become the satellite of other States. This appeal to Spanish pride did not obscure the fact that Canovas, the Walpole of Spain, had mapped out for his country a policy of home organization and economic development. Silvela contended that Spain should take her place among the other nations of Europe, combining with such of them as would be likely to give her that material weight of which her own apathy had bereft her. The present conjuncture has done much to fix public attention on these arguments. Up to the declaration of the war and since its commencement the Spanish press had encouraged the belief that some abstract idea of national rights would induce other countries to interfere. The despatches of the Sagasta Ministry were evidently intended as discreet appeals to the theories of international law over which it was assumed that the Cabinets at Vienna, Berlin, London, and Paris were anxiously watching.

It is not clear from the recent speeches of Señor Silvela how far he believed that a summons to other Powers to defend international right would have brought any help. We are at a loss, that is, to know to what extent the orator is really acquainted with the world outside Spain. In his references to the Cuban concessions, he places himself almost at the same point of view as Romero-Robledo. In his great speech at the opening
of

of the Cortes the concession of autonomy, the abandonment of control over the customs, is treated as if it were the surrender of Spanish patrimony; there is no intimation of that modern colonial policy which could alone secure some future to the imperial sovereignty of Spain. After the event he is content perhaps to range himself among the popular mourners, but where he differs from the Robledos and the Weylers is that, whilst they appeal to heaven against their wrongs, he has always maintained that an interchange of counsel and sympathy with other nations would have given Spain strength and, perhaps he thinks, if he does not say so, knowledge to meet her difficulties with more credit. His second speech was a remarkable appeal to his countrymen to consider what the present position meant. The Cuban concessions, he urged, marked the division between Spain of yesterday and that of to-day, and in the new career on which the country had entered she should seek co-operation with other nations. The chief feature of the session was the skill and ability with which Don Francisco gradually extended his influence over the people and all sections of the Moderates.

In the re-construction of the Right, however, he will have to reckon with a formidable advocate of extreme opinion. Señor Romero-Robledo had broken with the Canovist circle long before Francisco Silvela claimed the leadership of a new party. A professional politician of great ability, he served his apprenticeship in the revolutionary camp before the fall of Isabella. His knowledge of political machinery and his readiness in debate have made him a useful man for any party who could secure his services. A true countryman of the Cid Campeador, he was always able to find followers and a party chief on one side or the other who desired his support.

He is now the leader of the Irreconcilable Right, the men who contend that the policy of concessions in Cuba has been wrong from the beginning, and General Weyler and he have, it would appear, combined their forces. Down to the end of the session his attacks upon Cuban policy increased in vehemence every day, and latterly he is said to have opened relations with the Republicans who preach resistance at all costs.

There is one other figure of whom the world is likely to hear more. When Canovas died, his colleagues continued in office for some weeks under the presidency of General Azcaraga. This modest soldier, of Basque descent but of southern birth, is one of the public men of whom Spain has reason to be proud. For a long time past he has silently laboured at the training and development of the army. For nearly seven years he has, with brief intervals, been charged with the organization of the

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great armed force which Spain now commands. His services to his country have been already shown in the first months of the war. It is to him that Spaniards owe their fortifications at Havana, at San Juan, at Santiago, the only serious obstacles in the way of the invader. The leading fashion of the restored monarchy, however, was to prefer civilians to soldiers. After a few weeks the Canovas rule of taking the parties in turn was resumed, and a Cabinet was formed, which has proved its incapacity before the eyes of Europe. Whatever may be General Azcarraga's qualifications as a politician, he was a capable man of high character, who would have known how to prepare for war, and this was work which Spain could not wisely neglect. Azcarraga, Weyler, and Polavieja are all soldiers, but with the exception of perhaps Señor Silvela they are the only men to whom the country can turn with confidence if the time arrives for suspending the political comedy at Madrid.

Since this controversy about Cuba arose, the chief factor in the problem which Spain had to solve was the current of public opinion in the United States: how far was the agitation likely to control the action of the Government?—what were the chances that it might lead to war? On these questions Spanish statesmen of all parties seem to have been without information, or even any desire to obtain it. It was only at the eleventh hour that Señor Canalejas, as an unofficial friend of Señor Sagasta, set about the study of this subject, and one result was the unlucky letter from Señor Puy-de-Lôme.

The internal condition of Spain since the restoration in 1877 has been one of steady progress. If there was not any marked development of public opinion, there was a considerable advance in economic well-being. Capital was more largely invested, commercial enterprise animated the great towns of the north, and order became more secure from day to day. Upon this onward march there was, however, one fatal drag. The Pearl of the Antilles, the great island on which Columbus first settled, still belonged to Spain, and was treasured as the solitary fragment of her former empire. With a certain section of Cubans the relations of the Home country had never been friendly, and the American press had always fanned the flames of discontent. The proposition that the Union should annex Cuba has been favoured by both American parties at different times, and since 1868 the island has been in a state of chronic insurrection. The Treaty of Zanjón, made with the rebels by Martínez Campos, was supposed to mean peace; but it was secured, like that of General Primo de Rivera subsequently in the Philippines, by lavish personal

concessions to the rebels. The result was that the mass of the discontented were more angry than ever, and their indignation was shared by a large portion of the loyalists, whilst the men who received the bribes prepared to renew the rebellion on the first opportunity. Local disturbances continued, and by the end of 1894 the practice of sending arms and ammunition from Key West was resumed. The real sources of the mischief were, firstly, the antipathy between the officials of Spanish birth and the native Cubans, and, in the second place, the nomad lawless habits of a mongrel negro population in certain districts. These latter, who constitute the party of Cuban independence, were odious alike to Spaniards and Cubans, but the latter did not always support the government cordially in extirpating them. The substantial grievances were (1) that public offices were generally filled by men of Spanish birth, and (2) that Spain being a strictly protectionist power maintained a practical monopoly of the Cuban export and import trade. The theory was that the produce of Cuba should be sent to ports of the mother country, and that the wants of Cuba should be supplied in the same way from the Spanish ports. Such a system was naturally very distasteful to Americans who desired to purchase Cuban produce, or to supply Cubans with articles of American manufacture. Notwithstanding these difficulties the country continued to make steady progress. Between the peace of Zanjón and the year 1894 the production of tobacco increased by nearly 15 per cent., that of sugar nearly doubled.

In 1894, however, the hot ashes of rebellion again burst into flame. Mr. Cleveland had the previous year incurred the wrath of the party of expansion by his prompt repudiation of the proposal to annex Hawaii. His control over Congress was seen to be breaking down during the struggle on the tariff, and the renewal of the Cuban rebellion supplied his opponents with another means of harassing the administration. The President issued proclamations of neutrality and prosecuted any filibusters he could catch, but there immediately sprang up an active and often angry controversy concerning Cuban affairs. Señor Canovas, after some time, again sent out Marshal Campos, who combined so well the demeanour of a soldier and the varied resources of a diplomatist. His eloquence, however, was little heeded by the rebels, and the plan of buying off the leaders, tried at the peace of Zanjón, had become too well known to be capable of application on a second occasion. After long expenditure of time and money, and terrible losses of men—losses not due to the sword so much as to pestilence—Campos

was replaced by General Weyler in April 1896. Meanwhile the agitation of the Cuban party in America became stronger and more violent as the year of the Presidential election opened. In Spain it was at length felt that too much time had been already lost. A vigorous effort ought to be made to bring the rebellion to an end by force of arms when methods of conciliation were of no avail. Señor Canovas had already announced his willingness to grant considerable power of local government to Cuba, but he insisted that the rebellion must be first suppressed, and to this principle he adhered to the day of his death. Campos was recalled, and General Weyler, with few troops and supplies, was sent out.

Into the details of his administration we do not propose to enter. It is sufficient here to remark that the face of the island was rapidly changed. The rebels had been allowed to become practically masters in all the six provinces, the Government only maintaining its authority in great towns. By the end of the year they had disappeared from the western part of the island, and were cooped up in the two eastern provinces. In May 1896, President Cleveland issued a remarkable message. In unexceptionable terms he warned the Spanish Government of the dangers to which it might be exposed, pointing out the effects which a continuance of the struggle would produce upon the popular mind within the Union. As 1897 proceeded, the whole current of the agitation in America was directed against Weyler personally. Mr. McKinley in his first message reasserted the claim of the States to call the rulers of Cuba to account, but did not exceed the limits which his predecessor had marked out. In August last came the death of Canovas, and after a brief interval devoted to the effort to combine the different leaders of the Moderates in one Cabinet, Mateo Praxedes Sagasta, with his Liberal allies and his avowed policy of concession, was summoned to power. The recall of General Weyler followed as a matter of course.

It was noted that when the President sent his message in December, his reference to Cuba was more akin to a menace than any of his previous utterances. This was the more surprising, as, although the excitement against the administration of General Weyler had risen to a great height, there was no reason to doubt the pledges of the new Cabinet at Madrid, and friends of Cuba would have naturally desired to secure a fair trial for the schemes of Señor Sagasta. In the winter the Cabinet at Washington conceived the unhappy idea of sending a ship of war to Cuban waters. It was represented as the visit of one friendly nation to the port of another, and

in that light the Spanish Ministry consented after a time to look at the proposal, and the 'Vizcaya' was ordered to New York to return the visit of the 'Maine' to Havana. That this visit was likely to facilitate the work of reconciling the Cubans to the Spanish Government is an idea which cannot be seriously entertained. However intended by President McKinley, it was regarded by a great portion of the American public as an assertion of their influence in Spanish waters; whilst it could hardly fail to be considered by the irreconcilable section of the Cubans as a proof of the growing sympathy of the United States with Cuban revolution.

That the arrival of the ill-fated ship was an embarrassment to the Spanish officials is now common ground with those who maintain and deny the terrible charge of deliberate destruction. Her despatch to Spanish waters was an unfriendly act, against which a vigorous Government would have remonstrated. That no such protest was maintained is only one instance in a series of occasions on which a direct issue was evaded, and it is these considerations which make the origin of this war a most instructive episode. The Americans have a popular Democratic Government. The Spaniards make believe to have one. A year ago neither Spain nor America thought seriously of war. It is clear now that the Cabinets at Washington and Madrid both hoped for peace up to the last moment. That of Madrid would certainly have been willing to make large concessions to secure it, but the process of squeezing Spain, and of submitting to the pressure, had gone on so long that at last both Governments lost control of the situation, and war was the necessary result.

It is only fair to acknowledge that the unwillingness to face a direct issue is not peculiar to the Sagasta Cabinet. A few weeks after General Weyler arrived in Cuba arose the case of the 'Competidor,' and some Americans found on board the vessel were convicted of bringing aid to the rebels and condemned to death; but the Madrid Cabinet interfered, and the subject was referred home for further consideration. This was just the opportunity for testing the mettle of Spain, to show whether she was prepared to assert her national rights at the risk of war.

The dire calamity of the 15th of February made war inevitable. Some six hundred men cut off in the vigour of manhood, not in the heat of battle, but by a sudden doom in the shade of night, affected the whole world, and still more deeply stirred the kinsfolk and countrymen of the victims. The American public bore the shock with splendid calm; but their emotion was not

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he less profound, and the mystery which surrounded the disaster prepared them to entertain the suspicions which a profligate press vociferated as fact. The sensational journalism which had been busy for a year past describing the Spaniards in Cuba as demons in human shape, found ready acceptance when this dark crime was imputed. Indifference to the pain of living creatures may be one of the deficiencies of the Spaniard. Cruel and savage he often is in sudden bursts of rage, but cold-blooded treachery is not his characteristic; nor does his mental equipment qualify him to carry out a complicated scheme, such as design in the explosion of the 'Maine' would unquestionably pre-suppose.

The sympathy which Spain felt, in common with all Europe, for the bereaved relatives of the brave men who served under Captain Sigbee was turned to indignation when it became known that this charge of treacherous murder was adopted by the American people. Throughout March the Cuban party in the States pressed their demands for recognition of the rebels, and in April there were distinct signs that the President was yielding. These political tactics were interpreted at first as subtle expedients adopted in order to take the leadership of the public out of the hands of the Morgans, the Davises, and the Lodges, and such may have been the original design; but the pace grew hotter. General Woodford's visits to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs became more and more frequent. Señor Sagasta yielded one point after another. The order for the withdrawal of the population from their homes in the rebel districts was rescinded. The co-operation of the United States in supplying relief, to be sent in a vessel of war, was accepted: a very important concession, which in due time might have put the whole administration of the island into American hands. Finally, a cessation of hostilities was declared, although there were no rebel authorities to promise a truce on their part. Whilst Señor Sagasta made these bids for peace, he was apparently ignorant what were the precise instructions of General Woodford. The larger the concessions the more confident the American Cabinet became that their aim would be attained without resort to arms.

Ultimately, however, America became pledged to the withdrawal of the Spanish flag. This was a demand which, in April last at least, no Cabinet in Spain dare entertain. No sooner was this challenge given formally by the Joint Resolution of Congress, than General Woodford received his passports, and at length, on the 23rd, the President declared war.

The outbreak of hostilities proved two things: first, that, as
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Sir Michael Hicks-Beach reminded us at the commencement of the Venezuela controversy,* democracies are quite as liable to stormy gusts of passion as any despot of old ; secondly, that the most skilful diplomatists may find their best resolutions in favour of peace baffled by a sudden conjuncture of circumstances.

It is clear, from the letters of the 'Times' correspondent† in Madrid, that General Woodford never expected war when he arrived in Spain charged to carry out the policy of President McKinley. The sympathies of the accomplished writer are with Spain, but he says of the American envoy—

'In my opinion his sincerity is beyond question. Not only was he too intelligent to overlook the fact that, if he obtained without war the object of his mission, he would have achieved a brilliant success, but he could not fail to perceive that, whatever the cause and direct result of the military operations might be, the indirect internal consequences of the war must be very serious both for Spain and for the United States. He worked therefore honestly and energetically for the pacific solution—showing always towards the Spaniards as much consideration and delicacy as was consistent with his instructions—and to the very last moment he clung to the hope of succeeding. The day that the Rubicon was crossed and war was seen to be inevitable was, I believe, one of the most unhappy days of his life.'

There is every reason to believe that General Woodford represented the aspirations of his chief, who, down to the middle of April, continued to assure interviewers at the White House that peace would be preserved. Señor Sagasta was, we know, equally confident that a conflict would be avoided.

It was in view of the spectacle of a war brought about by currents of popular excitement that Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, proceeded to consider the position of England in this seething world.

The most novel feature on the American side is the yearning that the Union should play a part among the nations of the earth. Americans are no longer content to belong to a nation pre-eminent for wealth and size. They would like to see their countrymen take their share in the improvement of backward populations, accept responsibility for the ruling of those races which appear to be incapable of governing themselves. The isolation which was preached by the Early Fathers of the Republic they deem unworthy of a full-grown nation. Indifference to the concerns of our neighbours has been inculcated in England and America on the ground that both nations

* Speech at Bristol, December 1896.

† 'Times,' May 9th. 'The Origin of the War,' No. iii.

are strong. In the case of England it was at one time reasonable to contend, as Mr. Cleveland does still in the case of America, that the internal resources of the country make us independent of foreign combinations. In wealth and geographical position we have advantages which put us on an equality with much bigger nations. But the whole of this argument proceeds on the assumption that we limit our vision to the British Isles. With dominions and kindred entitled to our support in every quarter of the globe this argument has no application. Mr. Chamberlain in his daily work at the Colonial Office is reminded that with the exception of Sweden, Austria, and some South American Republics, our frontiers march with those of every nation on the earth. It was with this consciousness that he took masterly advantage of the excitement produced by the outbreak of another war; of the anxiety which the events of the winter had created as to our position in the Far East. He arraigned the theory that in these times of railways and telegraphs any nation could remain wrapped up in its own domestic concerns without heed to the sufferings or the ambitions of its neighbours. This speech at Birmingham has had interpreters and critics all over the world. It did for the policy of 'splendid isolation' very much what Admiral Dewey with his ironclads did for the wooden fleet at Cavite.

'I am glad,' said he, 'that the people of this country are turning their attention to this question of foreign policy, which in the first they had thought had nothing to do with them.' Here is the keynote of this famous speech. Young America had burst into a foreign policy in sheer exuberance of youth. Ancient Spain had become a pitiable object because she was too proud to interest herself in the fortunes of her more prosperous neighbours, and men continued to preach that we should do better to imitate the habits of seclusion discarded by America, and which had brought Spain to her present deplorable position.

After a vigorous criticism of the assailants of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, he went on to describe how our doctrine of 'splendid isolation' impressed the many nations with whom we are in daily intercourse. Their own experience told them it was not strictly true. Our flag was everywhere, and all around them we had spheres of interest, if not of influence. They naturally entertain 'the suspicion that we are acting in our own selfish interests, and are willing that other people should draw the chestnuts out of the fire for us; that we would take no responsibilities, whilst we are glad enough to profit by the work of others. In this way we have avoided entangling alliances—we have escaped many dangers.' Here we have a brief summary of the

Granville

Granville foreign policy and its result. Envied by all and suspected by all, we are surrounded by Powers who have each made alliances of their own. Even mighty Russia, whom the Radical is disposed to regard as irresistible, has made alliances. We are now, the orator continued, at 'the beginning of events,' and 'must not reject the idea of alliances with those powers whose interests most nearly approximate to our own.'

A general expression of this kind might not be understood by the man in the omnibus, who would be startled by the grave character of other passages in the speech. For his consolation Mr. Chamberlain sketched out the idea of an Anglo-American alliance. Of the Americans he truly said 'their laws, their literature, their stand-point upon every question, are the same as ours; their feeling, their interest in the cause of humanity and the peaceful development of the world, are identical with ours.' There can be no question of the general accuracy of these words. Different as are the habits of the Union from those of Great Britain, diverse as is their population, the intellectual standards, the moral aspirations, of the two nations are already the same; their dispositions and policy must approximate as years go on, and in any serious world-struggle we should be certain to have each other's sympathy and probably co-operation. This, however, is a matter of the future. What Mr. Chamberlain wished to impress upon the public was that in these days it was the duty of our people to observe the methods and purposes of their neighbours, and be prepared to give a helping hand when their aims were those with which we could sympathize.

The profound impression this speech created was due not only to the incisive utterance of a great orator. For men who recollect the views of foreign policy adopted by press and Parliament after the death of Lord Palmerston, it marks a turning point in history.

In October 1870 the world was trying to recover consciousness after the startling surprises of the Bismarck upheaval. The series of shocks had begun in the early sixties, and when after Sadowa and Königgrätz came the Titanic outburst of 1870 the old cries of universal peace, of a millennium come again, sounded faint and hollow; but a great master of rhetoric rushed to the front, and the policy of 'Little England' was presented with an earnestness and fertility of illustration, with a skill in appealing to an insular audience, which none of the school have since attained. The contending nations, in their folly and wickedness, were surveyed from the stand-point of those who in their 'island home are comparatively beyond the range

of attractive and repulsive powers in their new directions.' Many severe strictures were passed on the misconduct of France and of Germany. The latter Power was warned in a school-masterly manner not to indulge the illusion 'that the European family is not strong enough to correct the eccentricities of its peccant and obstreperous members.' France was invited to open a new era by cultivating the arts of peace, and England was congratulated on the twenty miles of sea, which have proved to be 'even against the great Napoleon an impregnable fortification.'

Scarcely one of the predictions upon which the appeal rested has been verified by subsequent experience. France has not attempted to initiate a policy of disarmament. Germany has persevered in a policy of self-assertion, without the least regard to the goody-goody admonitions of her neighbours; whilst Englishmen have come more and more to think of themselves as the rulers of those distant lands of which Mr. Chamberlain said, in a memorable phrase: we are 'joined, not separated, by the sea.'* The policy of co-operation with other countries is not of the hide-bound character which Mr. Asquith suggests. It does not mean submitting to be towed by any particular nation, or taking any other nation in tow. The alliances we should make would depend upon circumstances, and may be of limited duration. They would rest upon common interests, which vary as time goes on. This Mr. Chamberlain very clearly explained in the subsequent debate in the House of Commons. The knowledge that England is willing to resume the policy of Cromwell, of William III., of Chatham, and of Pitt, will open the way to alliances in many directions.

'Once it becomes known that we are willing to consider alliances, provided they are for mutual interests and with reciprocal advantages, I do not think we shall find the difficulty in getting offers well worthy of our consideration.'†

To prepare the country to resume an international position of this kind was the manifest object of this speech. One thing it has certainly done. We shall have to wait a long time before we hear any more of 'splendid isolation.'

* Speech at the Colonial Institute, March 31st, 1898.

† Debate on June 10th, 'Times,' June 11th.

ART. XII.—1. *Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church.*

Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., D.D. London, 1898.

2. *Advent Sermons on Church Reform.* With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Stepney. London, 1898.

A SERIES of essays on Church Reform under the leadership of Canon Gore cannot fail to arouse great interest. Mr. Gore is a man of high enthusiasms, of untiring energy in the cause to which his life is devoted, and of great personal influence. As theologian, preacher, and writer, he commands at present, perhaps, a greater degree of attention than almost any other living clergyman. The fact, therefore, that he has taken up the subject of the reform of the Church, and has induced an enthusiastic band of clergymen and laymen to join him in putting forward suggestions for dealing with it, is itself a guarantee that the volume he edits will deserve careful study. We think, moreover, there will be few persons who will not agree with him and his colleagues in deploring the apathy which has hitherto prevailed among the laity on such subjects, and in desiring to see them stirred into more earnest action. Almost every one, indeed, from one point of view or another, will admit that reform is needed in the Church. Within the last few weeks, the table of the House of Commons has been turned into the drum ecclesiastic, and Sir William Harcourt's mailed fist has been shaken in the face of Mr. Balfour, with threats of Parliamentary interference to control the perfidies of a Romanizing clergy. The occasion for these menaces was a Bill for the removal of some of the most conspicuous abuses in the Church—those connected with patronage—and the Session will no doubt see that Bill added to the Statute Book, and a considerable and long-desired reform thus accomplished. Meanwhile some of the ritualistic clergy are straining, if not breaking, the law in order to reform Protestantism out of the Church, and on the other side the majority of the clergy and laity are calling loudly on the bishops to reform Romanism out of the Church. There are vigorous efforts on foot, such as the Queen Victoria Sustentation Fund, to remedy the poverty under which so large a proportion of the clergy suffer. There are popular movements, in short, on one side or the other, which promise to give the authorities of the Church, if not of the State, a good deal of trouble, and the bishops are assuring us, and trying to assure themselves, that there is no crisis. It probably depends very much on their action whether there is or not; but there are certainly a good many elements of one. The disturbance has increased since this book was

issued, a few weeks ago. But in the midst of it the book comes before us to offer, in the belief of the writers, the true solution for all our difficulties. The other volume at the head of this article, edited by the Bishop of Stepney, supports the same scheme with the lighter artillery of short Advent sermons, and an appendix of some interesting papers and memoranda on the subject. The Bishop of Stepney, in his own sermon, exhibits an enthusiasm at least as great as Canon Gore; and concludes (p. 156) that—

‘Let work and reform go together, and then it is merely a question of time before a glorious Church, “without spot or wrinkle,” will claim as her next triumph the pagan districts of Spitalfields and Whitechapel, and the kingdom of East London pass into the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.’

These are bold aims, and, whether practicable or not, must command sympathy, whatever we may think of the methods proposed. The Church Reform League, to which these writers seem all to belong, has accordingly succeeded in arousing a good deal of interest throughout the Church in the schemes it has put forward. The appendix to the Bishop of Stepney’s book records resolutions passed last autumn by Diocesan Conferences in no fewer than twelve dioceses, all supporting generally, and most of them particularly, the proposals of the League. These proposals are substantially embodied in a ‘Suggested Draft of a Bill for the Better Government of the Church of England,’ which is quoted with a general approbation by Mr. Justice Phillimore in his essay, in Mr. Gore’s volume (p. 158), on ‘Legal and Parliamentary Possibilities,’ and which also stands at the head of the Bishop of Stepney’s volume. This draft runs as follows:—

‘If Her Majesty shall be pleased to grant letters of business, the Convocations of Canterbury and York may prepare a scheme, whereby representatives of the laity of the said Church in every ecclesiastical parish may be elected to assemblies, to be called houses of laymen, for advising in the general management of the said Church.

‘Further, the Convocations of Canterbury and York may prepare a scheme, granting to reformed Convocations, in conjunction with such houses of laymen, legislative freedom and authority, exercised as hereinafter described, in all matters of discipline, organization, administration, and worship in the said Church;

‘And when such scheme, or any subsequent scheme, prepared under the powers given by the first scheme, shall have been presented to Her Majesty by the Presidents of the said Convocations, Her Majesty may, if she see fit, cause the same to be laid before her two Houses of Parliament for forty days during their Session; and

and if, within such forty days, neither House address Her Majesty, praying her to withhold her assent from such scheme, or any subsequent scheme prepared under the powers given by the first scheme, Her Majesty may, by Order in Council, if she see fit, signify her approval thereof, and cause such approval to be published in the 'London Gazette,' whereupon such scheme, or such subsequent scheme, shall have the force of law, as if it had been enacted as part of this Act.'

Mr. Justice Phillimore observes that the value of this draft lies in three things :—

'First, it points to a special voice in the preparation of Church schemes being given to the laity of the Church.

'Secondly, it marks the need of reforming Convocations, presumably both by the admission of representatives of the curates . . . and by some addition and redistribution of seats which would give a larger number of representatives to the greater dioceses.

'Thirdly, it strikes out a bold path of devolutionary law-making "in all matters of discipline, organization, administration, and worship."

He adds that he does not think the latter words too wide. 'They may not be precise enough, . . . but the idea underlying them seems right.'

Such are the proposals of the League for which Canon Gore and his allies speak ; and not only have they received the support of the Diocesan Conferences just mentioned, but the Houses of Convocation, both of York and Canterbury, have taken the first steps towards carrying them into effect. The Upper House of York in February 1897 resolved unanimously 'that the reform of the Houses of Convocation, and the legal representation of lay members of the Church, should precede any application for a change in the present process of legislation on ecclesiastical matters'; and further, on the motion of the Bishop of Durham, the same Upper House resolved in February of this year 'that, in view of the possible legal representation of the laity, it is desirable to determine what should be the qualification of the persons elected to serve as legal representatives, and what should be the qualification of those who elect them'; and a Joint Committee of the two Houses was appointed to consider and report on the subject 'at the earliest possible moment.' The Convocation of Canterbury went further, and actually entered upon the work of reform, by passing a draft canon in January 1897, by which the number of the proctors elected by the clergy would have been raised from 48 to 118, making them one more than the *ex officio* members and cathedral proctors. The Archbishop forwarded

the draft canon to the Crown, with a petition that it might be made into a canon; but last February he had to report to Convocation that the royal consent was withheld. Meanwhile, the Canterbury House of Laymen had gone still further, and in May 1897 passed, with only three dissentients, a resolution practically embodying the scheme of the Church Reform League, viz.:—

‘That, in the opinion of this House, the Church of England should, saving the supremacy of the Crown and subject to the veto of Parliament, have freedom for self-regulation by means of reformed Convocations, with the assistance, in matters other than the definition or interpretation of the faith and doctrine of the Church, of a representative body or bodies of the faithful laity’;

and in February last they appointed a Committee to consider and report how this freedom for self-regulation should be exercised, and what steps should be taken to obtain it.

It is evident, therefore, that Canon Gore and his friends in this volume are giving expression to views and hopes widely and actively entertained in ecclesiastical circles, and supported by high ecclesiastical authority; and they have done good service at this juncture by placing such views clearly and fully before the public. The volume is at all events very interesting, and contains information of permanent value; and although, as we must reluctantly endeavour to show, the scheme it embodies is, as a whole, quite impracticable, it contains many suggestions which may usefully be borne in mind, and gradually carried into effect. Canon Gore opens the discussion with an able sketch of the general lines of Church Reform which the volume is intended to support. These lines require, for their first condition, the establishment of really representative Houses of Laymen, with legally recognized powers; and the second essay, by Mr. Rackham, is a learned argument from the early history of the Church, to prove that the admission of the faithful laity to such privileges is in accordance with primitive Church practice. Lord Balfour of Burleigh is then called as a witness from the Established Church of Scotland, to show that the enjoyment of self-government is not precluded by the establishment of a Church. Canon Scott-Holland then takes us into a world of ideals—ideal religion, ideal Judaism, an ideal Church, an ideal establishment—and after showing that they are all perfect and fascinating in their way, but quite incompatible one with another, he rather inconsistently proposes an ideal compromise, to be introduced by the Church Reform League, which is to establish the Church
more

more firmly than ever, to the satisfaction of the deepest yearnings of the Nonconformists. Canon Scott-Holland is like Pindar, 'sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air,' and fancying he has returned to solid ground when he has only touched it for a moment in order to soar higher than ever. An essay by Mr. Lyttelton amounts to little more, as Canon Gore says in the preface, than 'a restatement of the reformers' demand.' Mr. Justice Phillimore then gives a clear statement of 'Legal and Parliamentary Possibilities in the matter,' but he deals rather with the legal than with the practical side of Parliamentary possibilities. We may follow him with confidence, no doubt, in his description of the manner in which the schemes of the reformers might be embodied in Acts of Parliament, but he throws little light on the practical question whether it is likely that Parliament would ever be induced to entertain such schemes. Then follow a series of essays on particular measures of reform. Mr. Torr treats with enthusiasm and ability of parochial church councils. Church patronage and the increase of the episcopate are discussed in very instructive essays by Mr. Sturge and Mr. de Winton. The Dean of Norwich, with his usual geniality, finds a point of union with men from whom he differs on many important matters, in advocating pensions for the clergy. The information he has laboriously collected on the subject is most interesting, and we think he makes out a strong case in favour of some such plan as he advocates. Then follows the only real blot on the volume—a windy socialistic essay, by Dr. T. C. Fry, Headmaster of Berkhamsted School, on church reform and social reform. He lays down the law in true magisterial style respecting the iniquities of the whole social and economical system at present prevailing among us, and does his colleagues the great disservice of representing a social revolution as the main object of their efforts. 'That one should have more than he needs for a humanized life and another less, should be,' he says, 'as intolerable to the Church as the selfishness of Corinth once was to St. Paul' (p. 298). The editor tells us, in his preface, that he alone saw all the essays before their publication, and that the mutual responsibility of the writers must be understood as not extending to details; and he points out, as an instance of this—

'that while the writer of the essay on the Reform of Patronage would deal very gently and reverently with existing "rights of property," . . . the writer of the essay on the social question is not to be satisfied without a very far-reaching and deep-searching readjustment of social relations.'

pity, we think, that Canon Gore should have admitted any insatiable gentleman into his companionship, and we are sure that no scheme for reform in the Church would have so much as a hearing if it were avowedly identified, as Dr. Fry identifies it, with a scheme for a social revolution. The four essays in the volume supply interesting accounts of the position of the laity in the Protestant Episcopal Churches of the United States, South Africa, Scotland, and Ireland. We know, however, that the examples of these Churches can have much value for the purpose of Canon Gore and his friends, upon the supposition, which indeed there is too much to entertain, that their schemes involve nothing less than a social blishment.

This volume, it will be felt, has appeared at a moment somewhat unfortunate for its argument, for one of the chief premisses from which it starts has within the last few weeks been conspicuously confirmed by facts. Mr. Justice Phillimore begins his essay on the legal and parliamentary possibilities by 'assuming *a priori*,' on the grounds as the unfitness of Parliament for the purpose, and the want of time, that Church reform 'cannot be satisfactorily carried out by Parliament' (p. 152). But while the book was going through the press the editor had to take note of the action by the Government of the Benefices Bill. Since that Bill has been successfully carried through the House of Commons, notwithstanding some active opposition, and will almost certainly pass the House of Lords without material alteration. Canon Gore acknowledges that 'we may welcome it thankfully as going in the right direction, without pretending to be satisfied with the length to which it goes.' It will unquestionably remove some grave scandals in connexion with Church patronage, will confer valuable rights upon parishioners and bishops with respect to the appointment of incumbents. The Bill thus affords a practical proof that it is possible, when a Government is earnest in the matter, to carry through Parliament an important reform, even when it closely touches vested pecuniary interests.

The Benefices Bill offered in this respect peculiar temptations to obstruction, and that these difficulties should, notwithstanding, have been at length surmounted, is sufficient to show that there is no need to despair of reforming external abuses in the Church by the authority of Parliament. Canon Gore indeed, admits (p. 2) that this is the case with such important reforms 'as admit of being carried through one by one without any general change of machinery.' In the sphere of public life, we are generally content to c

through one by one, and find it, indeed, the safest way. He adds, however (p. 3), that—

‘in the main, desirable Church reforms, so far as they are not purely theological or moral, are connected together, and involve for their accomplishment some greater liberty of the Church, in her parishes, her dioceses, and her provinces, to manage her own properly ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs, while the State contents itself with the right to know all that is going on, and to intervene with a veto upon anything which seems to affect injuriously the civil commonwealth.’

The proceedings in the House of Commons during the later stages of the Benefices Bill place this conception of the Church reformers in a singularly unfortunate light. The temper of both sides of the House in reference to the Romanizing practices of too many of the clergy enables any one to judge of the probability of the State ‘contenting itself with a right to know all that is going on, and to intervene with a veto’—only a veto—‘upon anything which seems to affect injuriously the civil commonwealth.’ Sir William Harcourt, notwithstanding the intemperateness of some of his language, evidently expressed the general sense of the House when he declared that, as long as the Church was established, the lay power, through Parliament, would insist on the right, which it exercised at the Reformation and in the Acts of Uniformity, to control the clergy, even in matters of doctrine and ritual, and to intervene, not merely in the strictly civil relations of the Church with the State, but in ‘properly ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs.’ The position which Canon Gore, in the sentence we have just quoted, leaves to ‘the State,’ and the power he would concede to it, are no more than a position and a power which it possesses, and must always possess, in the case of any disestablished Church, or, for that matter, of any corporation whatever; and as long as the Church is established, the Legislature will claim and exert a far wider and more active right of interference. The vehement debates to which we refer are an opportune proof that if the clergy of the Church of England, as now established, overstrain their doctrinal and ritual rights, the lay authority will, in the last resort, intervene by legislation, and will make short work of any contention that they are unfitted or unable to interfere in the Church’s ‘own properly ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs.’ The last few weeks, in short, have shown, first, that Parliament is able to effect reforms in the Church, and, secondly, that it will not give up its right of intervening in the internal affairs of an established Church; and two important contentions of the
writers

writers of these essays are thus visibly cut from under their feet. Mr. Gore says, a little further on, that there has been of late 'a growing disinclination in the Houses of Parliament, and in the civil authorities generally, to interpose in properly ecclesiastical or spiritual affairs. They seem instinctively conscious that such affairs are outside their natural province and commission.' The debate to which we refer shows that this is a complete misapprehension of the position of members of Parliament. Undoubtedly they do not wish to interpose, if they can help it, in so thorny a subject. But, as long as the Church is established, they are resolved to assert, not merely a 'veto,' but a right of control over it.

This contrast, between the assumption from which the essayists start and the visible and present reality, illustrates forcibly, as it seems to us, the radical misconception which pervades the whole volume. The authors write about 'the Church' as if it were a distinct and definite corporation, composed entirely of 'Churchmen,' and existing side by side with another corporation, which they call the State, and as though the problem to be solved were simply a delimitation of the spheres of action of these two bodies. They seem to be totally insensible to the fact that every Englishman, whether Churchman or Nonconformist, has his rights in the Church, and can claim a voice in its affairs, and that this is a necessary adjunct of the English establishment. It is wholly impossible, as long as that establishment lasts, to treat the 'ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs' of the Church of England as concerning acknowledged Churchmen alone. The property and privileges of the Church are held by it, not in absolute possession, but on a trust, in which every Englishman, and the whole nation, has an interest, and consequently a voice. The crude contentions, either that the property of the Church belongs to the nation, or that it belongs to the Church itself, are equal exaggerations on opposite sides. The property of the Church, including its sacred buildings, is a great inheritance, in which the whole nation has a permanent interest; while, on the other hand, the interest of the nation in that inheritance, and its power to deal with it, is also impressed with a solemn trust, which requires that it should be used, as far as possible, to promote the great religious purposes for which it was given. The consequence of these mutual and interdependent relations, subsisting through a long and continuous history, and modified from time to time, has been the creation of innumerable links and, as it were, tie-beams, by which Church and State in England are dovetailed into one another, with a closeness which nothing but a great convulsion could sever. It indicates, there-

fore, a thorough misconception of the facts and realities of the case for Canon Gore and his friends to argue as if 'the Church' were a definite community which could be pointed out to-morrow, and told it might go its own way so long as it did not trespass upon its neighbour's rights. No action in Church matters is possible which would not at once affect that neighbour's existing rights—rights in which every Englishman, whether a nominal Churchman or not, has a historic share, and which he and his representatives in Parliament must jealously guard.

Let us consider, for instance, some of the matters which it is thus proposed to hand over to 'the Church' as within the sphere of its self-government. Canon Gore himself deals rather vaguely with this important point, but Mr. Lyttelton endeavours to be more explicit. He proposes generally (p. 139) that 'all questions of property and patronage' should be reserved for Parliamentary legislation, whilst 'on all other matters the Church might fairly claim to exercise her own judgment and to carry out her own declared will.' But he proceeds:—

'It is well to anticipate the opposition which is certain to arise as soon as the scope of this proposal is realized, by specifying certain classes of questions which would thus come within the jurisdiction of the representative Church body, subject only to the veto of Parliament. Nothing will be gained by leaving it, even for a short time vague and ill-defined. I submit, therefore, that the Church ought to claim for herself such subjects as the revision of the Prayer Book and of other authorized formularies, the conditions of clerical work and the terms under which clergy are to retire, the subdivision of parishes—except in so far as rights of property, i.e. of patronage—are thereby affected—and the creation of new bishoprics. It is not, of course, asserted that legislation on all, or indeed on any, of these matters is immediately required. All that is claimed is that the Church, through her representative body or bodies, should be free to legislate upon them when occasion arises.'

We pass over the singular inconsistency of allowing a limitation of the Church's freedom in the subdivision of parishes, in consideration of the rights of patronage, and claiming entire freedom in respect to the creation of new bishoprics—that is, the creation of new patronage of the most important kind. The Crown, which nominates to all bishoprics, would certainly claim much more than a 'veto' on their multiplication and organization. But what we are concerned to observe is that 'the revision of the Prayer Book and of other authorized formularies' is claimed as a subject on which 'the Church should be free to legislate when occasion arises.' But the revision of the Prayer

Book and the 'authorized formularies,' including, we presume, the Thirty-nine Articles, is the very matter in which the English people, as a whole, has the closest concern. The Articles and the Book of Common Prayer are the cardinal elements in the great national compact under which the Church is established, and by virtue of which the bishops and clergy hold their positions and their property. Canon Gore, indeed, says (p. 23) that—

'it is not proposed to *deprive* any inhabitant of the country of any right which he already exercises. Those who are not prepared to give any account of themselves ecclesiastically—and they are very many—would still be at liberty to use our churches, join in our services, enjoy our music, and listen to our sermons, as much as they do at present. Let them continue to be most welcome to make all the use of the Church they can. For the Church has become a great tree, and the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches of it.'

The generosity of this concession to Nonconformist sparrows to find a passing resting-place on the twigs of the great tree of the Church, while all the nests are reserved for 'Churchmen,' will doubtless be appreciated by those 'birds of the air.' But what Mr. Lyttelton proposes is that the tree should be pruned by Churchmen alone, very much as they please, without any regard to the pleasure and comfort of the sparrows. The arrangements of the churches, the character of the services and the prayers, the doctrinal tune to which the sermons are to be pitched—all are matters on which the Church is to be 'free to legislate when occasion arises.' Parliament may be allowed a mere 'veto,' but is to have no voice in such matters. Now we ask whether it is likely, or reasonable, that the 'very many persons' who, as Canon Gore says, have a right to use the churches, and to join in the services now prescribed by law, could be called upon to relinquish the voice they now possess, through their representatives in Parliament, in determining what those services shall be? Canon Gore is much mistaken in saying that 'it is not proposed,' by himself and his friends, 'to *deprive* any inhabitant of the country of any right which he already exercises.' It is proposed to deprive a large number of laymen in England of important rights they at present enjoy in deciding what kind of worship, and what standard of doctrine, shall be maintained in the churches and cathedrals which it is their privilege, whenever they please, to attend. Every such layman is to be deprived of everything but a veto, through his Parliamentary representatives, on the services with which he shall be married, with which his children shall be baptized and confirmed, and with which his dead shall be buried. It is a deprivation to

which we feel very confident the House of Commons would never consent, as long as the Church retains its present position in the country.

It is true the essayists are very forward to assure us that they are sensible of the necessity of giving the laity a recognized place in their new scheme of self-government. Canon Gore says (p. 7):—

‘As soon as ever this reasonable aspiration after self-government comes into view, one practical condition of its realization immediately confronts us with peremptory urgency. It is quite certain that no English Parliament would grant self-government to the Church while the organ of this self-government is purely or almost purely the clergy. In other words, a necessary preliminary to our approaching Parliament with our great request is that the Church should, with a tolerable degree of unanimity, agree upon a scheme for giving constitutional representation and authority to the laity in her parishes and dioceses, and, at least, side by side with her provincial assemblies of bishops and clergy.’

Consequently he takes much pains to prove that ‘to co-ordinate the laity with the clergy (and, let it be said, presbyters with bishops) in regulating the affairs of the Church, is only deliberately to return to the primitive ideal of the New Testament and the purest Christian centuries.’ ‘Nothing,’ he says, ‘can be more important than to establish this proposition’; and accordingly the essay which stands next to his own is Mr. Rackham’s learned account of ‘The Position of the Laity in the Early Church,’ in which he shows how large and important a part they played, not only in current administration and in discipline, but even in giving validity to the decisions of synods and councils, and in the election and appointment of bishops and other clergy. Canon Gore sums up the evidence of early documents such as the epistles of Ignatius, Polycarp, and Clement by saying that—

‘the laity are generally recognized as having the right to elect, or at least to approve, the men who are to serve as presbyters or deacons. Again, they have a recognized power over those officers when they are elected.’

Again, he says (p. 13) that—

‘certain principles receive continual enunciation. It is hardly too much to say that the fathers and ordinals lay a stress on popular election or approbation of clergy hardly less marked than that which they lay on sacramental ordination. It is the greatest Pope of the fifth century who says to the African clergy, “No reason can tolerate that persons should be held to be bishops who were neither chosen by the clergy, nor demanded by the laity, nor ordained by the provincial

all bishops with the consent of the metropolitan." Again, "he is to preside over all must be elected by all." It is a Spanish proverb who writes, "As to consecrate a bishop belongs to a bishop, to choose a bishop belongs to the laity." The Church was in the very nursery and home of representative government. Again, through the Nicene troubles the informal influence of the faithful who would not accept bishops or teachers who represented alien doctrine, was so great a counterpoise to Imperial pressure that it is the opinion of well-informed contemporaries that in that great crisis Christianity saved the Church.'

It is interesting to have this elaborate demonstration at the hands of typical High-Churchmen that in any Christian Church the laity ought to exercise these important functions. At the same time, so far as the English Church is concerned, it is a little superfluous. The laity of England, acting through the Crown and Parliament, have, at all events since the Reformation, claimed and exercised the chief functions here mentioned. It is the laity, through the Crown, which elects bishops; the vast amount of patronage in lay hands gives the laity a potent voice in the appointment of ministers; and the Government of England does its best, through legislation, to keep out of office in the Church 'bishops or teachers who represent alien doctrine.' It is true much of this lay influence in the Church is indirect. The position of the Crown in relation to the English Church is very much what Mr. Rackham shows the position of the Emperors after Constantine towards the Church of their day. He says (p. 57):—

'his conversion the Emperor became a member of the Church, but not among the laity. But in that body independence and freedom could not for long sit side by side: one must sooner or later smother the other; and thus, as Aaron's rod swallowed the rods of the magicians, the Emperor absorbed into his own person most of the prerogatives of the laity.'

Thus, in a similar manner, the Crown and Parliament have absorbed most of the prerogatives of the laity. That the representatives of the laity should enjoy those prerogatives is shown by Canon Gore and Mr. Rackham to be quite in harmony with primitive precedents. Even if the Crown and Parliament are not an ideal representation of the laity, they are at least as satisfactory as were many of the Emperors of the great conciliar period of the Church's history. Henry VIII. was very much in the position of the Emperor whom Mr. Rackham describes, whose despotic authority was felt as much by the laity as by the clergy. But since his time, the English laity's general voice has made their voice heard through Parliament.

Acts by which the present constitution of the Church was settled, especially the last Act of Uniformity, there was probably, for practical purposes, as fair a combination of spiritual and lay authority as can easily be shown in the history of Christendom.

The gist, therefore, of the proposals of the essayists is to alter the existing representation of the laity in the Church of England. So far from not proposing to deprive any Englishman of his existing rights, what they propose is nothing less than to deprive the legislative bodies which at present act in the name of the laity of their right to do so, to leave them with a bare veto, itself apparently somewhat limited in scope, and to transfer most of their other rights to new bodies of so-called 'Church' laity in parishes, dioceses, and provinces. Thus—

'The Parish Councils,' says Mr. Gore (pp. 21, 22), 'would elect lay representatives to the Diocesan Council, . . . the Diocesan Councils would of course elect representatives to the House of Laymen, which would sit at least side by side with the Houses of Convocation, having a right of veto on proposed changes in the Prayer Book, and, on matters other than those which concern doctrine and worship, legislative rights co-ordinated with those of the clergy.'

So that in these vital matters the Crown and Parliament, which at present have a voice, whenever they choose to exercise it, are to be silenced; a body of laymen, elected by Parish and Diocesan Councils, is to enjoy such of their privileges as may be thought within the competence of laymen, 'matters which concern doctrine and worship' being withdrawn from discussion by them.

But there is one preliminary difficulty which is exhibited in this volume with exemplary candour. Having got so far with his ideal constitution, and having arranged for the disestablishment of the existing representatives of the laity, and the transfer of their chief functions to another body of laity, Canon Gore naïvely observes (p. 23) that 'it now remains to approach the important question, Who are to be considered the laity?' So Mr. Lyttelton (p. 131) says, 'We are to admit the laity to a share in the government of the Church. Yes, but who are the laity?' A very vital question indeed, on which one would have thought that a body of Church reformers would have made up their minds, before they proposed, as we have said, to disestablish the existing lay authorities. Canon Gore, as we have seen, acknowledges (p. 8) that—

'a necessary preliminary to our approaching Parliament with our great request is that the Church should, with a tolerable degree of

unanimity

unity, . . . agree upon a definition of the laity, or, in other words, a basis of suffrage.'

the writers in this volume are actually not agreed among themselves on this point! Mr. Gore considers (p. 24) that—

'the best answer, or the only answer in accordance with really Christian principles, is that all should be in this sense accepted as men, with the right of laymen, who being baptized and confirmed also communicants in the Church, . . . and who have not been publicly convicted of some scandalous offence.'

There is to be a communicant roll in each parish. 'Anyone who lapses off the roll if he had failed to make his communion' in an un-English phrase—'say for the period covered by two successive Easters,' and those on the rolls would be allowed to exercise their suffrage after the age of twenty-one. So that, under this scheme, the place of the Parliament of England in the English Church would be transferred to assemblies elected by communicants of twenty-one years of age, female as well as male. But other essayists shrink from this definition of the laity, as 'reviving the old scandal of the communicant test.' Mr. Lyttelton urges (p. 135) that—

'the odious mockery of the sacramental test, lasting as it did almost to our own generation, has bequeathed to us an unconquerable dislike of any similar method of defining Church membership, however safeguarded. If to admit non-communicants to a share in Church government would be a degradation of the true idea of the Church, to use the Holy Communion as part of the machinery of registration would be equally to degrade the sacrament, and through the sacrament the Church herself.'

On the whole, he comes to a conclusion at variance with Mr. Gore, and says (p. 136) that—

'on the whole it seems advisable not to adopt the communicants' qualification for the lay franchise, but to rest content with a careful enforcement of baptism and confirmation, with perhaps the additional safeguard of a written declaration of membership.'

For those, however, who aspire to hold any office, even if only that of a representative on the Parish or Diocesan Council, would require that they should be communicants. But it is as a condition of office that the old sacramental test came so 'odious'; so that, in that respect, Mr. Lyttelton's proposal is not much better than Mr. Gore's. But what is the object is there of that 'tolerable degree of unanimity' in the definition of the laity which Mr. Gore acknowledges to be 'a necessary preliminary' to his proposals, when the leading writers

writers in this volume cannot agree upon it? We must say it is amazing that a number of distinguished clergymen should combine to put forward a scheme for a sort of revolution in Church and State, without having agreed on the elementary basis on which their new constitution is to be erected. The prerogatives to be transferred to these new laity are confessedly of the highest importance, alike to Church and State, and we are asked to entertain the idea of the transfer without being told of whom the new body will consist. The scheme appears to be propounded without any adequate apprehension either of the nature of our existing constitution in Church and State, or of the changes which are contemplated.

One consequence, however, would inevitably follow from any such arrangements as are suggested. Whether the 'laity' on whom old and new powers are to be conferred are to be communicants, or only baptized and confirmed persons, the inevitable effect would be to constitute a consultative and administrative body, which would enable the clergy to exert far greater authority in the government or administration of the Church than they at present enjoy, and the proposal to admit women to a voice, and even a place, in the new assemblies would aggravate this effect. The initiation of changes in the Prayer Book and the formularies would, by the suppositions of the scheme, rest with the clergy; and the application of what is called 'godly discipline' would similarly, for the most part, commence with them; and assemblies based on either a communicant or a confirmation franchise would be largely under their influence. But if anything is certain at the present moment, it is that Parliament would never adopt measures which would increase the authority, or the power of initiative, of the clergy. For this, it is necessary to say, the clergy have only themselves to blame. The ritualistic extravagances which have provoked such vehement protests both within and without Parliament are due to the innovating or retrogressive action of clergymen, and are maintained by the self-will of clergymen. Mr. Gore candidly acknowledges (p. 15) that—

'among the forces tending to depress lay influence in the Church has been the love of power on the part of the clergy. The love of domination and of having their own way on the part of the clergy is a patent fact in history, and, I may add, in personal experience.'

But that love of domination will never be checked by assemblies elected by men and women, many of them only twenty-one, who must have received either Confirmation or the Communion. The best illustration of what would happen is afforded by the
ples,

plea, often put forward by the ritualizing clergy, that they are urged forward by their congregations. It is hardly an honest plea. These clergymen have led their congregations on, step by step, and started them on an inclined plane of ritual, and then they excuse themselves because their downward slide is accelerated by the weight of opinion they have themselves created. Nothing but a strong hand—a hand like that which is exerted by the present authority of the Legislature—would be sufficient to check the tendency which a purely clerical assembly, such as an enlarged Convocation, would be likely to show in such directions as Canon Gore so frankly indicates.

This points, indeed, to an aspect of the question which has strangely escaped the view of the essayists. Just as they have bewildered themselves by talking of an abstract 'Church,' the composition of which they cannot themselves define, so, on the other hand, they are always speaking of 'the State' as a sort of abstraction, without realizing what they have to deal with in practice. That with which we are really concerned, in any such questions of reform as they raise, is not so much the State as the governing power in the State. No matter where the governing authority of any State is situated, it has duties and responsibilities towards all classes and institutions within its jurisdiction; and in proportion as they are large and powerful, it feels the necessity and the obligation of watching and controlling and, upon occasion, of interfering with them. If the functions and the property of the Church of England, like those of some denominations, only concerned a limited number of Englishmen, the Government of the country might leave it alone, with no other control than is exercised by the law over all other corporations and communities. But the Church is so wide in its extent, and touches English life so closely, and at so many points, that unless, by some political or religious convulsion, it were reduced within far narrower limits, no Government could leave its assemblies free to act, with no other check than a veto. This is the broad and substantial meaning of the principle of the Royal Supremacy, and no such infringement of it as these reformers propose can for a moment be entertained, while the Church remains established and endowed.

But it is urged in reply to these difficulties that (p. 23, n.) 'what Parliament did in Scotland it may surely do in England,' and that in Scotland we have before our eyes the spectacle of a Church which, although it is established, enjoys the freedom of internal self-government which is desired for the Church of England. The preface to this volume opens with recalling Dr. Johnson's indignant exclamation to Boswell in 1763:

'Shall

‘Shall the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation!’ On another occasion, when Dr. Johnson was reminded by an indignant Scotsman that Scotland, whatever he might think of it, was at all events a part of the divine creation, he replied, not less trenchantly, ‘Yes, sir, but we must always remember that it was created for Scotchmen.’ It is a rash proposition to say generally that what is possible in Scotland is possible in England. But in this matter the differences are palpable. We are not sure, indeed, that Scotsmen are so well contented with being subject to the godly discipline of the General Assembly, the Presbyteries, and the Kirk Sessions, as the argument of these gentlemen supposes. But, at any rate, Dr. Johnson should have borne in mind that the Convocation of the English Church is a purely clerical assembly, while of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland nearly half the members are elders. The volume contains a most interesting and useful account by Lord Balfour of the principles and conditions of the Scottish establishment, and he states (p. 94) that the result of the existing constitution ‘is a possible assembly of 704, of whom 371 are ministers and 333 sit as elders.’ These elders, moreover, are not, like the members of the lay assemblies contemplated in this volume, persons elected by an indeterminate suffrage of communicants or confirmees, men and women over twenty-one, but laymen formally ordained to a recognized office in the Church, and under a solemn responsibility for the regular administration of its discipline. There is something amusing in the unconscious predilection, which seems shown by the High-Churchmen who contribute to this volume, for conditions of Church life which are the natural adjuncts of a Presbyterian platform. If the regular organization of the Church of England admitted laymen to positions of similar authority to that of Presbyterian elders, and if in the Synods and Convocations of the Church they were present in similar force, and with similar rights of voting, there would be some reason in arguing from the Scottish example to that of the English Church. But the whole genius of a Presbyterian Church is radically different in this respect from that of an Episcopal Church, and no general presumption can be drawn from what is possible in dealing with one organization to what is possible in dealing with the other. We have nothing in the English Church corresponding with the institution of elders, nothing which invests laymen with a similar authority and commission, and by the very nature of an Episcopal Church we cannot have it. The
assemblies

assemblies in the Church of Scotland—the Kirk Session, the Presbytery, and the General Assembly—are as much lay as clerical; but the Convocation Houses of the English Church would remain essentially clerical, however they might be enlarged. If, indeed, disestablishment and disendowment should come, the assemblies of the reorganized Church would doubtless be so constituted as to give to the laity in form the power they would then possess in substance. But the proposal we have to deal with is that of setting purely clerical assemblies free, under the control of a mere lay veto, while the Church remains established. From this point of view alone, the precedents urged from Scotland and Ireland are entirely irrelevant.

But one further distinction must be observed, which seems also to have escaped notice by the essayists. Mr. Lyttelton, as we have seen, considers that 'the Church ought to claim for herself such subjects as the revision of the Prayer Book and of other authorized formularies.' But, according to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, no such power is possessed by the General Assembly in Scotland. He says (p. 84) that—

'The Act of 1693 contains a provision to the effect that after that date no person shall be admitted as a minister of the Church unless he subscribes the Westminster Confession of Faith, and declares it to be the confession of his faith; and ministers are required by the same Act to own the Presbyterian government of the Church, and to promise that they "will never directly or indirectly endeavour the prejudice or subversion thereof." It is therefore beyond the power of the Church during the continuance of the alliance with the State to depart by any decree of its own either from the Confession of Faith or from Presbyterian Church government.'

It appears, therefore, that the Church of Scotland, as long as it remains in alliance with the State, is strictly subject to some of the chief disabilities from which it is proposed to release the established Church of England. It is as strictly bound to the Westminster Confession of Faith as the English Church is bound to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer Book. But the Westminster Confession of Faith is a very explicit and a very comprehensive document, and an assembly which has no power to depart from it by any decree of its own enjoys a strictly limited degree of freedom. If we could have a similar guarantee that the reformed Convocations of the Church of England would make no proposals for tampering with the Articles and the Prayer Book, that they would not raise an agitation for some changes which would upset the existing balance of doctrines and parties in the Church, and then throw
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on the laity or the Legislature the burden and the inconvenience of exercising their veto, their scheme might be viewed with much less apprehension. But no such guarantee is, or can be, offered to us; and at the same time we know too well from current discussions that there is a strong, and even passionate, agitation in the Church for alterations of ritual and practice, if not of doctrine, which the mass of the laity regard with deep repugnance.

On the whole, therefore, we cannot but regard the specific proposals of this volume as ill-considered, unconstitutional, unsupported by any precedent, and utterly impracticable. But we are anxious to add that they appear also totally unnecessary for the chief practical purposes which the writers have in view. Always excepting the impossible Dr. Fry, the ultimate objects which the writers are pursuing so earnestly will command the general sympathy of earnest Churchmen. Canon Gore concludes his introductory paper by specifying the scandals which urgently need removal. He says (p. 29):—

‘Real scandals still remain. It is a scandal that the cures of souls should be bought, like common merchandize, in the open market—souls for whom Christ died. It is a scandal that the Church, being what she is, should be so tied in fetters of the State as to have no freedom to manage the affairs committed to her by Christ. It is a scandal that the faithful laity should have no power to prevent an improper appointment to the pastoral office, or to cause the removal of what is no pastor but an incubus. It is a scandal that the worshipping laity should be utterly at the mercy of an arbitrary incumbent who simply chooses to cause a revolution in the customary worship. It is a scandal that a pastor should be subjected to the unregulated tyranny or even insults of some wealthy or violent individual among the inhabitants of his parish. These are serious black blots on the Church’s system. These are scandals, and what is worse, or better, removable scandals—scandals which it lies with us to remove. When will Churchmen wake up from their apathy?’

Some of the expressions in this earnest appeal are, indeed, rather exaggerated. A subsequent essayist, Mr. Sturge, in a very lucid article on the Reform of Patronage, observes, respecting the sale of advowsons (p. 224), that—

‘the policy of retaining private patronage, and at the same time rendering rights of patronage inalienable, would land us in an *impasse* infinitely worse. Free sale in advowsons, under present conditions, is as necessary as free sale in land.’

So that, as he says again (p. 226), ‘private patronage and the right of sale must stand and fall together.’ In the debate in
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the House of Lords the other day, on the second reading of the Benefices Bill, Lord Salisbury made some trenchant observations to a like effect. There is a similar exaggeration in the complaint that the Church has 'no freedom to manage the affairs committed to her by Christ.' The most important of the affairs committed to her by Christ—the offices of being—

'messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord, to teach and to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family, to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever'—

these functions, committed to every priest at his ordination, the clergy are not only free to discharge, but they do discharge them with an energy and a self-devotion which command the general respect of the public. But putting these exaggerations aside, what is there to prevent reasonable reforms in the points in question from being carried out under our existing constitution? The Benefices Bill, as we have observed, goes far to remedy the scandals relating to the sale of livings, and gives new and valuable powers to the laity for resisting improper appointments. If one such reform is practicable, why not others?

So again with respect to the complaint that the laity are utterly at the mercy of an arbitrary incumbent 'who simply chooses to cause a revolution in the customary worship.' We may indeed observe that there is a curious irony in the circumstance that this reform should be so urgently pressed by a body of High-Churchmen. It may be safely said that even the moderate ritual now common in the Church of England would never have been introduced if 'the worshipping laity' had possessed the right to forbid 'revolutions in customary worship.' The first High Church advances in ritual were made, in most cases, in the teeth of protesting congregations. It is questionable, for a similar reason, whether it would be conducive to the life and movement of thought in the Church to restrain materially the absolute rights of private patronage. The appointment of an incumbent of an entirely different school from his predecessor may occasion some temporary inconvenience, but has the advantage, at all events, of enabling the people to hear more than one side of truth, and to appreciate more than one type of ceremonial. Within limits—such limits as are prescribed and enforced by law—it is not undesirable that congregations should be unable to stereotype the worship to which they have been accustomed. But here, too, what is

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to prevent the establishment of voluntary parochial councils, through which the laity in parishes and congregations might exercise a very effective influence over the worship in church, and the administration of Church affairs? The practical abolition of the vestry, by the abolition of compulsory Church rates, has had very unfortunate consequences, in releasing the clergy from that practical control which was involved in their having to meet their parishioners face to face and to answer publicly for their actions. But there is no reason why something of the kind should not be restored, in the first instance voluntarily, and afterwards, perhaps, by legislation. As we write, the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury has accepted some amendments made by the Upper House in resolutions respecting parochial councils which were adopted by the Lower House last February. These resolutions, thus agreed to by both Houses, are as follows:—

‘That this House earnestly desires to impress upon the parochial clergy the importance of securing the confidence and co-operation of lay Churchmen, in the manner in which, in each parish, may be best adapted to its wants; and that one mode by which this end might be accomplished would be the formation of parochial church councils.’

And—

‘That the initiative in forming such councils should rest in the incumbent, subject to the approval of the bishop of the diocese.’

As first passed by the Lower House, the second resolution proposed that the power of dissolving such councils, as well as of initiating them, should rest with the incumbent, and that in any case, on the voidance of a benefice, the council should cease to exist. But the Upper House omitted these two provisions, and the Lower House has accepted the amendment. The result is that the Convocation of Canterbury has agreed to a recommendation that standing Church councils should be constituted in all parishes, which would exist permanently from one incumbency to another, and would thus maintain a continuous lay influence in the affairs of the Church. Such a recommendation ought to have great weight with the clergy, and to lead to the general adoption of some such arrangement as is proposed. It is much better that it should at first be tried voluntarily and tentatively, than that, at the outset, it should be imposed on all parishes by the sort of self-government which the essayists desire. In short, all the ‘scandals’ which Mr. Gore denounces—so far as they really deserve his denunciation—might very well be removed by the patient use of the influences at present available; and they are much more likely to be so removed

removed than if the attention of the Church were distracted by a vehement controversy on such constitutional changes as are proposed in this volume.

But, besides the mere removal of 'scandals,' we heartily concur, on the whole, in the high ideal which Canon Gore holds up as the standard at which we should aim. He says (p. 28):—

'The apostolic ideal of the Church is written for ever. All the members are fellow citizens with the saints, that is, citizens, with the responsibilities of citizenship, in the city of God. All together make up the royal and priestly people for worship and for discipline. All together constitute the kingdom of righteousness and light, which is to make unceasing aggressions on the kingdom of darkness and sin. And what have we as things are? Clergymen so identified with the work of the Church that to enter into that order is still called "going into the Church"—clergymen, I say, actually teaching and ruling, well or badly; and flocks ministered to, mostly passively. But where is the Church disciplining itself, worshipping, believing, conferring, and acting, as one body? The Apostolic ideal we Churchmen must resolve and ponder, and we must walk in the steps of disestablished or non-established Churches of our own communion in reviving its reality. The very beauty of the ideal will fascinate our dull imaginations and stimulate our flagging wills. It must be added that the experiments of the Churches in communion with our own in the direction of its realization are certainly encouraging.'

The latter words, indeed, seem almost a confession that the precise ideal at which Canon Gore and his colleagues aim is unattainable without disestablishment, and this appears to us, in fact, the essential inconsistency of their position. They are throughout proposing to introduce the methods and the rights of a disestablished Church into the system of an established one. There is, we must needs say, an apparent tendency to exaggeration and inaccuracy of thought throughout the volume. But the ideal of united work, united worship, and united self-discipline among clergy and laity is one which is none the less worthy of enthusiastic pursuit, and one, we believe, which is capable, under our present system, of increasing attainment. We cannot indeed contemplate so contentedly, as Mr. Gore and his friends seem to do, the exclusion from rights and responsibilities in the 'city of God' of all Englishmen who cannot declare themselves in full communion with the Established Church. We cannot contemplate as desirable in itself, or conducive even to his own views, so-called reforms which would accentuate more than ever the division between the Established Church and the chief Nonconformist bodies; and we are disposed to believe the day will come when an earnest effort at greater union between the
religious

religious forces of the nation, not including, of course, the irreconcilable Romish communion, will be made. But meanwhile, what is to prevent the clergy from working heartily in the direction of combining all who will join with them, within their parishes, in common worship and informal discipline, and all together acting in unceasing aggression upon the 'kingdom of darkness and sin.' We are bound to add that the chief difficulties in the way of such union are created by the clergy themselves—by the Romanizing innovations which have so deeply undermined lay confidence, by assumptions and arbitrary actions which the wisest among them deplore. But where these dangers are avoided, there is perhaps no position in the world which offers more opportunities for the holy crusade of which Canon Gore speaks than that of an incumbent in the English Church. Let a clergyman be zealous in his work, considerate of the wishes and habits of his parishioners, gentle and genial, and there are no limits to the assistance he can command, or to the good he can do. But for that purpose he will do best to keep aloof from agitations for constitutional, and still more for socialistic changes. He will make his people feel that his whole mind is fixed on those great interests of morality and religion, for the sake of which the Church was called into existence by its Lord and Master; and if this spirit prevails generally among the clergy and laity, there will, we believe, be less and less difficulty in obtaining such legislative amendments of the existing relations of Church and State as may prove to be really desirable.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books.* London, 1881–1898.
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum.* With Minutes of Evidence. London, 1850.
3. *Centralkataloge und Titeldrucke: geschichtliche Erörterungen und praktische Vorschläge in Hinblick auf die Herstellung eines Gesamthatalogs der Preussischen wissenschaftlichen Bibliotheken.* Von Fritz Milkau. Leipzig, 1898.

THE Library of the British Museum, though equalled or excelled in some special departments by one or another great institution elsewhere, has no peer or rival as an immense storehouse of books in all languages and in every class of literature. Founded on the library of an eminent physician, Sir Hans Sloane, consisting chiefly of works on medicine and natural history, it has grown by the influx of royal and private collections, by the operation of the Copyright Acts, and, during the last half-century, by the expenditure of the annual grant for purchases which the Treasury places at the disposal of the Trustees. The Catalogue which reflects this vast and varied growth has, since 1881, been in process of transformation from manuscript into print; and that process is now on the eve of completion. The history of the Catalogue is not without interest. Its present and prospective condition is also a subject which well deserves attentive consideration.

The British Museum was opened to the public on the 15th of January, 1759. From a minute recorded by the Trustees on the 21st of June following, it appears that the officials of the Museum were required to attend for six hours daily, and that four of these hours were to be occupied in conducting visitors over the building. The Trustees added that 'the two vacant hours

hours (if it is not thought too great a burden upon the officers) might very usefully be employed by them in better ranging the several collections, especially in the Department of Manuscripts, and preparing the catalogues for publication, which last the Committee think so necessary a work, that, till it is performed, the several collections can be but imperfectly useful to the public.' The Trustees hoped that this suggestion as to the 'two vacant hours' would not be regarded as 'a wanton or useless piece of severity.' The modest though frank manner in which they indicate their view as to the utility of catalogues betokens a sense that the subject was one on which some difference of opinion might be apprehended. The first printed Catalogue of the Museum Library appeared twenty-eight years later, in 1787. It was in two folio volumes, and was executed by three persons, two-thirds of whose time was (as we have seen) demanded for other duties. Every allowance is due to the shortcomings of a work done under such conditions; but one or two of the errors are quaint enough to deserve mention, as illustrating the standard. A William Bedloe, who wrote against Mahometanism in 1615, was confounded with the William Bedloe who gave false evidence against Roman Catholics in 1678. 'The London Prodigal' and 'Mucedorus' were entered as works of Shakespeare. A book printed in 1575 bears the title, 'Mémoires et remonstrances sur le fait de la paix, faites par les députés de ce grand Roy Emmanuel, Admirable Prince de Paix, Roy des Roys, Seigneur des Seigneurs, et adressées aux Églises reformées de France et du pais bas.' The cataloguers unhappily confounded Emmanuel, Prince of Peace, with Emanuel, King of Portugal; and the entry of the book stood as follows: 'Emanuel, Lusitan. Rex. Mémoires et remonstrances sur le fait de la Paix. 8°. 1575.' A German, writing in Latin, had entitled his treatise, 'Schediasma de Pastoribus Paganis,' adding on the title-page, immediately after those words, 'vulgo von Dorff-Priestern'; and adding elsewhere, 'De Pastoribus paganis quaedam commentari dum aggredior, nemo me Ethnicorum Sacerdotes innuere putabit.' But all his precautions were in vain. The Catalogue registered his labours under the head of 'Pagani.'

Such as it was, however, the Catalogue of 1787 held the field till 1807. A new Catalogue was then commenced by Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Baber: this was completed in 1819, and published in seven octavo volumes. It was compact and handy; but its errors and defects could not long escape notoriety. Four years later the Library received a great accession. In 1823 George IV. presented to the Museum the library collected at Buck-
ingham

ingham House by George III., comprising upwards of 65,000 volumes and some 20,000 pamphlets. This gift invigorated the demand for a more accurate and more complete inventory of all the literary treasures which the Museum possessed. The question was as to the form which it should take. A catalogue may be an alphabetical list of the titles or authors of books, irrespective of subject; or it may be a list in which books are classified under their respective subjects, such as Chemistry, History, Mathematics. At the present day it is generally agreed that a catalogue of the second or 'classed' kind, though of the highest intrinsic value, presupposes, as a condition of its full utility, a catalogue of the first or simply alphabetical kind. The classed catalogue should serve as an index to the alphabetical catalogue, not as a substitute for it. Seventy or eighty years ago, however, a different opinion was in vogue. The classed catalogue was regarded by many men of letters, not only as the most convenient, but as all-sufficing. In 1824 the Rev. T. Hartwell Horne, a bibliographer of high repute for method and diligence, was engaged as a temporary assistant at the Museum, for the purpose of executing a new Catalogue, on the principle of classification by subjects. Among his colleagues were Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Frederic Madden, and Mr. Tidd Pratt. The task of sorting the titles under the various subjects proved laborious and costly; when 7,000*l.* had been spent upon that operation alone it was still only half finished. An instructive glimpse of the difficulties which beset the classifier of books according to subjects is afforded by a report which Mr. Horne made to the Trustees in 1834. During the preceding year he had classified the books in 'chemical and medical philosophy' under twenty divisions, which included the following: 'Treatises on Plethora'; 'Treatises of the Vis Medicatrix Naturæ'; 'Use of Flagellation, Friction, and Philtres.' In July, 1834, the Trustees decided that it was undesirable to spend more money on the classed Catalogue, and that project came to an end. The situation was now this. The Catalogue of Ellis and Baber, finished in 1819, was the fullest which the Library possessed; but it was utterly unsatisfactory, and the Trustees were anxious to provide an adequate Catalogue at the earliest possible date. It was already felt, indeed, that the question was one of national importance. In the sessions of 1835 and 1836 a Parliamentary Committee had inquired into the condition and management of the Museum. Valuable evidence regarding the proposed Catalogue, and a mass of statistics concerning the chief libraries of the Continent, were laid before the Committee

by a remarkable man, destined to exert a memorable influence on the fortunes of the great institution to which he gave the best years of his life.

Anthony Panizzi was born at Brescello, in the duchy of Modena, in 1797. In 1823 he came to England, an almost destitute political refugee, and at first maintained himself by teaching his own language at Liverpool, while at the same time he was learning English. When University College was founded in 1828, Panizzi, through Lord Brougham's influence, was appointed Professor of Italian. A few years later he entered the service of the British Museum as an 'extra assistant librarian.' In 1837 he succeeded Mr. Baber as Keeper of Printed Books. Nothing could more significantly attest Panizzi's versatile powers of mind and force of character than the simple fact that he should have reached this important position within fourteen years from the date when he landed in this country, a stranger without resources or prospects of any kind, and unable to speak our language. He entered on his new duties at a critical moment. That a new Catalogue ought to be provided as soon as possible was agreed on all hands; but Panizzi saw that the first requisite was a clear and definite statement of the principles on which the Catalogue should be based. Aided by four colleagues (Messrs. Winter Jones, Watts, Parry, and Edwards), he accordingly drew up a code of rules. It has been said of this code, and we believe with truth, that it has formed ever since 'the foundation of scientific cataloguing.' No system so precise or so complete had been attempted before. It was inevitable that this new organon of a difficult and only half-developed art should be complex. The number of rules formulated by Panizzi and his assistants was no less than ninety-one. About one-third of these relate merely to arrangement; the remainder deal with a multitude of those intricate questions which confront the cataloguer of a vast and miscellaneous library. So far from being needlessly elaborate, the code fell short of providing for many cases which might arise; but it remains a signal achievement, a permanent landmark in the field of work which it concerns. Within the last few years these rules have been simplified by the labours of a committee of experts selected from the staff of the Printed Book Department; but the amended rules provide for all the cases which Panizzi thought it needful to determine, and for many which have arisen since his time.

It was evident that, if the new Catalogue was to be executed with methodical thoroughness, and in strict accordance with the new code, no very rapid progress could be expected in the

earlier stages, nor until the workers had become familiar with the new system. On the other hand, the Trustees of the Museum were anxious to see the new Catalogue finished as soon as possible; and their impatience was shared by the public. It was understood that December, 1844, was the date by which the whole Catalogue must be printed. The printing was to proceed alphabetically. As soon as the letter A went to the printers, the correction of the press began to absorb much of the labour which should have been given to making the Catalogue. The pressure of the time-limit, hurrying and harassing the staff of the Museum, was, in fact, incompatible with the best standard of work. Adherence to strict alphabetical order also occasioned much delay, by compelling the books to be brought to the cataloguers; when afterwards, upon its abandonment, they sat down before the books, progress was much more rapid. In 1841 the first volume, containing the letter A, was published. It could not, of course, contain those titles under A which had come in after it was printed; but its deficiencies on this account were larger than had been anticipated. On other grounds, too, it met with a good deal of unfavourable criticism. No further volume was published. The project of a new printed Catalogue had been a fiasco.

Panizzi, who had loyally done the bidding of the Trustees, was probably not much surprised, and cannot have been much disappointed, at this result. From the outset his personal opinion had been opposed to printing the Catalogue. In a report of November 17th, 1837, he had declared that the public could not reasonably be asked to defray the cost of such a work. He regarded the question strictly from the point of view of the Museum, its administrators, and its visitors, leaving wholly out of account the benefits which a printed Museum Catalogue might confer on learned institutions and on men of letters in every part of the civilized world. Hence it was enough for him that the Museum should possess a manuscript Catalogue, compiled with the utmost care on the best plan, and maintained in completeness by manuscript entries of the accessions. The failure of the rival scheme in 1841 was favourable to that ideal; but the controversy between Panizzi and the Trustees as to the comparative advantages of print and manuscript continued for some time longer. In a report to the Trustees on March 6th, 1847, Panizzi stated that it would be possible to have a manuscript Catalogue finished by the end of 1854, but that it could not be fully prepared for the press before 1860. The correction of each volume for the press would occupy

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The publication of the Catalogue could not, therefore, be completed before 1895, and the Catalogue published in 1895 would represent the state of the Library in 1854. Experience has since shown that the period of thirty-five years, which Panizzi here assumes as the shortest within which the Catalogue of his own day could be printed, exceeds, in the ratio of about seven to four, the period which will actually have been occupied in printing a Catalogue enormously vaster than any which he could have contemplated. But it is easy to imagine that, in 1847, his hypothetical statistics were impressive. And, just at that time, events which seemed to menace his authority resulted in strengthening it. From 1847 to 1849 a Royal Commission sat to inquire into the state of the Museum. The appointment of a foreigner to a high post at the Museum had been unpopular; Panizzi, though a man of rare social gifts, was sometimes arbitrary and despotic; that capacity for large ideas, which he combined with mastery of the minutest details, was associated also with some rather narrow prejudices, and in particular with a very inadequate sensibility to the claims of Science. He had many foes, and during the sittings of the Royal Commission his conduct in his office was fiercely assailed from several quarters. He came off with flying colours. Not only was he completely vindicated, but his reputation was greatly enhanced. Thenceforth his influence at the Museum was predominant.

Meanwhile, the new manuscript Catalogue, based upon his rules, and carefully supervised by him, had been steadily progressing. In 1850, only nine years after the appearance of that solitary and ill-starred volume with which the publication of the printed Catalogue began and ended, one hundred and fifty volumes of the new manuscript Catalogue were placed in the Reading Room.

We hold that Panizzi's policy in this matter was vitiated by a fundamental error of principle. The catalogue of a great national library, such as that which grows year by year in the British Museum, is a comprehensive index to the sources of knowledge in all its branches, which ought to be made as widely available as possible. Its use should not be confined to those who can consult it within the walls of its stately home. A catalogue which exists only in manuscript defeats some of the most important purposes which such a list should serve. For the moment, however, let us leave this vital consideration aside, and grant Panizzi's postulate, that the Catalogue exists for use at the Museum alone. On that assumption his preference for manuscript is intelligible, when it is viewed with reference to the circumstances of his own day. Every catalogue
which

which is to be printed must first be written; and Panizzi regarded printing as a costly and laborious task superadded to the task of writing,—one, too, which must necessarily be of such duration as to make it inevitable that the Catalogue, when wholly printed, should already be in great part antiquated. Nor did Panizzi in 1850 foresee that rapid and immense expansion of the Library which, even within his own life-time, was to make a manuscript Catalogue no longer possible, and to render the adoption of print indispensable.

That event was hastened by two causes, both of which he had himself set in motion. An admirable report which he presented to the Trustees in 1845 called attention to the extraordinary deficiencies of the Museum Library in general literature, and led to the Treasury making an annual grant of 10,000*l.* for the purchase of new books. The growth of the collection was thus accelerated. The bulk of the manuscript Catalogue was further increased by a measure, excellent in itself, which Panizzi adopted. Accessions were to be registered by slips pasted on the leaf in such a manner that they could easily be removed and shifted from place to place, so as to avoid disturbing the alphabetical order. Such slips, when placed on each side of a leaf, trebled its thickness; moreover, they were pasted somewhat widely apart, and were written without much regard to saving of space. Thus not only the number of accessions, but the mode of recording them, rapidly swelled the dimensions of the Catalogue. The 150 volumes of written Catalogue which existed in 1850 had in 1875 become about 2250, and the single letter B then occupied as much space as the whole of that portion of the Catalogue which had been written up to 1850. But this unmanageable growth in bulk was not the only objection. Manuscript had become more costly than print. The system of movable written slips required endless labour in transcribing, incorporating, shifting, relaying, binding, and rebinding. The great expense had been the subject of frequent communications from the Treasury. In 1875, Mr. Richard Garnett, who had then lately become the Superintendent of the Reading Room, represented, in a report, that the space available for the accommodation of the Catalogue was all but exhausted, and that it would soon be imperative to reduce the bulk of the work by printing at least a part of it. In 1878 he renewed these representations, with the approval of Sir Charles Newton, who was then acting as Principal Librarian,—a post which in the autumn of that year was filled by the appointment of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Bond.

Mr. Bond had long held that the Catalogue ought to be printed,
—being

—being led to that opinion, not only by the practical reasons just noticed, but also by considerations of a literary kind. As the result of negotiations between Mr. Bond and the Treasury, it was decided that in future the annual accessions to the Catalogue should be registered on printed, instead of written, slips. This measure came into operation in 1880. At that time, no space remained in the Reading Room for even one additional volume of the Catalogue. The plan of printing accessions, introduced many years earlier in some libraries of the United States, had been in use since 1861 in the University Library at Cambridge, which was the first in Europe (as Dr. Milkau notes) to adopt it; it had also been established, four years later, in the University Library at Glasgow. The initial step was thus taken towards controlling the unwieldy bulk of the Museum Catalogue.

The next step was the decision of the Treasury that not merely the accessions, but the Catalogue itself, should be printed. For that purpose, as well as for printing the accessions, an annual grant was assigned, which has risen, by gradual increments, to the sum of 3000*l.* a year. The printing of the Catalogue began in January 1881. The work did not proceed, at first, in the alphabetical order of the letters. Practical necessity dictated that those letters should be taken first in which the bulk of the manuscript Catalogue was hugest. An economic reason further prescribed that most of the letters first sent to press should be taken from the latter extremity of the alphabet. In that part of the alphabet there was a large number of titles in manuscript which had not yet been printed, as accessions, on separate slips; and so it was still possible to avoid the expense of printing them twice over—first on slips, and then in the body of the work. Thus one of the earliest volumes to be printed was that which contained the article ‘*Virgilius.*’ But, when these urgent cases had been dealt with, the order of printing became, as Mr. Bond desired, approximately alphabetical, subject to the proviso that, where convenient, different parts of the same letter should be taken up simultaneously. The process of preparing the manuscript for the press has necessarily been laborious. In the first place, a literary and bibliographical revision is required, as can easily be understood when it is remembered that the written Catalogue had been in progress for more than forty years, and had employed at least as many different workers. Then it is necessary to verify with the utmost care the order of the several entries, since transposition, after the type was set, would entail heavy expense. Lastly, there is the correction of the press, which
demands

demands all the more vigilance since the Museum is almost always content with a single 'revise.' Several of the best assistants devote their whole time to these labours. With much practical wisdom, it has been recognized that, in a vast undertaking of this nature, speed and regularity are the first essentials. If an ideal standard of perfection in details had been set up, the work would have been indefinitely protracted, and must have sunk under the accumulated mass of arrears. Hence all pretension to minute accuracy has been steadily disclaimed. For example, when the title of a black-letter book is quoted, a specialist would wish to know where each line on the original title-page ends; but the Museum Catalogue does not attempt to show this. Again, I and J had at the outset been treated as a single letter; U and V had been similarly treated; and this system has been maintained, though it is admitted that theoretically it would be better to alter it. To all microscopic criticism the authorities of the Museum have an incontrovertible answer, viz., that, if the aim had been to make the work faultless, it could never have been done at all. Nevertheless, it has been executed in a manner on which the Museum may well be congratulated, and of which the nation may reasonably be proud.

The printed Catalogue is accessible in two forms. One is that of a large quarto, printed, in double columns, on both sides of the paper. A 'Part' or volume seldom contains more than 300 columns; the average number of columns in a volume is about 250, and that of entries about 5000. In this form the Catalogue is sold to subscribers of 3*l.* 10*s.* a year; a certain number of copies is also presented, chiefly to public libraries. The number of Parts issued annually in the first two years of the printing was fifteen; the amount of the printing grant at that time did not admit of more. But, since then, the average annual number of Parts has been about thirty. Such a rate of publication implies notable energy and diligence. It becomes still more remarkable when it is found to have been sustained through a series of years. There is, indeed, every incentive to expedition. Speed is here the best economy; since any part of the annual printing grant (3,000*l.*) which may be unexpended at the end of the financial year reverts to the Treasury, and is lost to the Museum.

The other form of the Catalogue is for use in the Reading Room. A certain number of copies of each quarto part of the Catalogue is printed on one side of the paper only. One half (i.e. one column) of a printed quarto page is then laid down on a folio page of the strongest vellum paper procurable; the rest

of the space on that page, and the whole of the opposite (or right-hand) folio page, are left blank, to receive the printed slips which record accessions. Thus, for every whole page of the Catalogue in its quarto form, there are four pages of the folio form as used in the Reading Room. The folio volumes contain, not only all the titles comprised in the quarto parts, but also all the new titles which have come in since these parts were printed. The folio volumes, and they alone, represent the actual contents of the Library at any given time. Each folio volume can receive about 9,000 titles. There is space in the Reading Room for 2,000 such volumes, capable of containing, in all, some eighteen million titles. It has been computed that this space provides for the probable accessions of about three centuries to come.

The printing of the Catalogue will be finished before the end of the year 1900. The work will then consist of about 600 quarto volumes, containing, on an average, 250 columns each. When the printing began, in 1881, the number of titles in the manuscript Catalogue was about 3,000,000. The accessions since that time exceed half a million, their average annual number during recent years having been about 40,000. The number of printed volumes in the Museum may be roughly estimated at about 2,000,000. The reason why the number of titles in the Catalogue so far surpasses this total is, of course, the number of cross-references frequently made to the same book from the names of editors, annotators, and other persons concerned with it, or whom it concerns. As we write, the Catalogue is complete in print, with the exception of the entries referring to 'England,' 'France,' 'Germany,' 'Great Britain,' the difficult article 'Liturgies,' and a portion of 'Bible.' All these, it is hoped, will be printed in the course of 1899.

It is natural to hail with applause and gratitude the approaching completion of this vast enterprise, prepared and prosecuted, during two generations, by the labours of the scholars and administrators who have so ably served the British Museum. The printed Catalogue is a monument of careful and systematic labour on an unprecedented scale, applied to a library which, for comprehensiveness, has no rival in the world. Yet, even while we welcome the attainment of a definite goal,—the complete transference of the Catalogue from manuscript into print,—it is impossible to forget the limitations which the very nature of the work has imposed upon it. The printing will have occupied about nineteen years, during which accessions have been pouring in, as we have seen, at the rate of some 40,000 a year. Under the letter which will have been the last

to be printed (T) will be incorporated the titles beginning with T which have come in while that letter was at press; and, in respect to that letter, the Catalogue will nearly represent the actual state of the Library in 1899. But, at each step backwards in the order of the letters printed, the Catalogue will, of course, be further and further from representing this contemporary condition. In regard to those letters which were the earliest to be printed, the Catalogue can only represent the state of the Library as it was in 1881 or 1882. The accessions under those letters which have since flowed in are recorded on the printed slips inserted in the folio form of the Catalogue placed in the Reading Room, but do not appear in the Catalogue as printed for circulation outside of the Museum. Only those persons who can consult the Catalogue in the Reading Room will have before them anything like a complete list of the Library as it will stand in 1899. Subject to the exceptions noticed above, the order of the printing has been (broadly speaking) alphabetical; and therefore the degrees of completeness in the successive parts of the Catalogue will be generally progressive from the earlier to the later letters of the alphabet. The literature relating to Tennyson will be far more completely represented in the Catalogue than that which relates to Browning; Thackeray will have the advantage over Dickens, Schiller over Goethe, Tasso over Boccaccio, Thucydides over Herodotus, and so forth. Such inequalities might be of comparatively little moment in the catalogue of a small collection, where the yearly additions were few, and where the printing covered only two or three years. But in a work on this vast scale, which will have been nineteen years at press,—a work in which the accessions accumulate with enormous rapidity and in enormous volume,—a work, too, of which the distinctive value resides in its claim to mirror nearly the whole world-literature of each subject—it is obvious that this defect assumes a magnitude which seriously impairs the value to students of the Catalogue as a whole.

Further, the circulation of the Catalogue has always been extremely limited, and threatens to become even more limited in the future. No great institution has ever issued its publications on more liberal terms than the British Museum. But of many or most of these publications it may be said that their sale has been restricted by the fact that their existence has been too little known. For instance, it may be doubted whether it is a matter of common knowledge, even among men of letters, that the Museum has published special bibliographies (complete, so far

far as that library is concerned) of several important authors, including Aristotle, Bacon, Bunyan, Byron, Dante, Goethe, and that each of these lists can be obtained for two or three shillings. A similar remark applies, though probably in a less degree, to another important publication, 'A Subject Index of the modern works added to the Library of the British Museum,' compiled by Mr. G. K. Fortescue, in three volumes (1886, 1891, 1897), each volume representing the growth of the five years preceding its date.

When the printing of the Catalogue began, in 1881, arrangements were made for issuing it to subscribers. For a yearly subscription of 3*l.* 10*s.*, a subscriber received the 'Parts' or volumes published in each year. The annual number of such Parts, at first fifteen, subsequently rose to an average of thirty; but the amount of the subscription remained the same; and consequently the price of each volume (containing an average of 5,000 titles) fell from the very moderate sum of 4*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* It may certainly be said that the Catalogue of the Museum, as issued to subscribers, is one of the cheapest books extant. The number of copies available for this annual issue has, since 1882, been about 250; but of these less than one third has passed into circulation, and even of that number about one half has been given gratuitously. Lack of publicity at the outset may have had something to do with this result. There was no heralding of the publication in the press; few persons were aware of its existence until several volumes had appeared; and the accumulated price of these, to be met by a single payment, may in some cases have proved deterrent. But a more powerful cause in restricting the sale was presumably a perception of the fact to which we have referred,—that, by the time when the last part of the Catalogue had been printed, the earlier parts would be deeply in arrear. An effort was made, indeed, to meet this objection. A supplementary Catalogue of Accessions was printed, which a subscriber could obtain for 3*l.* a year, in addition to his subscription of 3*l.* 10*s.* for the principal Catalogue. But this Accession Catalogue found scarcely any subscribers; and the issue has now been contracted within the narrowest possible limits.

The present situation may be summed up in the statement that the Catalogue of the British Museum is almost unknown outside of the Reading Room; that its complete form is found in the Reading Room alone; and that the very few persons who have access to it beyond those precincts possess it in a form which is so incomplete as well-nigh to frustrate the chief reason of its existence. Could Panizzi revisit the scene of his

labour

labours and his controversies, he would doubtless rejoice in the splendid and ever-growing fortunes of the great Library over which Sir Edward Maunde Thompson worthily presides. But in the present circumstances of the Catalogue he would perhaps recognize, with a smile, the irony of fate. That manuscript Catalogue which was his cherished ideal had to make way for a printed Catalogue, because the rapid growth of the Library had rendered manuscript too bulky and too expensive. But now the operation of the very same cause has deprived the printed Catalogue of the most distinctive advantage which belongs to print. The multiplying power of the press is, in this case, of practically no avail. To all intents and purposes, there is only one copy of the Catalogue which fulfils the proper functions of such a work, and that is the copy which is placed in the Reading Room.

It will perhaps be suggested that the simplest expedient would be to print a supplementary Catalogue of all titles not included in the principal Catalogue. This supplement might then be issued in parts to subscribers. There can be no objection to issuing such a supplement expressly for the benefit of persons and institutions already possessed of the principal Catalogue, should the Trustees consider this worth while. But the objection to such a publication on behalf of the general public is obvious. Such a supplement would be valueless, except to those who possessed the whole of the Catalogue as originally printed in the years 1881-1899; and the number of such possessors is exceedingly small. Suppose, however, that new subscribers to the supplement could be found, who would be ready at the same time to purchase the whole of the principal Catalogue. Only some 250 copies of each Part were printed, and a portion of those copies has already been sold or given away. In the first year of printing (1881), the impression was considerably less than 250 copies, and the parts for that year are (we believe) no longer obtainable. A supplementary Catalogue for general use would thus be foredoomed to failure, a result foreshadowed by the fact noticed above, that the Accession Catalogue has proved unsaleable. Nor could a supplementary Catalogue be of any service to the frequenters of the Reading Room, who would always prefer to look for accessions in the General Catalogue, where they would continue to be entered.

As to the folio Catalogue in the Reading Room, there is, indeed, as we have said, ample space for the additions of a long period to come. But that form of the Catalogue will become more and more inconvenient, as the original nucleus
(consisting

(consisting of the quarto printed columns laid down on vellum paper) comes to bear a smaller and smaller proportion to the accessions, ever growing at the rate of some 40,000 a year. For such a Library as that of the Museum, a Catalogue on cards is impossible. The book form is indispensable. And there is only one way in which a book Catalogue of such a Library can be maintained in a satisfactory, or even a tolerable, state. That is, by periodically reprinting the whole, with incorporation of all the new titles which have come in since the last edition was printed.

If the Catalogue of the Museum were reprinted so as to include all the accessions (not already incorporated) of the period from 1881 to 1899, this reprint would completely exhibit the actual contents of the Library at a well-marked epoch, the end of the nineteenth century. It would also lay the foundation for the regular issue of such a complete register at definite intervals,—say, at the end of every twenty-five years. Such a register would be of inestimable value to students, in every branch of knowledge, throughout the world. It would also form a basis on which this and other countries could form central catalogues, representing, for each country, its collective wealth in literature. Each considerable library could compare its own contents with the Museum Catalogue, and frame a list of any books, in its own possession, which were not found in the Library of the Museum. Such central catalogues would open the way for the ultimate construction, if it should be thought desirable, of a Universal Catalogue; but it is needless to enter here on the *pros* and *cons* of that much-discussed scheme. The desirability of central catalogues would, at any rate, be generally conceded.

The Library of the Museum is the only one in the world which could provide, without delay, a complete register, capable of serving the purposes described above. It is the only library on a similar scale which has collected books in all classes of literature. Moreover, it has all its materials ready for prompt issue. It has no longer to compile, but merely to reprint. The National Library of France published last year the welcome first volume of the Catalogue of its printed books; but some twenty or thirty years may be expected to elapse before that great work can be completed.

A proposal to reprint the Museum Catalogue must be considered, first of all, with reference to the time and money which would be required. On both these heads we are in a position to give an estimate formed by experts practically acquainted with the work to be done. The time required would pro¹

be only from three to four years. This estimate assumes that the task of the printer would be simply to reprint, incorporating the accessions in their alphabetical places. No attempt would be made to re-edit, or to reach a more perfect accuracy of detail; such an aim might involve a further delay of some ten or twelve years. The immediate object, which should be steadily kept in view, is to reprint the Catalogue and the accessions as they stand. This task, if begun in January 1901, ought to be finished by the end of 1904 at latest. The cost might be from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.*; it is improbable that it would much exceed the latter sum. A few years ago the Government gave a larger sum for one great picture. Parliament and the country did not think, in 1885, that 72,000*l.* was too high a price to pay for adding the *Ansidei Madonna* to the National Gallery. The national importance of such an acquisition can scarcely be deemed superior to that of a work, entailing less expense, which would confer a signal benefit on letters and science, both at home and abroad.

Further, it is to be remembered that the cost of the reprint would be partly defrayed by the sale. The prospects of the reprinted Catalogue in that respect would be widely different from those of the edition which went to press in 1881. The first edition appeared, as we have seen, under circumstances which made it inevitable that the sale should be very limited. The reprinted Catalogue, a great work with a definite completeness of its own, would, from the first, excite a much keener interest and enjoy a far wider publicity. Agents for the sale, rewarded by a liberal discount, should be appointed in selected large cities throughout the world, and a discount should also be allowed to purchasers direct from the Museum. The price charged should be moderate, and should not, irrespective of discount, exceed 30*l.* for the whole work. With a reasonable price and proper efforts, an edition of 1500 or 2000 copies might probably be sold in the course of a few years. The unique character and value of the work would cause its acquisition to be felt as desirable, if not indispensable, by many great libraries, universities, colleges, and learned societies in every quarter of the globe. The prospects of an extensive sale in the United States, in particular, would be most encouraging. The proceeds of the sale would, at the best, be far from covering the cost; but they would appreciably reduce it, and the total cost would be moderate, relatively to the magnitude of the national object attained.

The question of stereotyping would arise in connexion with the reprint. It would be advisable to stereotype in view of
orders

orders which might be expected to keep dropping in until the publication of the next edition. And, in reference to the use of stereotype for this purpose, notice is due here to a plan which would be productive of great economy in all future editions of the Catalogue. This would consist in stereotyping each title on a separate plate. The plates, after printing, would be stored in alphabetical order. When it was required to print a new edition of the Catalogue, and to incorporate the titles which had come in since the last edition, all that would be necessary would be to combine the new stereotype plates with the old in the proper alphabetical order. The whole cost of re-setting the type would thus be avoided. This plan was brought before the Royal Commission on the British Museum by Mr. W. D. Cooley in February, 1849; but the idea originated, as Dr. Milkau has pointed out, with Mr. Charles C. Jewett, Chief Librarian of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. It was only, indeed, in 1850 that Jewett published his work, 'A Plan for Stereotyping Catalogues by Separate Titles, and for forming a General Stereotyped Catalogue of Public Libraries in the United States.' But there is evidence that he had communicated his plan to friends in England during the autumn of 1847. Since 1895 this system has been in use at the Public Library at Boston, Massachusetts, over which Mr. Jewett presided from 1858 to 1868. The linotype machine is there used for the work, with much saving of labour and cost. It may be added that this plan was once tried at the British Museum, for the purpose of printing a classed Catalogue of titles selected from the General Catalogue. It was given up because no space for storing the stereotype plates could be found at the printing-office or at the Museum. This difficulty ought surely not to be insuperable if the intrinsic merits of the system are such as to render its adoption desirable. And, with a view to the future, the economic advantages appear so great as at least to deserve careful consideration. The average cost of stereotyping a title was estimated in 1881 at three half-pence; the cost of a million would therefore be 6,250*l*. If, by the omission of cross-references, the total number of titles to be stereotyped could be reduced to about a million and three-quarters, the cost would thus be 10,937*l*. To this would be added the cost of making arrangements for storage. But this increase of present outlay would hereafter be repaid many times over by the saving of expense in printing future editions of the Catalogue. The adoption of such a plan is, however, in no way an essential part of the proposal which we are advocating. It is merely a detail

detail, though (to our thinking) an important detail, which would fall to be considered when the proposal to reprint the Catalogue took a definite shape. As we have referred to the trial of stereotyping at the Museum in the service of a classed Catalogue, we should add that, after the abandonment of that experiment, the authorities of the Museum endeavoured to lay the foundation of a classed Catalogue in a different manner, viz., by printing several copies of the General Catalogue on one side of the paper only, with a view to the sheets being subsequently cut up, and the titles arranged according to subject. But a classed Catalogue formed on this plan, though invaluable in the Reading Room, would not get beyond it, unless reprinted and published.

Our object in these pages has been to state the general conditions of the problem, and to indicate the importance of solving it at an early date, since every year of delay will render a solution more difficult. It is not to be expected that any action should be taken until public opinion has been awakened to the importance, and indeed the necessity, of doing something. But it is not unreasonable to hope that such support will be forthcoming, when it is realized, on the one hand, that the utility of the existing Catalogue is practically confined to the Reading Room of the Museum, and that its future raises some perplexing questions; on the other hand, that a reprint would be of the highest advantage both to the Museum itself and to the cause of literature and science, not only in this country, but in all quarters of the globe, and could moreover be accomplished at a cost which, relatively to the greatness of the object, cannot be considered large. Much will doubtless turn on the interest shown in the subject by the natural leaders of public opinion on such matters,—by the Universities and other learned societies, by individual representatives of science and letters, and, generally, by all who recognize that the further progress of knowledge depends, in no small measure, on a record, complete and accessible in the utmost attainable degree, of the knowledge already accumulated by mankind. The commonwealth to which an appeal might be addressed is world-wide. Englishmen, in the first place, may be asked to reflect that a complete Catalogue of the British Museum Library, representing its state at the close of the nineteenth century, and available for students everywhere, would be no unworthy addition to those monuments of national power and beneficence which are the best assured against decay and oblivion.

- ART. II.—1. *A Romance of Two Worlds.* And other Works.
By Marie Corelli. London, 1886–1897.
2. *The Christian.* By Hall Caine. London, 1897.

GREAT and manifold—to speak with the translators of the Bible—as have been the mischiefs wrought by modern unbelief, it may be questioned whether any have surpassed the evils of the reaction which it has too often called forth. ‘Agnostic, positivist, materialist’ are doubtless words of ill omen; but ‘hysterical, irrational, obscurantist’ have scarcely a more promising sound. Between the Montagues and the Capulets of these extremes, fighting over her body, Religion seems likely to emerge disfigured and discredited—a caricature of the sublime and affecting reality which she once was, and as much an offence to her friends as to her enemies. The man who has escaped without a wound from Professor Huxley’s onslaught may fall a victim to Miss Corelli’s ‘electric creed’; or if not the man, yet the woman, though doctors have been known to succumb, and journalists, despite the triple steel of their art of criticism. And who shall reckon the misunderstandings which a romance so singularly fantastic as Mr. Hall Caine’s ‘The Christian’ will have created in the hundred thousand students it has won—persons innocent or careless enough to suppose that his novel is a dogmatic treatise drawn from the fountain-head of knowledge, and that his monks, canons, prophets, and missionaries live and move outside his chapters, in Eaton Square and in Bishopsgate Street? The so-called ‘bankruptcy of science,’ whatever lesson it may convey to professors overstepping the bounds of their method and its lawful acquisitions, would be dearly purchased by the degradation of Christianity. Religion is a reasonable service, not hysteria and not claptrap. But the works which we have taken in hand to review insist that it is both. Deny them their hysteria, they would be destitute of force; forbid them their claptrap, and where would be their influence? A bold critic has thrown aside in disdain the novels of Miss Corelli, describing them as ‘ignorant and illiterate.’ We propose to make good this indictment. Mr. Hall Caine tells us that in ‘The Christian’ his desire has been ‘to depict, however imperfectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose,’ which he thinks he sees ‘in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century.’ We will ask with Horace, ‘Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?’ How much of the current religion, social effort, and prevailing culture has been expressed in ‘The

Christian'? And must we conclude that Mr. Hall Caine, as well as Miss Corelli, has, under pretence of showing us the orthodox creed in action, flooded the market with samples of unscientific and degenerate mysticism?

Place aux dames! Let us begin with Miss Marie Corelli. She is now celebrated as the author of half-a-dozen volumes, multiplied in editions beyond our counting, which affect to promulgate the faith once delivered to the saints. They contain her dogmas and are the prophetic lectures of a London Hypatia, who does not blush when flattering judges tell her that she has written 'the Gospel story, glorified, quickened, transfigured, stamped with an awful reality, instinct with life not before known.' With incomparable modesty she suffers this praise to be printed in her volume called 'Barabbas': nay, more, she allows it to reach the following culmination, 'What then? Is it inconceivable that the powerful pen of a cultured woman of genius should write a more potent picture of the World's Tragedy than was written by the fishermen of Judea?' In other words, the inspired record itself must pale before what an irreverent critic has termed 'the aniline dyes of Miss Corelli's eloquence,' and she does not refuse to be honoured as a fifth Evangelist, superior to the other four.

But, when she was writing her preface to 'A Romance of Two Worlds,' she seemed willing to stand on a level with these fishermen. For it is surely her own office which she magnifies in the observation, 'If ever there was a time for a new apostle of Christ to arise and preach his grandly simple message anew, that time is now.' The message, in its grand simplicity, thou, 'Heliobas, atavis edite regibus'—king, sage, and Chaldean—dost republish in a creed which extends over twenty-two pages! But the new commandment in which it issues may be reduced to a single line, 'Cultivate the Electric Spirit within you.' Why 'electric,' the reader may enquire. Because, answers Heliobas magisterially, God is 'a Shape of pure Electric Radiance,' and if any doubt it, they 'may search the Scriptures on which they pin their faith, and they will find that all the visions and appearances of the Deity there chronicled were electric in character.' Neither the Chaldean nor Miss Corelli can understand why some have thought her electric dogma blasphemous, or how it should be a contradiction to affirm of the Deity in one sentence that He is a pure Spirit, and in the next that He is an emanation of electricity with a definite and measurable shape. Her creed, she declares, 'has its foundation in Christ alone,' and 'its tenets are completely borne out by the New Testament.' Moreover, the theory 'is simple and

makes all marvels easy'—without the inconvenience, we hasten to add, of being compelled to study mathematics, or define your terms, or distinguish between a current that runs along a wire and the intellect and will that have nothing in common with these imponderable agencies.

No, Miss Corelli's science, like her religion, scorns the fetters of philosophy and fact. When she has baptized a power 'electric' she leaves it to explain itself. Sometimes it is a force, 'tout comme une autre,' and gives people a smart shock; anon it is 'the germ of the Divinity within them,' which is 'capable of the highest clairvoyance and spiritual ability.' We must take care not to confound it with hypnotism, for that, as we learn, 'is merely animal magnetism called by a new name.' The trance of the hypnotized is a 'stupor'; but Miss Corelli's trance perceives the 'Central Planet'—in her language a star and a planet are all one—shows her that 'everything is circular'; makes angels and demons a 'matter of experience'; conducts her heroes up from the earth to Saturn, Jupiter, and the Centre, but does not land them in the moon, for the best of reasons: there is no moon—nothing except an 'electrograph' which hangs delusively in heaven and somehow contrives to exert an influence on the tides. However, we should bear in mind that 'the sea is impregnated with electricity.' So, indeed, are all other objects, and the Electric Circle 'can do anything,' which will surely account for the Swedenborgian visions that enable Miss Corelli's adepts to believe exactly in proportion as they have seen, to widen the bounds of celestial geography, and to put to shame the mere astronomer, whose telescope fails where ecstasy is triumphant, and will-power ascends the spheres.

And so, let us only cherish these germs, and we have Miss Corelli's word for it that we shall behold the spirits as they float round our terrestrial globe—after which, what becomes of atheism and the atheists? For seeing is certainly believing, though we used to be told that it was not Christian faith. Moreover, if the doctrine of Heliobas may not be called spiritualism somewhat diluted with electricity—always conceived in these volumes as a 'fluid'—would it be permissible to number it with magic and 'miracle-mongering'? We gather from his wonderful sister, Zara, who has a zone of the deadly force at her disposal, that 'it is nothing new'; of course, it 'was well known to the ancient Chaldeans,' whose date and other achievements are left in a tantalizing obscurity; and 'it was practised in perfection by Christ and His disciples.' But, alas, 'civilized beings have forgotten all this.' There is not

one of them, our author observes mournfully, that can so much as emulate 'the human savage,' or 'lay back his ears to the wind, catch a faint far-off sound with certainty and precision, and tell you what it is.' Hence, we must not be surprised, though we may be sorry, to learn that 'they have forgotten the use of the electrical organs they all indubitably possess in large or minute degree.'

The miracles of the New Testament would seem, therefore, on this evidence, to be all reducible to a series of torpedo-shocks; Christianity is a store of electric fluid; the risen Christ was Himself 'embodied electric force'; 'the descent of the Holy Ghost, by which term is meant an ever-flowing current of the inspired working intelligence of the Creator, was purely electric in character;' and 'we believe'—that is to say, Miss Corelli believes—'that since Christ ascended into Heaven, our electric communication with the Creator has been established.' Again, lest we should imagine these terms to be simple or crude analogies taken from earthly things—'*Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein' Gleichniss*,' Goethe would say, but not so Heliobas—we are distinctly informed that 'every thought and word of every inhabitant on every planet is reflected in lightning language before the Creator's eyes as easily as we receive telegrams.' And yet, concludes Miss Corelli, with a tremor in her voice, the Electric Creed 'has been much commented upon, and by some deemed blasphemous—I know not why.' Does her New Testament, we would ask, liken the Almighty to a man sitting in a post-office, receiving telegrams at a central station? And is that her view of omniscience? Who would not prefer the agnostic, that hesitates to declare there is knowledge with the Most High, to this grotesque and vulgar reminiscence of Swedenborg, which attempts to fathom divine mysteries by means of its 'lightning language' and its 'spiritual electricity'? Is the Supreme, after all, nothing but a 'magnified non-natural man,' whose abode is on some 'central planet,' which may be discovered if we travel far enough in a motor-car? Truly, should these things find general acceptance, the refutation of materialism that ended in a gigantic electro-magnetic coil would be little else than a casting out of Satan by Beelzebub.

In sober earnest, Miss Corelli knows not what is meant by materialism; and as regards her Christianity, it is a debased offspring of the Neo-Platonic school daubed with the colours of a hundred superstitions. It has not come out of the New Testament. Its origin and history may be traced through heresies without number; and the faith which it involves or
demands

demands is, in spite of her vehement protestations, the result of an hysteria so hollow and earthborn that it does not add one syllable to our knowledge of things divine. 'Nel ciel . . . fu io,' sings the Italian poet. Heliobas never was there. When Miss Corelli assures her correspondents that she knows the Electrical Creed to be a matter of experience, what are we to think? Has a single one of her acquaintance penetrated to the Central Planet? Or beheld the nations in Saturn and Jupiter? The amazing fact is that any reader should have taken 'A Romance of Two Worlds' seriously. But then readers took Lemuel Gulliver seriously. And here is a clergyman of the Church of England writing to Miss Corelli that her imaginary voyage has preserved him from suicide. The end does not justify the means; one can but exclaim with Persius, 'Quantum in rebus inane!' and marvel at the credulity of an enlightened British public.

But this 'Romance' it was which announced to mystics, decadents, and lovers of religious sensation, that a new prophetess had arisen, a mother in Israel. Her mission was to preach against unbelievers, to pursue them with a flood of words, and to appeal from their arguments to the old experience, as she deemed it, whereby the electric current was proved orthodox and the atomic theory an invention of Satan. Mysterious, indeed, are the differences that lurk in names and qualities. It is not easy to perceive how magnetism should be Christian, or electricity a thirteenth article of the Creed, or in what way 'atoms' and 'molecules' have sinned that they should call forth, as they ever do, the bitter scorn of Miss Marie Corelli. There is really nothing more sacred in energies which cannot be weighed than in molecules which submit themselves to the balance. Both are material; neither spiritual. And if we are going to deify the elements, or the forces behind them, why should not a second story-teller sing the praises of divine phosphorus, since without phosphorus we cannot reason, or dedicate a volume of hymns to the carbon which is said to be an invariable constituent of organic life? Such undue favour shown to electricity gives Heliobas a suspicious resemblance to the Roman augur, whom Juvenal defines as 'aliquis senior qui publica fulgura condit.' An astronomical Christianity may prefer this kind of lightning-rod for its minister; but how if the present craze about microbes should set up a biological religion, which, after all, comes nearer to our business and bosoms? Heliobas must then yield to a public officer of health, and the electric battery vanish before the culture of yeasts.

But

But Miss Corelli is not hostile to protoplasm; nay, in her innocence she imagines, as we gather from 'Ziska,' that it is a life-stuff without specific qualities; a sort of universal dough, out of which 'the fibres of a conscious Intellectuality may sprout.' Her model man of science, Dr. Dean, 'a thoughtful *savant*,' when he surveys the tourists that are preparing to ascend the Pyramids, is wont to murmur—

"Protoplasm—mere protoplasm! The germ of soul has not yet attained to individual consciousness in any one of these strange bipeds. Their thoughts are as jelly . . . Yet they are interesting, viewed in the same light and considered on the same scale as fishes or insects merely. As men and women of course they are misnomers—laughable impossibilities."

We confess to an uneasy feeling as we read these words—a 'phenomenon' which Miss Corelli has often eloquently touched in her stories—as if we had read them somewhere before. Was it in Professor Huxley? But the Professor had a sound English style, and would not have called even these poor tourists 'misnomers.' Yet he certainly held a doctrine of the primeval jelly—once naming it *Bathybius Hæckelii*—and the fishes, if not the insects, that were on their way to become living souls of men: which some denounced as Materialism and others embraced as Monism; and, in any case, it was Darwinism. Can it be that Miss Corelli is a Darwinian after all? Or merely that she has read of 'protoplasm,' and thinks it a comfortable word? We would remind her that *Mesopotamia* is more in her line; as again Juvenal observes—

*'Chaldæis sed major erit fiducia; quidquid
Dixerit astrologus credent de fonte relatum.'*

Let her cling to *Heliobas* and give Professor Huxley a wide berth. It is dangerous playing with the edged tools of biology as with the school terms of metaphysics. Even the electric current is not so simple as it looks on paper. But who was *Heliobas*?

There is some ground for believing that his real name was not 'pure Chaldee'; but even his pretended name we have never seen in a dictionary of that language, more properly known as Aramaic. He is said to be the magnified non-natural copy of M. Joséphin Péladan, the French novelist and wizard, who calls himself *Sar Péladan*—as though *Sardanapalus* were his great-grandfather—and declares that he is the offspring of Assyrian kings, heir to the wisdom of the Magi, Grand Master of the Order of the Rosy Cross, an '*éthopoète*,' and divinely appointed champion of Christendom. Like the painter

painter called Raffaello—a word which may be Chaldee but is not Italian—in ‘*A Romance of Two Worlds*,’ he affirms that ‘actual beauty is sexless’; yet, on the other hand, like all Miss Corelli’s pattern heroes and heroines, he holds a doctrine of heavenly counterparts which is akin to that of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, while exceeding it in strangeness, and one which we do not mean to expound. Each of his novels has in it a ‘Merodach,’ or ideal Orphic principle; and from Melchior, a fabulous name of one of the Three Kings, Miss Corelli cannot free herself, any more than from the mystic flaming cross and the Assyrian bulls. For him, as for her, the spiritual man can take up or lay down his body as he pleases, soar into space, submit angels and demons to his will, and work miracles. M. Péladan’s heroes are well-born, benevolent, sinless, and on the side of the ideal. So is Heliobas. They talk without ceasing of angels, arcana, dualities, planets, music, magic, absolute being, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, and the Chaldeans. What is there left for Heliobas to add to the list? Not much, as is evident. But he can enlarge upon ‘soul-transmigration’—by one of those ingenuous slips which lead us to suppose that Miss Corelli has forgotten her ‘Mangnall’s Questions.’ At all events, here we find too many coincidences for the calculus of probabilities to allow of no borrowing between these authors. If Sar Péladan is unacquainted with English and Heliobas can read French, the signs point all one way. It follows that this much vaunted Apology of Religion is neither more nor less than a plagiarism from the latest school of Parisian decadence.

Miss Corelli has expressed her indignation that we, ‘in the insolent littleness of our limited thought,’ should ‘sometimes presume to dismiss the Creator as no part of His creation.’ But we do and must, for it passes all understanding that the Creator should have created Himself, even as a part of something else. We think, however, that we know what our prophetess intends to say. She has a zeal against the ‘broadly materialistic views’ now prevalent in certain quarters; and her cure for them is the ancient Gnosis according to which ‘all are born with a small portion of Divinity within them, which we call the Soul.’ That is not Christian teaching, but the perverse doctrine of Valentinus or Basilides, and may be read at large, with its confutation, in Irenæus and other early Fathers of the Church. But Miss Corelli disdains Church and Fathers, for she goes on to tell us that, ‘with more than half the inhabitants of the globe, this germ of immortality remains always a germ, never sprouting, overlaid and weighted down by the lymphatic laziness and materialistic propensities of its shell or husk—the body’;

body'; and there are 'multitudes in whom the Divine Essence attains to no larger quantity than that proportioned out to a dog or bird.' So dogs and birds have the Divine Essence, too, only not in ample measure; and Christ is but 'a portion of God Himself.' As for the creation, it was a necessary act; man is made in the likeness of the angels; and every one has somewhere a counterpart, a *dimidium animæ*, with which he constitutes one perfect being.

The planetary and electric wife of Heliobas, who comes and goes at uncertain intervals, is named Azûl. For some inexplicable reason Miss Corelli lays much stress on grave and circumflex accents, distributing them in the most unlikely places, but carefully avoiding the acute, as if these were atoms or molecules. And so we read of Azûl, Niphrâta, Zabâstes, Râphon, Sah-Lûma, Nirjâlis, and Oruzèl. These all belong, apparently, to some antediluvian dialect, the key of which is kept in the author's exclusive possession. The name 'Ziska,' which one feebly guessed might sound like Bohemian, is, we are assured, pure Coptic. And Lysia, Irenya, Nelida, seem as if they were Greek heard in a nightmare; but perhaps they are only prehistoric. To return to our angels. Although, did we find ourselves simply on the New Testament, we should believe that there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in the world to come, and that good Christians shall be there 'sicut angeli Dei,' unwedded, yet, to judge from Miss Corelli's electric informants, little else than matrimony occupies the minds of these spirits. They are sexless, indeed, and their behaviour is meant to be edifying; but they abound in sentiment; and one of them, Edris, actually quits her home on high to put on a body, as though it were a wedding-garment, and is married, without banns—nay, with no clergyman present—to the man of her choice, in Cologne Cathedral. It appears that by a strong exertion of electric power one can 'draw an angel down,' and keep him or her (these pronouns are embarrassing) far from the Sphere of Radiance, quite as if the Beatific Vision were a passing phase, and happiness, even for cherubim and seraphim, consisted in the *dénoûment* of a three-volume novel. 'Away in a sheltered mountainous retreat,' says Miss Corelli sweetly, as she concludes the story of 'Ardath,' and 'apart from the louder clamour of the world, the Poet and his heavenly companion dwell in peace together.' Edris is now 'nothing but a woman.' By and by she will be an angel once more; the same thing will happen a dozen or a million times—

'Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella'—

and

and the bewildered student asks whether what he has read is Christian teaching, or a mixture of Buddhism with Alexandrian follies.

But the Electric Circle, which throws off good spirits as a burning wheel emits sparks, must be held responsible for another and a more gloomy kind: there are demons and lost souls, about whose doings Miss Corelli has her own sources of information. She would not be wholly in the tradition of her school did she feel no tenderness towards the 'other side.' Gnostics, it is a matter of history, undertook to rehabilitate or even to canonize such dubious personages as Cain, Esau, Judas, and Lucifer. The method has come down to later times, and the Paulicians set an example which the Hussites followed, of compassionating Satan as 'one that had been wronged.' To this length the rival of *Sar Péladan* is unwilling to go; yet she makes her heavenly voices call upon Lucifer as 'beloved and unforgotten,' while assigning him a task which is ministerial rather than rebellious to the will of the Supreme. She has pretty much absolved Judas, and her '*Sorrows of Satan*' reads often like a panegyric or apology of the infernal hero to whom it is dedicated.

At this stage we cannot but observe and regret the enormous harm done to feminine imaginations by George Lord Byron, with his *Corsairs*, *Manfreds*, *Laras*, and *Childe Harolds*. These are still the favourite type—something akin to Milton's Satan and the Wandering Jew—with writers in the '*Family Herald*' and with Miss Corelli. Between her demon—wittily disguised as *Rimáñez*, of course with a circumflex—and her 'senior in charge of lightning,' the devout *Heliobas*, it is not difficult to trace a resemblance which trembles on the verge of identity. Both are princes of ancient lineage, fabulous wealth, and striking and stately appearance—dark, of course, as midnight. Both wear magnificent overcoats lined with sealskin or Russian sables. Both eat the most costly dinners. Both are fond of music, and quaff 'Eastern wine,' or *Chambertin*, or *Tokay*, from goblets rich and rare. Both have a command of electricity that would make their fortune in the share-market. Both despise the scientific unbeliever and bring him to his knees by well-plied arguments; nor is there a pin to choose between the pyrotechnics of Lucifer which accomplish Mr. Geoffrey Tempest's conversion, and the hypnotizing genius of the Chaldean who sends *Theos Alwyn* to sleep on the field of *Ardath*. Our sympathy, on the whole, goes out to *Rimáñez* rather than to *Heliobas*; for the Prince of Darkness, though too much of a courtier in these volumes to be quite a gentleman,

man, has fits of Byronic moodiness which relieve the terrible monotony of his part, while the magician is almost a mountebank, and does nothing but talk. Neither has an ounce of malice in his composition. Lucifer wants to be saved, does his devil's business with a reluctance which is infinitely to his honour, and wears round his neck an inscription that may be interpreted 'Beware of the dog.' He is the tamest Mephistopheles that ever trod the boards, and his only idea of carrying the action forward is to propose lunch or get up a picnic with young demons for waiters. His Latin is a little faulty; when he desires to bid his six hundred guests farewell, he puts up a transparency on which we read 'Vale.' Touching simplicity!

But the whole subject of languages in Miss Corelli would demand 'a profundity of knowledge' far beyond us. Here is an example. 'I do not address myself,' she observes, 'to those who have forsaken all spirituality—who have made their cold adieux to God'—a sufficiently remarkable process—'to them I say pitifully, "Requiescat in pace!" For they are as though they were not.' So indeed they may be; yet we will ask, who is the subject of that astonishing Requiescat? And in what French author has she lighted upon the word 'diableresse,' which appears in 'Ziska'? Where again, except in the sportive Thackeray, did she meet with such an expression as 'de rigueur'? Is there a Roman name 'Galbus'? There was an Emperor Galba, and a John Doe in our first Latin book called Balbus. And 'Volpian' seems late, or even smacks of Italian. We need not shrink, however, while the 'Eton Grammar' is at hand to bear us out, from asserting that the vocative case of Peter in Latin is not 'Petrus,' nor do we believe Pilate's wife ever addressed him as 'Pontius'; and her own name 'Justitia' gives us pause, for we always thought it an abstract noun until we saw it in 'Barabbas.'

Probably the finest thing ever done in this connexion was to invent the compound 'Judith Iscariot,' as though Hebrews in the first century had family names like Smith and Jones, and 'Iscariot' were one of them. Is not that 'local colour' of the deepest dye? In comparison with this triumph of audacity, what are the 'chairs' that Heliobas could show, 'of very ancient Arabian design,' bequeathed by a people that never used any? Or the bells that rang out morning and evening at Jerusalem, when church bells were not? Or 'the veritable signature of Homer, which we also possess in another retreat of ours on the Isle of Lemnos'? Or the book of the 'Visions of Esdras,' consisting of 'twelve moderately thick sheets of ivory,' and engraved 'by some evidently sharp and well-pointed

well-pointed instrument,' in a language 'only kept up among scholars and sages,' and known as 'the language of prophecy'. These are trifles, like the 'small oval tablet of pure jasper' on which Esdras printed his last message, not yet discovered; but a name so original as 'Judith Iscariot' belongs to Miss Corelli alone. Anybody, it has been well said, may write a religious novel; no one else could have given the world a 'Barabbas.' And Judith Iscariot shines on its breast, a gem comparable in lustre to the flashing jewel worn by Rimânez, by Zara, and by the priestess of Nagâya in *Al Kyris*.

From the 'Loves of the Angels,' sung by Tom Moore in verse not so embroidered as Miss Corelli's prose, we pass on, just glancing at the 'shop fronts' in ancient Nineveh—likewise a discovery of our author's—to the hatred which she displays whenever the clergy are mentioned, or physicians, critics, and professors of physical science. Wherein the clergy have offended may be speedily known. Among 'two-legged pigmies of limited brain' they hold the first place—a bad pre-eminence. Miss Corelli has uttered no oracles more Sibylline than these frequent denunciations of man as a biped. Would his hypocrisy and his atheism offend less in Heaven's sight were he a quadruped? After all, he is not to blame for his anatomical peculiarities; they should be charged, we opine, on the Electric Circle. Every man, if he could choose, would wish to be what Nirjâlis was, 'a pictured Dionysius'—or even 'Dionysus,' which is perhaps the word that came flitting about Miss Corelli but eluded her grasp. While, then, she waxes enthusiastic over 'the immortal Byron' and praises 'his well-braced mind,' or pours out a lament for Shelley as one of her 'inspired starvelings'—did she confound him with Chatterton?—or approves of the 'remarks' of Socrates as being 'all true and trenchant,' her condemnation of churches and churchmen is unqualified. They must be reckoned among 'the morbidities and microbes of national disease.'

Take England for example. It is 'a land where so-called religion is split into hundreds of cold and narrow sects, gatherings assembled for the practice of hypocrisy, lip-service, and lies.' Clearly but few 'psychists,' or 'human electricians,' are to be found in such assemblies. Most clergymen, this charitable spirit assures her readers, 'look upon their sacred vocation merely as a means of livelihood.' Too often, indeed, if we yield her credit, have the Merodachs or Melchiora of the Rosy Cross beheld 'a leering devil in a priest's disguise,' though not perhaps falling into blank verse at the horrid spectacle. From certain tokens it would appear as though

Heliobas favoured the Latin Church with his patronage. He knows a good deal of its ritual, yet rather loosely, for a boy chants the opening words of the 'Credo' at mass; the choir and the organ recite the 'Angelus' between them, which was never done except in this Armenian monastery; and prayers in church are directed to the cross rather than the sacrament. On the other hand, in 'Barabbas' we are taught that Roman Catholicism is 'the creed devised by him who did deny his master'—a form of Apostolic Succession which will hardly be welcome at the Vatican, and embarrassing to controversialists round.

However, if, as the head and origin of the Roman clergy, St. Peter does not come off to their satisfaction or his own, St. Paul is in little better case. 'It was St. Paul's preaching,' says Theos Alwyn, and he speaks as a convert to true religion, that upset all the beautiful pristine simplicity of the faith. It is very evident he had no "calling" or "election" such as the Gnostics pretended; I wonder Jeremy Bentham's conclusive book on the subject is not more universally known.' Is Jeremy Bentham so among the prophets? Then St. Paul may well be one of those who profess to follow 'the religion of Christ, "while merely following a scheme of their own personal advantage or convenience."' Heliobas explains, with Gnostic pride, that the Gospel was not left 'in charge of a few fishermen or common folk only.' There has ever been an esoteric lodge, 'the Fraternity of the Cross and the Star'; and so we come round again to Sar Péladan. From this vantage-ground 'the utter inefficiency of Christian ministers' will be painfully conspicuous. Heliobas himself declines to believe in the 'clerical heaven,' and caricatures what he has read of it in St. John's Apocalypse—again with the author's implicit approval. Thus her defence of the New Testament is complete. Having derided the Apostles, she feels no scruple in assailing their successors. For these are yet slow to believe in 'the reincarnation of Araxes'; they do not understand what is meant by the cultivation of electric soul-germs, nor can reduce faith and charity to magnetism; they lay stress on 'church dogma,' and hesitate to reject 'Paul's version of Christianity.' From of old the Gnostic and the orthodox were enemies, and the Catholic faith was deemed incompatible with secret lodges of Illuminati and the calling up of spirits to give lessons in star-gazing.

A distinct feature of these ancient heretics was their rejection of the Old Testament and its Creator, whom Marcion boldly called 'malorum factorem,' the Author of Evil. Though it is likely that Miss Corelli has come upon their writings,

writings, she has certainly grown tired of 'monotonous sermons on the old Jewish doctrine of original sin and necessary sacrifice'; she considers it 'both horrible and sacrilegious,' and 'it has nothing whatever to do with Christianity according to Christ.' She even ventures to say, as in presence of Calvary, that 'no savage "Jehovah-Jireh," craving for murder and thirsting for vengeance, was the supreme Creator, but a Father,'—by which who can doubt that she is condemning not merely the sacrifices of Judaism, but the author of them? And in this frame of mind she publishes 'Barabbas.'

'Barabbas,' according to the 'Newcastle Daily Journal,' is 'appallingly well written.' We have quoted an occasional sentence from Miss Corelli's other performances which will justify the word 'appalling'; but only a succession of pages would exhibit all it implies. There is a secret known to some writers—they belong very frequently to schools of mysticism—whereby the most luscious, scintillating, and exuberant terms in a language are heaped together, until a sober man runs, to be delivered from them, 'ad Garamantas et Indos,' to Bradshaw's 'Railway Guide' or Todhunter's 'Algebra.' It is the Turkey-carpet style in which 'Satan' Montgomery abounded: and such is the style of Miss Corelli at her grandest. She is loth to employ one word where three will suffice. She gives us not only poetical prose, but line after line of blank verse, and breaks out into lyric measures at unexpected moments. 'Deeper and deeper drooped the dull grey gloom' is a rhythm by no means rare in her dithyrambs. But she can also write in stanzas, as thus, 'A puppet whose wires society pulls, and he dances or dies as society pleases.' The man so manipulated is Prince Ivan Petroffsky, 'who likes to live and love and laugh,' but whom Zara scolds for liking it, in patchwork monody of which these words are a sample. More subdued and pensive is a measure employed by Lady Sibyl Elton, 'Away in the provinces—among the middle classes.' But in her tragic night-scene with Geoffrey and Rimânez in the picture-gallery, she quickens her beat, and sings, 'Polygamous purity is the new creed'—which we take to be dactyls, and a reminiscence of the classical metres. Sibyl, though every one dreamt she had tender feelings—it would be hard to say why—was indeed 'the soul of a harpy, a vulture of vice,' and came to a bad end, in spite of her rhythmical protests against society as now constituted. It was her husband, Geoffrey Tempest, who consorted with 'blue-blooded blacklegs,'—an association from which no man could reasonably hope to escape without harm to his character and reputation.

'Ardath' and 'Barabbas' revel in this very false gallop of verses, often not quite so tolerable as the right butterwoman's trot to market. 'Afraid to move they knew not why, and waiting for they knew not what,' Miss Corelli's readers must often, like Theos Alwyn, have yielded to the 'always reluctant smile' which distinguished that ineffable person, but which they would fain not indulge while studying even a 'dream' of sacred events. Yet who, without strong control of his muscles, could resist on meeting such Ancient Pistolese as the following?—

'I will confront the fiend in woman's shape,—the mocking, smiling, sweet-voiced, damned devil,—who lured us on to treachery. Judith, sayest thou?' Or this again, 'To her the sensual priest—confided all his plan;—he trained her in the part she had to play;—by his command, and in his very words,—she did persuade and tempt her credulous brother.' Or this, 'Tear thy reverend hairs, unreverent Jew,—thou, who as stiffnecked righteous Pharisee—didst practise cautious virtue and self-seeking sanctity,—and now through unbelief art left most desolate.' Or this, 'The devil in this fisherman will move the world.' Or this, 'Take my advice and journey thou to Rome,—I'll fill thy pouch with coin,—settle thyself as usurer there,—and lend out gold to Cæsar.'

Enough, and too much. Surely it is one of the strangest portents of a strange time that this fustian verse should be counted an improvement on the Gospel, and cried up as 'the contemplation of the Ideal.' Miss Corelli has chosen to write a miracle-play. We do not blame her for so choosing, had she observed the conditions. Her instinct did, in fact, warn her that to set any words of her own on the lips of the chief character would be thought sacrilege, and she wisely refrained. But she did not refrain from turning the 'World's Tragedy' into a tale of human passion, with Caiaphas for its hero and a raving woman for its centre of interest. She did not refrain from assimilating Christ to a 'mighty muscular' Hercules and a 'crowned Apollo.' She did not refrain from handling the Prince of the Apostles as a grotesque and ludicrous personage, or from making him the accomplice of Judas in his treachery. As might have been expected in view of her Gnostic tendencies—and an American journal perceives it without understanding the motive—her volume was sure to be 'striking in its fresh and sympathetic representations of Judas, Barabbas, and others'—a result gained by violent distortion of the sacred narrative and in contradiction to its spirit. For, if anything is clear amid the reserves and silences of the inspired writers, it is that Barabbas had neither part nor lot in Christian grace, and that Judas was the 'son of perdition,' who in betraying his
master

master had yielded to the avarice with which his hands were previously tainted. All this, forsooth, is now to be set aside and explained away in a glow of romance: and the redemption of mankind is to figure as an episode in a love-story on modern lines. Has so unspiritual a handling ever been dared by agnostic or infidel? Even M. Renan has kept this motive out of his too sentimental and Rousseau-like chapters. And no German has dreamt of employing it.

The persons are all conceived in that mood of hysterical excitement—we might use a stronger term—which is familiar to Miss Corelli. But many of them we know at once from her other writings. A thin disguise conceals Heliobas in Melchior, the inevitable Chaldean. Judith is the wicked soul of Ziska, who has exchanged the Pyramids for Jerusalem; and Barabbas answers to what Péladan calls the 'inadequate man of fate, bewildered by social facts,' whom we have seen in Geoffrey Tempest. As for the historical realities, from Pilate to St. Peter and the Magdalene, they are subdued to the tone of melodramatic fiction in which they have been set. It is the Gospel as an extremely ill-instructed Apocryphal writer, bent on sensation, might have given it to us, if almost unacquainted with Eastern usages. A memorable instance is afforded by the scene in which Pilate washes his hands before the multitude. Miss Corelli has never observed how ablutions are performed in the Roman ritual, which perpetuates the custom of Orientals. She describes the Roman Governor as dipping his hands 'deep in the shining bowl' and 'rinsing them over and over again in the clear cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against fire.' That mere outward show is all she can think of at a moment so solemn; but she has falsified the symbols. Had Pilate dipped his fingers repeatedly in the liquid he would have conveyed to the spectators, not that he was innocent of blood, but that he was bathing in it. She might have learnt from the Old Testament that water is poured upon the hands by a minister to cleanse them; but in her bold romancing she cares as little for the Books of Kings as she does for the Acts of the Apostles, which latter give in detail an account of the death of Judas simply fatal to her whole story.

So much for the 'realism and reasonableness with which,' according to one hasty critic, 'the author has invested the narrative,' and the 'new set of motives for the betrayal.' Her realism may be judged from the deliriums of Pilate, the erotic mania of Caiaphas, Judith, and Barabbas, the mention of 'angels' in the mouth of a Roman centurion, the bells that rang out at morn and eve in an Eastern city, the 'sepulchre between
the

the hills' in which Christ was laid, the copying of field lilies in wood by St. Joseph, against the express commandment of the law, and other details, great and small, which give to this apparently passionate description of an eye-witness all the unreality of convention. As regards the traitor and his action, those who will read De Quincey's celebrated essay on Iscariot may satisfy themselves that 'the life of Judas, under a German construction of it,' was long ago exhibited 'as a spasmodic effort of vindictive patriotism and of rebellious ambition, noble by possibility in its grand central motive, though erring and worldly-minded.' 'All this, I believe, was originally due to the Germans,' adds De Quincey; it cannot, therefore, be claimed by the author of 'Barabbas,' though she has rendered herself liable for whatever degree of heterodoxy it may involve, and is thus a plagiarist of Rationalism, as in her doctrine of 'soul-germs' and electric protoplasm she has unwittingly drawn nigh to the camp of Darwin. But beyond the Germans we can perceive the Marcionites; and the vindication, entire or partial, of 'Judas the devil' goes back as far as the second century. That which Miss Corelli shares with no other mortal past or present is the 'tale of love,' at once modern and highly flavoured, in which she has mingled the incidents of the Death of Christ as if they were the proper subject-matter of a one-volume novel.

There are those who imagine that such writing implies a lively Christian faith in the story-teller and a certain devoutness in the thousands of her readers. But sentiment is not religion; nor is religion quite the same as 'religiosity'; and fictions founded on Biblical narratives appeal to multitudes simply as new sensations, or as stage-plays, without serious meaning. They are not dogma, but legend and mythology. At the best they belong to the art of literature; at the worst they lead to the degradation of sacred themes for the purpose of 'thrill.' The effect of 'Barabbas'—which is not so chaotic as various other of Miss Corelli's inventions—is much rather to excite than to edify. It is certainly an attack on the Old Testament; and we have seen what it makes of the New. Chief objects of its scornful invective are 'Jehovah' and Peter the Apostle. And, in spite of St. Paul, we are required to maintain that 'for ever and for ever, from this day, shall Israel be cast out from the promises of life eternal.' It is not exactly pleasant to be quoting this convulsive blank verse, which begins anywhere, to end as the author chooses. But how is reverence for the Bible promoted by denying the Pauline theology, or free-thinking discouraged by language like the following, which

Miss Corelli, out of her teeming fancy, assigns to the high priest Caiaphas?—'There shall be no new creeds to conquer time; the one Jehovah shall suffice—the one revengeful, blood-demanding, jealous God—whose very name doth terrify the world.' If we turn to the extreme left wing of heterodoxy—let us say to Flaubert, who was an ostentatious anti-Christian—we shall not hear language more violent or more Voltairean. The 'Temptation of St. Antony' has its portrait of the God of Israel; it is hardly so forbidding as this, and not so intolerable a caricature of what the ancient Scripture teaches.

Not religion, but degenerate emotion, is therefore the element in which these miracle-plays move, and their tone is that of erotic mysticism. Leaving out of controversy the Redeemer's figure—concerning which silence is the only fit answer to Miss Corelli, with her 'Apollons' and her 'statuesque forms' and her 'marble gods of song'—let us consider Rimânez, the fallen spirit whose 'sorrows' she has emblazoned. She looks up to him as a hero, writes his epic, defends him against the accusations of mankind, and appears to forget in what book he has been described as a liar and murderer from the beginning. To such lengths will Byronic sentiment betray the susceptible, whose leading principle it is that 'Really, I cannot picture an ugly fiend,' and 'Nature is bound to give a beautiful face to a beautiful spirit.' Hence 'Ahrimanes'—who has got rid of his first syllable, and takes instead of it the operatic name Lucio—is incomparably the handsomest creature wherever he goes—a Don Juan who might, if he cared, become 'l'épouseur du genre humain.' But he does not care. He hates women, and they adore him. Even Mavis Clare thought Satan must be 'a dangerously fascinating personage'—she never pictured him as 'the possessor of hoofs and a tail'; and we must certainly agree when she adds: 'Common sense assures me that no creature presenting himself under such an aspect would have the slightest power to attract.' Lucio, therefore, had a 'finely-shaped head,' which was 'nobly poised on such shoulders as might have befitted a Hercules'; in 'Barabbas' another, not Lucio, was compared to Hercules. And the rest of him matched his fine head, but all in the melancholy and magnificent style of Lara. The demon 'carried the visible evidence of wealth upon him,' and a coronet on his visiting-cards; he called the Prince of Wales his friend, and he lived at the Grand Hotel. What a descent from the supernatural fiend of Marlowe and Milton!

But all the while, he was engaged upon a task as bewildering as it was contradictory. Whence derived? He must have
borrowed

borrowed it, we think, from Kundry, the madwoman in 'Parsifal.' Judge rather, as the French say. Mr. Max Nordau has given a rude but not inaccurate description of Kundry's business, which will fit that of Rimânez to a hair:—

'Not only,' he says, 'is Kundry not allowed to labour for her own salvation; she is compelled to employ all her strength to prevent it. For her redemption depends on her being despised by a man; and the task assigned her is to turn to account all her seductive power and win the man. She must by all possible means thwart him, by whom her redemption is to be wrought, from becoming her redeemer. If the man yields, she is lost, by her action, though not by her fault; if he resists, she is saved without deserving it, because she has done her utmost to seduce him.'

In other words, the moral disposition, the good will and ethical choice, of Kundry or Rimânez is to count for nothing, while an external agency, the caprice or malevolence of somebody else, is to determine their fate. Where Richard Wagner found this extraordinary idea we cannot pretend to say; but certain it is that Miss Corelli did not light upon it in the pages of the New Testament. Yet her creed, of which it is a conspicuous article, often repeated, 'has its foundation in Christ alone.'

Rimânez is a music-hall devil, vulgar, flashy, and given to slang, who can descend to speak of his guests as 'grinning, guzzling, sensual fools,' and who says of modern women, 'they are merely the unnatural and strutting embryos of a new sex which will be neither male nor female.' Lucifer and Miss Corelli are both apt, in their search after vigorous expressions, to fall into a style which leaves us afraid with some amazement, lest our sense of what is Miltonic on the one hand or ladylike on the other, should be deserting us. There is the story of 'Ziska'—we might term it a 'pyramidal' romance, were we writing in her style—which will furnish abundant examples of what its author deems refined in the way of epithets; and we read in it of Sir Chetwynd Lyle, 'the stout *parvenu* with his pendant paunch,' as also of his wife, who is sometimes Lady Lyle, *tout court*, and occasionally Lady Chetwynd, but always 'portly and pig-faced.' It is irony, we know, when Miss Corelli declares that native Egyptians 'ought to be proud to have us and our elephant legs'; and plain-speaking when Sah-Lûma calls Mr. Donnelly, of the great Baconian cryptogram, 'a most intractable mule-head'; and delicate satire when Rimânez alludes to Sir Henry Irving as 'one of my friends'; and the candour of science when Heliobas tells his lady patient, 'There are many of your sex who are nothing but lumps of lymph and fatty

fatty matter'; and Chaldean politeness which laughs at 'poor mechanical Arabella Goddard'; and only Mr. Villiers, the critic, who remarks in private conversation that 'Swinburne has certainly not much beauty.' We may pardon some of these things, as 'blunt and almost brutal honesty,' indeed; but how can a fallen angel have so forgotten the splendour of Milton's verse that he comes down to rant and pantomime and the stereotype of the 'London Reader'?

Sometimes he abounds in analytic propositions *à priori*, as when he informs us that women 'are the mothers of the human race,' which is, at present, indisputable, although one wishes he would not say it in verse. But he can also fling out a startling paradox. 'Everything in the Universe is perfect,' he says, 'except Man,' showing, we imagine, that he never has walked round a museum of anatomy or studied the lower creation in detail. He has a rhythm of his own, not always equal to the music in 'Paradise Lost.' 'Remember,' he cries, 'the very devil was an angel once.' He looks out on the world, and he cannot forbear exclaiming, 'What a trumpery clod of kickable matter!' Miss Corelli despises Browning; but this loud line might be a quotation from 'Mr. Sludge the Medium'; it has all his strength and idiomatic rudeness. We are at a loss to say whence this other is derived—perhaps it may occur in some collection of hymns, modern rather than ancient, but it is Prince Lucio who gives utterance to it—'The Britishers will pace the golden streets, singing Alleluia.' And so much may serve on a theme which is inexhaustible. 'Less than Archangel ruined' would be a very fit motto for the next edition of 'The Sorrows of Satan.' But a few touches might transform the hero to Heliobas or a Broad Church clergyman who did not believe in everlasting punishment; and thus he would gain in logical consistency, while losing very little of his present fascination for the weaker sex.

We come, with a feeling of relief, to 'The Mighty Atom.' Here, at least, there will be simply a caricaturing of atheists and other undesirable persons about whom we can read in their own books, and so put Miss Corelli under cross-examination. Her intentions we need not call in question, and her purpose would be entitled to our sympathy, provided always that it were guided by knowledge and not likely to suffer defeat on the score of prejudice or incompetence. But a writer who has mistaken the dreams of the Gnostic for Christian truth, and in whose eyes Plotinus and Jeremy Bentham are Fathers of the Church, while the Apostles were guilty of substituting their own schemes for the teaching of their Master, is not such as we should choose

to measure swords with Agnosticism in any of its forms. When Ziska, the wicked though right-thinking Egyptian spectre, has decreed *ex cathedra* that 'Soul begins in protoplasm,' the judicious are driven to look round for other champions against all-conquering Democritus. We may not admire 'those self-styled Progressivists'—who do not style themselves so, but to whom Miss Corelli dedicates her volume; yet fair play is a jewel, and we were ignorant that even these gentlemen denied 'to the children in Board Schools and elsewhere the knowledge and love of God as the true foundation of noble living.' Our impression was that by law they could do no such thing, and that the Bible was read in Board Schools. Certainly no Board-School teacher would be permitted to denounce the God of the Old Testament as a 'savage Jehovah-Jireh craving for murder and thirsting for vengeance.' Did Miss Corelli so instruct her class the 'Progressivist' would give her instant notice; and he would perhaps remind her that Mr. Huxley, zealous though he was for secular education, not only approved of reading the Bible in school, but had further written, 'If I were compelled to choose, for one of my own children, between a school in which real religious instruction is given, and one without it, I should prefer the former; even though the child might have to take a good deal of theology with it.' True it may be that those 'who assist the infamous cause of education without religion' are 'guilty of a worse crime than murder;' but let us not denounce the Progressive as being one of them until he has shown his hand. Above all, if we are going to refute Materialism, we had better cleanse our own bosom of the perilous stuff before ministering to the minds diseased of our neighbours. It is every whit as unchristian to deify an electric battery as to explain the universe by atoms and ether without intelligence.

Whence did Miss Corelli borrow her 'Mighty Atom'? We ask diffidently, for it is clear that she has access to authorities which are hidden from the average man. We were 'dumb-founded'—to use her exquisite language—on reading of 'Greek vestals in white,' having always dreamt that vestals were Roman; nor did we recover when she pointed out to us 'the classic contour' of a Highlander's head, and alluded to 'his ancestors the Phenicians.' So that, for all we can tell, there may be a crowd of 'Progressivists' who believe in 'that wonderful little First Atom, which, without knowing in the least what it was about, and with nobody to guide it, and having no reason, judgment, sight, or sense of its own, produced such beautiful creations'—but we should like to see their names in black and white, if Miss Corelli has them among her treasures.

She

She does mention 'a Mr. Skeet,—he was a Positivist, he said, and a great friend of a person named Frederic Harrison, and he told me all about the Atom.' Her model boy, poor little Lionel Valliscourt, aged eleven, whose witness we are quoting, goes on to remark that Mr. Skeet—

'showed me the enlarged drawing of an Atom, as seen through the microscope,—a curious twisty thing with a sort of spinal cord running through it,—something like the picture of a man's ribs in my anatomy book,—and he explained to me that it was a fortuitous combination of such things that made universes.'

Now one may be the friend of 'a person named Frederic Harrison'—what charming Christian courtesy a reference like this displays!—and yet be no positivist. Moreover, the conception of 'atoms,' save as a working hypothesis, belongs to metaphysical science, which, like theology, the positivist declines to meddle with. And an atom which was marked down its back by a spinal cord would be no atom at all, but an organism, and subject to division. Lastly, fortuitous combination of atoms pre-existing is not 'creation'; and the solely singular blind little monster on which Miss Corelli pours out her wrath is a figment, perhaps derivable from Edgar Poe's 'Eureka,' but unknown to Comte, Spencer, Huxley, and the 'person named Frederic Harrison.' It is notorious that by force of terms an agnostic cannot believe in the 'Mighty Atom'; for he professes to have no theory of origins, and occupies himself exclusively with phenomena, in which order the beginning of the universe is not to be found.

Two questions may be asked by Lionel Valliscourt: 'Is there an Intelligent Cause of things?' and 'Is that Cause good?' The agnostic replies that he does not know. Why, then, make him answerable for the 'Mighty Atom'? Professor Cadman Gore—nine-tenths an imbecile and the remaining tenth Dominie Sampson—is represented as saying harshly: 'That there is a First Cause of things is evident—but where it is, and where it came from, is an unfathomable mystery.' A First Cause that came from elsewhere would be not a mystery, but a contradiction and unthinkable. Yet 'the Professor's eyes rolled wildly in his head,'—could they have rolled out of it?—and he exclaimed: 'You ask to know what no one knows'—which seems to be sound agnosticism; then he appeared to decide in favour of Mr. Skeet's 'Atom,' and finally he allowed that 'an Atom may be a Person,' although the suggestion 'had something in it of positive terror.' No, not finally, since he 'almost felt as if he would like to shake the boy who stood there

there calmly propounding puzzles which could never be solved.' That resembles the nescience from which he started. What, after all, did the 'eminent pundit' mean? We were told in an earlier page that 'Professor Cadman Gore had a terrible reputation for learning—all the world was as one mighty jackass, viewed in the light of his prodigious and portentous intellect'; but these self-destroying answers given in a single conversation fall below our hopes and leave us in the dark, not merely as regards the Atom and its doings, but with respect to the philosophy in which he was a proficient. These are not the 'plausible modern sophistries' that clamour to be exposed and put down; they are the dreams of a fervid female genius who cannot distinguish one form of unbelief from another, and who fancies that she can improvise an argument as she rushes along in a whirlwind of high-sounding and empty syllables. Invective is not reasoning, and when we hear of 'a brood of atheists, who, like human cormorants, would be prepared to swallow benefits and deny the Benefactor,' we are less moved by the implicit syllogism than amazed at the natural history of cormorants and their ingratitude, which, we humbly acknowledge, is new to us.

Miss Corelli has been struck with the sad consequences which are likely to follow upon a wide acceptance of the negative or merely natural creed. In this she is not mistaken. Observers from another and opposite point of view—we may cite Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels in evidence—dwell upon 'the chronic melancholy which is taking hold of the civilized races, with the decline of belief in a beneficent Power.' It is not only allowable but in season, therefore, when such consequences are drawn out for public inspection, and though dramatically, as in a tale, yet they need not be falsely given. Mr. Valliscourt is the modern man of culture, who has put aside Christianity and taken up with we know not which variety of unbelief. The moral of his so doing is suggested by his wife's elopement with a lover, and his son's suicide. But does Mrs. Valliscourt leave him because of his atheism? Not at all; she is driven away by his cold brutality. And Lionel dies from an overwrought brain, want of companionship, and his mother's loss. What has become of the argument? Nothing will persuade Miss Corelli that 'logic' is not as detestable in a Christian's eyes as atoms with spinal cords between their shoulders. Yet if she would turn to the hated Stuart Mill—whose memory was perhaps not foreign to the making of this volume—she might learn that when causes act in combination, to assign the effect to one only is inadmissible. We shall not know the precise hedonistic value of
atheism—

atheism—and with its pleasure- or pain-giving capacity, like a true woman, she is chiefly concerned—until we have isolated it from Mr. Valliscourt's deficiencies of temper, from his wife's frivolity, and from Lionel's enforced servitude to books. The method which her story ought to have pursued is at once more subtle and more dangerous than she imagines. She has overlooked her own doctrine: the devil with horns and hoofs is by no means attractive; we wanted here some of the fascination of Rimânez, not a narrow-minded, sour, and tyrannical father, who might, though he had been a professing Christian, have laid his home waste by a display of similar qualities. If the unbeliever were always a Mr. Valliscourt, or a Professor Cadman Gore, the victory of faith would be assured and easy. But George Eliot was a disciple of Comte, and Mr. Stuart Mill has left us an 'Autobiography'; can we draw from the reading of *her* novels or of *his* life an inference so triumphantly clear, so conclusive against them both, as Miss Corelli would have us derive from 'The Mighty Atom'?

Taken as a whole, these religious romances would allow us to define their author in words which Mr. Huxley has applied to Auguste Comte, the father of Positivism. For she, too, appears as 'a syncretic, who, like the Gnostics of early Church history,' has 'attempted to combine the substance of imperfectly comprehended contemporary science with the form of Roman Christianity.' But we question whether any Gnostic was so contemptuous of the science from which he distorted his ideas, or of the orthodoxy that lent him a semblance of religion, as Miss Corelli has shown herself towards Rome, St. Peter, and the professors of protoplasm. We may venture on a hackneyed quotation from Tacitus which insinuates, 'Odisse quem læseris.' For certainly the Church, the Apostle, and the Science have suffered in the borrowing.

And what of Miss Corelli as an artist? 'The last fifty years have produced nothing greater of their kind than the works of this gifted writer,' says one witness whom she calls up. *What* is their kind? If it is erotic mysticism, clad in Lord Lytton's most gorgeous and falsely oracular colours, we want as little of it as possible. 'Marie Corelli,' another has observed, 'is a word-painter of more than ordinary exuberance, and she is certainly remarkable in her choice of themes.' She has a 'picturesque fancy and fertile imagination.' But she cannot draw from the life; her treatment is monotonous, her characters are all on the surface; they neither develope in themselves nor come out in action; and they fall into a few elementary types which are repeated again and again. The exuberance that
chokes

chokes at a first reading forbids a second. It is an overflow of words, combined with a rare paucity of ideas; 'the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language'; and the painting, whether of scenery, dress, or furniture, which takes up so many square yards, is not precise enough to leave an impression, nor characteristic enough to appear real. As for the dialogue, when it fails to be conventional or stage-struck it is vulgar; and in wit, humour, sarcasm, and depth it is everywhere wanting. The author has meditated little and observed less. She affects to despise critics, but is always retorting upon them. In the extreme agony of a situation her heroine must talk about books. For herself, she cannot distinguish prose from verse, but rambles between them, and fancies it a fine thing to go mad in white satin, like Tilburina in 'The Critic.' That intermingling of fancy, allusion, and good sense which is the secret of an excellent style, no one could of course achieve who should start, as Miss Corelli does, with a slender outfit of knowledge, a passion for effect, and a disdain of *la nuance* which is literature. Her good people are insipid, her bad ones less wicked than they pretend to be. In the wide range of these six or seven volumes—and how many thousand pages?—is there a character that will survive, or a sentence worth quoting? If 'A Romance of Two Worlds' does not perish at once, the reason will be that seekers after new forms of religion care little for art in comparison with pretended lights from the unseen. If Rimânez continues to draw, we must allow something to the title and more to the subject, however theatrically exhibited. And if 'Barabbas' comes nearer to success than any other book Miss Corelli has offered us, the explanation may be found in her unusual exercise of reticence where speech would have been fatal, and in the nature of her theme, which compelled her to keep the bounds, unless she would ruin her narrative, the main outlines of which were already traced.

Let not the Lady Sibyl Elton brush these observations aside on the hypothesis that a critic who fails to admire is, in her refined speech, 'fond of whisky and soda and music-hall women.' Nor let her author fling them back as coming from one that has judged her books without reading them. Should Miss Corelli be writing another preface, we will ask her to explain how it comes about that Heliobas and Sar Péladan have so many features in common. To what chapters in the New Testament does she appeal as furnishing her with the legend or the task of Prince Lucio Rimânez? Where is her warrant for describing the Holy Ghost as an electric communication

cation between God and man? Where in the Christian teaching did she find the heavenly counterparts of Zara, Theos Alwyn, and the rest of her entranced subjects? How does she reconcile her belief in the Bible with her language concerning the Apostles and 'Jehovah-Jireh'? Is she aware that to say 'the Soul begins in protoplasm' goes beyond anything Mr. Huxley has advanced, though he expressed himself almost as incautiously? And will she have the great kindness to give, in public or private, the name and address of any man or woman that ever travelled to the Central Planet? We might extend these questions and add to them; but they are such as a writer with Miss Corelli's pretensions ought not to evade, and in answering them she will be faithful to her mission of prophetic enlightenment.

After the 'Sorrows of Satan,' Mr. Hall Caine. We lay down the literature of female hysteria to take up that of emotional monasticism, with John Storm as guide and example. It is common knowledge that Mr. Caine never was a monk; and the probabilities are against his having sojourned in a religious house or studied the ways of 'the Holy Gethsemane' from within its cloister. Of the four vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and stability, the Manx novelist can have learned only by hearsay, not by experience. And his singularly robust, and very Saxon or, at any rate, insular philosophy of life is not such as to fit him for the abstruse inward contemplation failing which a storyteller that discourses of monks and monasticism will overlook the chief point. Mr. Hall Caine has an eye for what he sees, but he moves in a world of his own. He is dramatic, epic, and a lover of strong effects set in glaring lights—a showman with a gift of powerful language, grim and stark, and a drum on which he beats pretty loudly. There is no grace in his drawing; and though he can feel, he seldom persuades the heart. He ploughs and harrows it, if you like, but does not melt and subdue it. His figures are weather-beaten, rudely carved in rock, huge, and sometimes grotesque. And while the men fling themselves into violent action, which is their element, the women, after some saint or spasmodic attempts at a graceful coquetry, lose all distinctive notes and as good as justify what Pope said of them, for they seem to have no character at all.

But Mr. Caine lives and dies by emotion. Though in his most ambitious work, 'The Bondman,' and in its hero, Red Jason, he undertakes to renew the Norse Saga, what we get from the turning of his wheel is not that, but something else—a romance *à la* Victor Hugo, grandiose, overpowering, and sentimental.

sentimental. The passion of pity therein set before us with many heartshaking sobs was never the mood of Bearsarks and Vikings; it is Christian, but degenerate, tending always to the excess which makes of a virtue mere instinct, without choice or self-control. The extreme of that feeling which, seventy or eighty years ago, took as much from the French poet in good sense as it added to him in eloquence, may be seen with uneasy admiration at the close of the century in Tolstoy. It has mastered the man whom it should inspire. And like all extravagance it breaks down the hedge of the law. Thus, when we look carefully into that kindred study, 'The Manxman,' of which Red Jason is still, in effect, the hero, we cannot but feel, in spite of its pathos, which is often great and sometimes unsophisticated, that the moral is absolutely the same as George Sand's, at the time she was writing 'Jacques' and 'Valentine.' Mr. Caine has never drawn a character equal in lively and almost humorous touches to this hapless 'Pete.' But Pete is merely Jacques transplanted to the Isle of Man, without education, yet full of the modern sentiment which compels the French officer to commit suicide that his wife may take up with her *cavalier servente*, and which robs Pete of house and home, wife and child, and sends him into the outer darkness, a martyr to love, but an accomplice in violation of legal duty. Either no moral is meant, or it is antinomian. Now is there one of Mr. Caine's stories that does not end like this, in the apotheosis of feeling?

John Storm, the struggling Christian hero, is a complex but hardly intelligible character, made in several pieces which no art has fused or run into a mould. As we follow his irregular movements we are reminded now of Charles Kingsley, and again of Claude Frolo, never of any monk that we know from history. The picture intended is that of the religious condition of England, but especially of the Christian Socialist who sets himself to change and transfigure it. He is a clergyman, well read in the Fathers, travelled, and not wanting in experience—one that has gone below the surface in Sydney, Melbourne, London; consecrated by vocation, and afterwards by vow, to the task of living the Gospel, not merely of preaching it. And every step in his career is determined by a woman whom he attempts to strangle for her soul's sake, but at last marries in spite of his vows of chastity and stability, the Father Superior who has taken his monastic oaths now blessing his matrimonial. As the Manxman divorced his wife that she might be free to wed her paramour, so John Storm gives a bill of separation to his convent and takes Glory in exchange;—from which the inference

inference would seem to be that love laughs at vows, wherever made, and that marriage and monasticism are alike ineffective, and ought to be so, when passion is strong. 'We were but man and woman,' says the dying Prophet, 'and we could not help but love each other, though it was a fault, and for one of us it was a sin. And God will forgive us, because He made us so, and because God is the God of love.' These tender words are quite in the style of George Sand. They suit the conditions of Philip and Kate—an adulterous couple—in 'The Manxman,' at least as well as they suit John Storm and his Glory Quayle. And they breathe a breath which comes, as Mr. Hall Caine acknowledges in another place, from Paphos rather than from Sinai or Galilee.

Given this clue we can wind our way in and out of the maze. Like Abu Ganem in the Arabian tale, Mr. Storm is 'the slave of love.' And Miss Quayle is the slave of pleasure. How shall these two, aided by the monastery and the music-hall, resolve that tremendous question of the Gospel in London? They do not resolve it. The curtain falls on their wedding, and the question lies where it was. To the woman it did not signify. She never wanted but to marry John Storm, and she did marry him. But this feminine answer to all possible conundrums will hardly atone for the confusion of types, and the chaos of 'creed and culture,' to which we are left at the end of the book, although we had hoped to arrive at something definite, and were promised it in the beginning. There was a rare opportunity for the master, had a master come that way. Christian Socialists, working clergymen, models of philanthropy, and even monks and friars, are extant, if one cares to look at them in action. The fallen woman, the degenerate man, may be studied, like any other specimens, in their habitat, and their causes and conditions searched out with philosophic eyes. The relations of Christianity to modern life present a theme as vast as it is obscure and formidable. London itself calls for a painter of morals and manners, who should combine the picturesque of Charles Dickens with Balzac's depth of analysis and richness of detail. But Miss Glory strikes a sentimental keynote, and our hopes are frustrate:—

'As for religion,' she told the future monk, at starting for their journey up to town, 'there was nothing under heaven like the devotion of a handsome and clever man to a handsome and clever woman, when he gave up all the world for her, and his body and his soul and everything that was his. I think he saw there was something in that, . . . for there came a wonderful light into his splendid eyes.'

No doubt; and his last words chime in with these Ovidian hemistichs; but where is 'The Christian'?

We have compared this impulsive young reformer to Claude Frolo; an instance closer at hand would be 'Jude the Obscure.' To all three Esdras, or Mr. Hardy, might apply his text, 'Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned for women.' But no reason can be alleged why John Storm should have put himself in the category of sinners, feeble as were his wits and varying his moods. He was in love with Miss Quayle; what hindered him from making her his wife on that first expedition to London? Charles Kingsley was a Christian Socialist; but he held decided views touching the celibacy of the clergy. Did Storm hold opposite views? We never can ascertain what he held, for he was incapable of making a clear statement. His principles and programme are alike obscure in every stage of his wandering career. He feels intensely, speaks precipitately, and is a weathercock blown by the wind. Such a man falls a victim to his own claptrap, and John is always convinced that he has arrived at stability, when the next moment he kicks down the ladder and jumps from his chosen platform into a slough. He builds and unbuilds, puts round for square, boxes the compass, and achieves nothing. Of what is all this a *reductio ad absurdum* except of the idea on which 'The Christian' is founded? Monasticism may be out of date, its vows a superstition, and its ways un-English. Shall we, then, first call our hero a Christian, then dress him up as a Bishopsgate Brother, and give him as near a resemblance as we dare to Some One else, that at length we may refute friars and reformers out of the Marriage Service, and insinuate that religion is now-a-days impossible, and never was anything but a mystical delusion? What other kind of Christian has Mr. Hall Caine given us?

The vagaries of his pattern young man are instructive. He is erotic rather than mystical, in any profound sense of this latter word—which, properly speaking, means the experience of Divine life as it is possible to the human spirit. And because neither he nor his biographer can grasp this experience, the motive that underlies his religion is a susceptibility to emotion of any sort. He has no power of logic, little reticence, and no tact. His devotion to Miss Quayle is of a highly sensuous cast, and the charms of her appearance which overcome his sternest resolutions are frequently described and
abundantly

abundantly dwelt upon. She is likewise endowed, in the author's imagination, with 'gentle humour and pathos'; but the humour is that of a hoyden or fast girl, who talks very atrocious slang, makes 'appallingly free' with the words of the Bible, puts on men's knickerbockers in the men's own dressing-rooms, creates a *furor*—as Miss Corelli would term it—in music-halls by her imitation of kissing, and in manner is hardly above the street-girl whom she mimics, when 'her golden hair was hanging down her back.' It is conceivable that John Storm was led captive by an ill-bred histrionic performer like Miss Quayle; but we decline to believe that he did not know the difference between her style of talk and that of a self-respecting woman; nor can he have been so blind as not to perceive in her so-called pathos the hysterical discontent of which it was a sign or a consequence.

The passion that drew him on had few noble traits; it proved sufficient, however, to set him at odds with his profession as a London clergyman, to send him into the Order of the Holy Gethsemane (a title unmatched, we think, since religious orders were), and to drive him out again in search of the hoyden, who by that time had attained full celebrity, and set her charms, if not for sale, yet for exhibition, in the sight of the London that crowds to our 'Empires' and 'Alhambras.' She is persuaded to leave this life, but not for long; while Storm, who has now exchanged contemplation, in which he did not shine, for work that any other clergyman might undertake, married or single, opens a chapel in Soho. The chapel is bought over his head, and turned into a theatre, on the boards of which Glory is to appear. Though John had 'come to see that the monastic system was based on a faulty ideal of Christianity,' this cruel blow sends him to take the vows at Bishopsgate, in a hurry that must have astonished even the Father Superior. But before taking the step, he has preached his last sermon and declared that 'every true woman comes right in the end'; he has made love to Glory in the vestry; endeavoured to get her consent that they shall leave London; announced his intention of taking up the task at Molokai which Father Damien had just died in fulfilling; has relinquished this when Glory declines to go; and enters the Brotherhood on her refusal. It is Claude Frolo, or Jude the Obscure, at every turn. One of Glory's admirers calls him 'a weak, over-sanguine fanatic,' but we are disposed rather to quote as a true account of him the text in Esdras.

A singular Brotherhood is that of Bishopsgate. 'One of the earliest,' and 'now the oldest,' that sprang from the Oxford Movement,

‘Movement, it was ‘founded about ten years ago.’ The Superior talks of ‘St. Ignatius and St. Philip’ as having established ‘the severest of modern rules,’ which is no less original a view of the Jesuits than of the Oratorians, both well known to be mitigations of discipline as compared with medieval orders. The ceremony of initiation is a Burial Service with features of its own; but when a postulant who has taken no vows chooses to depart, he is excommunicated by the Father—a simple priest in every sense of the word—with bell, book, and candle. Compline is said backwards; ‘recreation’ is before supper; and though the brethren receive a High-Church journal, they know nothing of what passes beyond their walls. They often exclaim ‘Ave Maria,’ but are content with those two words, and leave the rest of the prayer unsaid. When a monk is dying they suffer him to manage the business alone; there is a ‘rule of solitude and silence’ to which any one can submit himself when he pleases, though it dissolves the community life; and the ‘crushed and fettered souls’ whisper one to another, as in prison. Yet should the Bishop come, and like Jupiter suggest a change of lots, they declare themselves satisfied.

“Eia!

Quid statis?” nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.’

These things are not of heaven or earth; it is impossible to reason about them, and one must charitably suppose that Mr. Hall Caine is adapting scenes from ‘Spiridion’ for the use of English readers.

His foil to the monastic virtues—which, seen at Bishopsgate, uncommonly resemble vices—is Canon Wealthy, who has no poor in his parish, holds the *via media* without quite knowing what it is, preaches like an actor, and can only be cured by Disestablishment. Does Mr. Caine imagine that the voluntary system never breeds a Canon Wealthy? Or that churches not established offer no prizes, show no inequality of income, and are simply dedicated to works of the spirit? Let him glance at America, and he will perceive that, however Disestablishment may affect the social status of clergymen, it will not reward service always in proportion to labour. His Lord Erin, the Prime Minister whom, oddly enough, he calls the ‘official head of the Church,’ tells John Storm that it was ‘endowed by the State.’ When and where? We should be much interested to see the minutes of that transaction. And was it the Church that slew the latest of the Prophets? In order to make this plausible, he has given us a solemn deputation of clergy, headed
by

by the Archdeacon, who invade the Prime Minister and talk to him as though he were the Home Office. On what foundation of fact or probability is that scene to rest? We have witnessed in our time the 'corybantic' processions and noisy preachings of the Salvation Army. Has any bishop or archdeacon raised his voice to put them down? In a day of freedom often lapsing into licence, this purely hypothetical charge is as wanting in grace as in likelihood.

John Storm dies, and his social Christianity is left in the cloud where he embraced it. What are its doctrines or methods who can tell? Intent on redeeming lost women from their unhappy state, 'he was the prophet of woman in relation to humanity as hardly any one since Jesus has been,' writes a Hebrew journalist on the eve of his death. We turn the pages to and fro; all we can discover is that he attempted to rescue the fallen as other well-meaning people have done; that he had no new suggestions; and that he failed. He was not likely to succeed, considering how superficial and inadequate was the view which he expressed, not only of the causes which lead so many to ruin, but of the temper and disposition of the poor creatures themselves. Nothing could well be less a picture from life than his Lord Robert and Polly Love. It is not even a half truth, but simply that mixture of the stage and the pulpit dear to a certain section of the middle class—great indignation, real or simulated, little insight, and no summing-up of the case as it affects society at large. In any event, the story of Lord Robert is foreign to the question in general, and it was not poverty but perversity which the victim herself assigned as the explanation of her fall. But of the remedy for these things, economic, spiritual, or social, we learn no more than we knew before 'The Christian' was written. From this point of view John Storm is indeed a failure.

It is a melancholy thought, when we count up the hundreds of thousands of these volumes that have been scattered to the world's end, how few can be said to practise the art of reading. Miss Corelli supplants the New Testament. Mr. Hall Caine adapts Church History to our own times. And the millions take them in perfect good faith, cherishing their dreams and delusions as if some reality corresponded with them. In the anarchy of opinion, alarm on the part of Christians has seemed not out of place; and alarm has generated reaction. New champions of belief have appeared on the scene. Fresh pills against earthquake are advertised. One takes equal parts of pseudo-science, Neo-Platonism, and theosophy; stamps the whole

whole as revealed from Heaven ; and recommends us to get it down with a deal of sentiment. Another, more British, lays hold of certain traditional stage-virtues, wraps them in emotion, adds thereto a suspicious but exciting ingredient of pseudo-monasticism, and screams to us that, unless we take it, our life is in danger. Run whither we may with Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine for guides, we shall plunge into hysteria or be overthrown by claptrap. The proposition with which we began our article is, therefore, we think, amply demonstrated. Great and manifold as have been the mischiefs wrought by unbelief, it has hardly done worse than call out a reaction which despises logic, turns faith to mythology, canonizes the absurd, and so distorts the Christian as to make him at once an imbecile, a visionary, and a murderous fanatic. Those who defend him on such lines are his most formidable enemies ; and Voltaire would have welcomed them as justifying in their dialect what he had written a thousand times in his own, 'Écrasez l'infame.' It is no excuse for them that they were sacrificing a venerable creed to their peculiar infirmity of sentimental romance. Their religion is not Christianity, but its caricature ; and their apologetics are as wanting in balance as they are fertile in sickly and sensuous dreams.

- ART. III.—1. *Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.: a Record and Review.* By Malcolm Bell. Third Edition. London, 1896.
 2. *Sir Edward Burne-Jones: his Life and Work.* By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Re-issue. London, 1898.
 3. *English Contemporary Art.* By Robert de la Sizeranne. London, 1898.

AS the sands of the dying century run out, the makers of the Victorian age are fast passing away. One by one the thinkers and prophets, the statesmen and scholars, the poets and painters, have been taken from us, and no one is left to stand in their places or fill up the gaps in the ranks. Not only have we lost our veterans, whose work has been fully done, but the men of a later generation, whose names belong to the second half of the century and adorn its closing decades.

The last few years have proved exceptionally fatal to our artists. To name only the greatest among them, Frederick Leighton, the most accomplished of Presidents, John Millais, the most widely popular of painters, and William Morris, the prince of decorative workers, have all fallen in their prime. And now Art mourns another and a greater loss. Edward Burne-Jones has died a sudden death in the fulness of activity, working with unceasing ardour up to the last hour of his life. Brain and hand showed no trace of fatigue or weariness. His fancy and invention were busy to the end. A few more weeks and the great picture of 'Arthur in Avalon,' on which he had spent so many years of labour and lavished such treasures of thought and skill, would have been finished, and the world would have rejoiced over another triumphant birth of Time and Art. *Dis aliter visum.* The brush has dropped from the master-hand, and even as the artist painted the last sleep of the blameless king, the slumber of death has overtaken him, in an untimely hour. And, as on that sad Good Friday when all Rome wept to see the great Urbinate lying dead at the feet of his famous 'Transfiguration,' so to-day men mourn over their Raphael and his unfinished masterpiece. On all sides the same voice of lamentation has been heard. Not only here in London, where the crowds who flocked to see the dead painter's last designs and studies showed how deeply the heart of England was stirred, but in Paris and Brussels, in Rome and Berlin, the world of art has mourned over Burne-Jones as the most distinguished and representative of English masters. 'He tops us all,' as Mr. Watts, the only living artist who is to be named with Burne-Jones, wrote, on the eve of his friend's death, of the painter whom he had known so long.

Now that he is gone, we begin to realize that in the painter of the 'Days of Creation' we have lost not only a great artist, but one of the choicest and rarest spirits of the age. His genius was of a kind that is altogether unique in the history of English art. Other masters may rise up among us, gifted with greater dexterity of hand, and trained from boyhood in the latest methods of the schools. Other artists may be endowed with the facility of a Millais, or learn to draw with the skill of a Leighton; they may catch the trick of a Whistler, and rival the magic of his colour; they may paint portraits instinct with the vitality of a Sargent, or with the deeper and diviner charm of a Watts. But never again in the space of a single lifetime can we hope to see a painter inspired by the high poetic fancy, the marvellous imagination, of Burne-Jones.

Each successive generation has its own prophet—the magician who unbars the eastern gates and opens the portals of heaven. Afterwards we may learn to appreciate other forms and phases of art, to drink of other streams, and cull the flowers in fresh and wider pastures. But nothing will ever efface the might of those first impressions, and to the end we shall always remember our first love with peculiar tenderness. Only those of us who were young in the seventies can recall the delight and surprise of that May morning when the Grosvenor Gallery opened its doors and Burne-Jones's pictures were first seen by the public. Since the time when the pre-Raphaelites first began to paint, a new generation had sprung up—a generation fed on Ruskin and the study of early Italian art—who found little satisfaction in the works of most English artists, and who, sick of the trivialities and emptiness of contemporary painting, turned to the past for hope and consolation. In those days, it must be remembered, Rossetti was practically unknown to all but a few connoisseurs; Watts had as yet exhibited little besides his admirable portraits, and Holman Hunt was almost forgotten. Suddenly these beautiful visions burst upon our eyes. We saw the solemn angels, with the flame-crowned brows and large sorrowful eyes, fixing upon us their gaze of endless love and pity, and holding in their hands the crystal spheres that tell of the green pastures and still waters of Paradise. We saw the white-headed wizard caught in the toils of the stately enchantress under the blossoming hawthorn boughs, and the nine fair maidens on the banks of the shining pool in the vale of Arcady. Here, to our amazement, was a master of our own race and day, born and bred in the blackness of our city streets, who had an imagination as romantic and as mystical as any Florentine or Umbrian of old. This new world which he revealed to our wondering eyes was

full of mysterious loveliness, undreamt of in this prosaic age. Strange sweet melodies rang through the air, bright flowers and birds of brilliant plumage started up in the grass at our feet, a subtle glamour floated over each exquisite form and face. Gladly we gave ourselves up to the enchanter's spell, and roamed with him at will through these faery realms of which the poet had sung, when he dedicated his book of poems to his artist friend, and asked him to receive 'in his palace of painting a revel of rhymes.'

'Is there place in the land of your labour,
Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbour,
And day has not night? . . .

'In a land of clear colours and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories,
And a murmur of musical flowers.'

The hopes that were formed twenty-one years ago have not been disappointed. Since then Burne-Jones has given us a memorable series of great original creations. His imagination has clothed the old myths of classical and mediæval antiquity with new loveliness, and his heart has spoken to us through these ancient stories that belong to the romance of eternity, and appeal to the whole human race. In an age when science claims the right to explain all things, and the worship of gold reigns supreme, this master has set forth the everlasting truth of beauty with all its hidden treasures. While he lived, his dreams added daily to the joy and excellence of the world; now he has died, faithful to the ideals which he held in the morning of life, thinking the same thoughts and loving the same things that were precious to him from early youth.

This career, which has been marked by so perfect a unity, began under unfavourable conditions. Edward Burne-Jones was born in a small house in one of the back streets of Birmingham, close to St. Philip's Church, on the 28th of August, 1833. His father was of Welsh descent, and had many kinsfolk still living on the borders of Wales, but was himself a small tradesman, who made picture-frames and sold stationery. His mother died at his birth and his only sister in early infancy, leaving the boy to grow up in a lonely home, without companions and without books. His father, a man of deep and simple piety, but strict and rigid in his ideas, banished story-books and poetry, and for many years only allowed his son to read 'Sandford and Merton,' 'Evenings at Home,'

Home,' and Æsop's 'Fables,' which last was the boy's favourite, because of the prints that it contained. No one ever hungered and thirsted more literally after beauty than did the lonely child in this dreary home in the grimy streets of Birmingham. Often he would stand for hours before the booksellers' shops, longing to read the books which he saw in the window and envying the lucky shopman who stood behind the counter. And till he was twenty-three he never saw a good picture. Fortunately, his father had a strong wish to see his son a clergyman of the Church of England, and with this intention he sent him at eleven years old as a day scholar to King Edward's School, where the boy had Dr. Prince Lee for his master, and the present Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott, as well as the late Bishop Lightfoot and Archbishop Benson, for his schoolfellows. There he read the Greek and Latin poets with delight, but made few friends, and found his sole pleasure in books.

Life in Birmingham was to him intolerably ugly, and it was not till he reached the age of nineteen that he won an Exhibition at Exeter College and went up to Oxford. Then the hard earth cracked under him, and his yearning for beauty and sympathy began at length to be satisfied. There, on the first day of term, he met William Morris, that other young freshman of Welsh birth, and the face of things suddenly changed. The same dreams and aspirations, the same deep-rooted sense of the ugliness and monotony of the present, the same common love of the past, drew the two young undergraduates together, and laid the foundations of a life-long friendship which has had but few equals. Together the two friends read Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' which came to them, as it did to many others in those dark days, like a message from heaven; together they pondered over that other book which was destined to have an even greater influence upon their future, Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' a copy of which Morris bought at Oxford and kept, bound in white vellum, to the end of his life. But while the venerable beauty and the great traditions of Oxford sank deep into young Burne-Jones's soul, the routine of University education grew daily more irksome and distasteful. It was a dead time, and he was bitterly disappointed to find in his tutors mere dull pedants, who looked upon Homer and Sophocles as so many books which had to be got up for the schools, and on the Greek world, which to him was so full of beauty and meaning, as a thing that had altogether passed away and could have no living interest for men of the present day. And then he saw Rossetti's little wood-cut of the 'Maids of Elfinmere' in William Allingham's poems,

poems, and the water-colour of 'Dante drawing Beatrice's picture,' at Mr. Combe's house, and a new dream sprang up in his breast. Here was a man who did all that he longed to do, and was actually living in the present time. From that moment he determined to be a painter, and only thought how soon he could escape from Oxford and learn to draw.

In the Christmas vacation of 1855 he came to London, met Rossetti at the Working Men's College, and was introduced to his hero by Mr. Vernon Lushington. Rossetti's keen eye quickly recognized the rare imaginative gifts of the untaught boy, and he urged him to leave Oxford without delay and devote himself to the serious study of art. Accordingly, Burne-Jones left Oxford without taking his degree, and early in 1856 settled in town to learn drawing, and profit by his new friend's advice. He now applied himself with undaunted courage and resolution to master the technical side of his art, and began, somewhat late in life, to learn the rudiments of drawing. This, of course, was no easy matter, and Burne-Jones himself always said that he was ten years behind all his comrades, and that Mr. Watts, for instance, was thirty years in advance of him, having begun to draw twelve years earlier and being eighteen years older. His productions at this stage were regarded rather as the work of an amateur of genius, and it was many years before the critics would regard him in any other light. But by dint of unwearied application and persevering endeavour, the difficulties in his way were slowly overcome, and the painter acquired that mastery of the human form which became at once the envy and admiration of his brother artists.

That summer Morris, who had entered Mr. Street's office at Oxford and begun to work as an architect, followed his friend to London and settled with Burne-Jones in lodgings in Red Lion Square, where he devoted himself to painting and poetry. Both lived in daily companionship with Rossetti, who warmly expressed his admiration of Morris's poetry and of Burne-Jones's designs, which he declared to be equal to Albert Dürer's finest work. Burne-Jones on his part always retained the most passionate admiration for Rossetti; 'my god,' as he often called him; and to the end of his life was never tired of recalling his friend's boundless generosity and the extraordinary force of his personality. He saw as well as any man the flaws in his idol, the faults of Rossetti's character and the shortcomings of his art, but his enthusiasm for the artist never wavered, his love for the man never changed.

One precious and little-known memorial of this period in Burne-Jones's life still exists in the 'Oxford and Cambridge Magazine,'

Magazine,' a periodical which was first published in 1856, under the editorship of an old school and college friend, William Fulford, and of which both Morris and Burne-Jones were active promoters. Rossetti's 'Burden of Nineveh' and several other of his poems first appeared in its pages, while the 'Blessed Damozel' was reprinted from the 'Germ.' Morris contributed brilliant articles on 'French Cathedrals' and Browning's 'Men and Women,' as well as many of those early poems in which the atmosphere of Rossetti's paintings is so curiously reflected. And the first number of the magazine, which appeared in January 1856, contains Burne-Jones's sole contribution to literature, in the shape of a review on Thackeray's 'Newcomes.' This essay shows considerable literary power, and is of the deepest interest, not only as a spirited defence of Thackeray from the charge of cynicism that was often brought against him in those days, and a generous tribute to the tender human spirit underlying all his work, but as a manifesto put forth by the enthusiastic young Oxford men who were the founders of the magazine. It bears striking witness to the high purpose and passionate sincerity of their aims and to the moral and intellectual earnestness that was so remarkable a feature in their character. The solemn note of the youthful writer's language shows how strongly he had felt the influence of Carlyle and Ruskin, and how earnestly he and his friends believed in the new day that was about to dawn upon the world.

'But now at last, to all who understand the signals of the future, there is audible upon the winds a gathering cry for life, "more life and fuller," a great awakening from evil dreams, a general ascending from the valley of dry bones into the upper air, in a new world which is the old still, among other faces happy with real life, sanctified with real sorrow, beautiful with the crimson glow of life.'

The writer goes on to speak 'thankfully, and with deepest reverence, of such great names as Tennyson and Holman Hunt, Ruskin and Carlyle and Kingsley, who have led on this most godly crusade against falsehood, doubts, and wretched failures, against hypocrisy and Mammon, and lack of earnestness,' and ends with an eloquent allusion to the painter of the 'Maids of Elfinmere,' and the poet of the 'Blessed Damozel.' Why, he asks, is Rossetti's name so seldom on the lips of men? 'If only we could hear him oftener, live in the light of his power a little longer!'

Such was the spirit of generous knight-errantry in which, forty years ago, these young Oxford men went out to fight the battle for truth and right.

'I will

'I will not cease from mortal fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.'

Their new venture was doomed to failure. The 'Oxford and Cambridge Magazine' met with little support, and only survived until the end of the year. The little band of brilliant writers went their way, to do their different work in life, but the spirit which animated them still lives, alike in the art of Burne-Jones and the writings of Morris, and the bond which knit them together in those golden days of youth was never broken.

Meanwhile Rossetti exerted himself to procure remunerative work for the struggling young artist. Ruskin, who was from the first profoundly impressed with Burne-Jones's genius, bought some of his early drawings and gave him further orders. In 1857, he designed his first stained-glass windows, which had for subjects Adam and Eve and the Tower of Babel, for the Chapel of Bradfield College, and during the Long Vacation accompanied Rossetti on his memorable expedition to Oxford, where he had agreed to decorate the hall of the Union with tempera paintings. Morris undertook to paint the roof; Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and four other artists were to adorn the walls, with subjects from Malory's romance, the 'Morte d'Arthur,' which had been first introduced to the elder painter by his new friends. 'Nimue and Merlin' was the theme chosen by Burne-Jones on this occasion, a story to which he returned more than once in riper years, and which formed the subject of his famous picture in the Grosvenor Gallery of 1877. Unfortunately these enthusiastic young painters were ignorant of the simplest methods of mural painting, and from the first the enterprise partook of the nature of a forlorn hope. The walls had not been properly prepared. Before the work was finished the surface began to peel off in flakes, and at the present time the paintings have almost entirely perished.

To Rossetti Burne-Jones owed his first inspiration, and it is, naturally enough, Rossetti's influence that is present both in the fine pen-and-ink drawings and in the cartoons for stained-glass which he exhibited in 1858, at the Hogarth Club, of which he was one of the original members, together with Rossetti, Watts, Madox Brown, Bodley, and other well-known artists and architects of the day. The subjects of these drawings, as well as of the numerous water-colours which he painted in this early period, were chiefly taken from his favourite Arthurian legend, or from the works of Chaucer, perhaps of all poets the one with whom our master was the most in sympathy. In 1862,
he

he decorated a cabinet for Morris with that scene from the 'Prioress's Tale' which formed the subject of his last New Gallery picture—the story of the 'Christian choir-boy murdered by the Jews,' upon whose tongue—

'The blessed Mary laid, when he was dead, a grain,—
Who straightway praised her name in song.'

Two other single figures, 'Sidonia' and 'Clara von Bork,' painted in 1860, and lately sold at Christie's with the rest of the Leathart Collection, were suggested by the weird romance of Meinhold, the Lutheran pastor, whose history of the fair Pomeranian sorceress had so powerful a fascination for Rossetti and his comrades. In all of these early works we find the same imperfections of drawing and lack of modelling, together with the same romantic feeling and delicate charm. Rossetti's influence is still paramount in the 'Backgammon Players,' who sit at their game in a garden fenced round with a trellis of roses, a small panel which was sold in 1862, for the benefit of the distressed cotton weavers in Lancashire. But there is already a marked advance in the cartoons of scenes from the life of St. Frideswide, which Burne-Jones designed for the window of the Latin Chapel in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, soon after his first visit to Italy. In this fascinating series, which long adorned Mr. Birket-Foster's house at Witley, and is now the property of Mr. Graham Robertson, the strong individuality of the painter breaks out. The story of the Saxon princess is told with a quaint charm and *naïveté* which shows how thoroughly the young artist had already caught the spirit of mediæval art. We see the little blue-robed maiden learning to read from St. Katharine and to play the organ from St. Cecilia. We watch her drawing water from the well in the convent courtyard, and taking refuge among the ducks and pigs from the royal suitor who pursues her. Every part of the composition is filled with the same wealth of elaborate detail. The brocades are of the richest hues, the armour is chased with intricate patterns, while the landscape, with its tall dark elms and gardens of sunflowers, its running streams and clear sunset skies, recalls the scenery of our English Midlands, and the very sign-posts point to Oxford and Binsey.

The same romantic charm and glowing colour, together with a still deeper mystical feeling, appeared in the painting of 'Christ kissing the Merciful Knight,' which was first exhibited in 1864, at the Society of Old Water-colour Painters, of which Burne-Jones had just been elected a member. The year before this, he had paid a second visit to Italy with Mr. Ruskin, and
visited

visited Milan and Venice, where he had been the first to discover the beauties of Carpaccio's St. Ursula and the shrine of St. George of the Slaves. With these memories fresh in his heart, he painted this now famous little picture, which stamped its author at once as a master of original genius, whose style was entirely distinct from that of Rossetti, as well as absolutely unlike that of any contemporary artist. During the next five years, a succession of lovely drawings, all remarkable for the same tender poetry and rich colouring, appeared in the Pall Mall Gallery. Among the most important were 'Theophilus and the Angel,' a legend of St. Dorothea's martyrdom, which was the subject of one of Mr. Swinburne's poems, and the vigorous and dramatic 'Wine of Circe,' long the ornament of the Leyland Collection. But in 1870, some members of the Society chose to take exception to a drawing of 'Phyllis and Demophoon,' a legend of the blossoming of the almond-tree, which Burne-Jones had sent to the annual exhibition, and thereupon the painter immediately withdrew the picture, and resigned his associateship, together with Sir Frederick Burton, who resented this unfair treatment.

From that time Burne-Jones ceased to exhibit, and during the next seven years his work appeared only once in a London picture-gallery. This was in 1873, when he sent two water-colours to the Dudley Gallery, one of which was 'Love among the Ruins,' that most characteristic and most exquisite of his creations, which was irreparably damaged by a lamentable accident some years ago, and has since then been repeated in oils. With this single exception, the painter's works at this period were only seen by a few intimate friends and art-lovers, such as Mr. William Graham, Mr. Leyland, and Lord Carlisle, who were wise enough to appreciate his genius and to buy his pictures. Thus it was that the show which burst upon us at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery came to most of us as a surprise. There were still, as Mr. Malcolm Bell reminds us, plenty of critics who assailed Burne-Jones's works with scorn and ridicule. Some authorities saw grave symptoms of decadence in his art, others took objection to the subjects represented, and the scoffers were ready to join in 'Punch's' witticisms of 'Burn Jones!' and 'Here be Lunacies!' But all those who had watched the artist's career and admired the promise of his early years, rejoiced to see how completely he had overcome the difficulties in his way, while the most hostile critics were compelled to own in him a painter of rare distinction and originality.

Dante Rossetti praised his friend's work in the warmest terms,

terms, and in a letter to the 'Times' declared that his pictures showed 'gorgeous variegation of colour, sustained pitch of imagination, and wistful sorrowful beauty, all conspiring to make them unique not only in English work, but in the work of all times and nations.' His verdict was endorsed by a still higher authority:—

'The work of Burne-Jones,' wrote Ruskin, 'is simply the only art-work, at present produced in England, which will be received by the future as classic in its kind—the best that has been or could be. These works will be immortal, as the best things the modern nineteenth century in England could do, in such true relations as it had, through all confusion, retained with the paternal and everlasting art of the world.'

This first great triumph was followed by a long line of master-pieces. Then in rapid succession came 'Laus Veneris,' the sad-faced Queen royally arrayed in flame-coloured robes, and surrounded by her maidens chanting the praise of Love, while armed knights look in through the tapestried casement; the 'Chant d'Amour,' that most romantic of painted idylls; the 'Golden Stairs,' with its lovely motive of white-robed maidens playing musical instruments as they troop down the winding stairway; and the four pictures which tell the story of Pygmalion, the Greek sculptor, who loved the marble his hand had fashioned, and obtained his heart's desire. There were the great religious pictures: the 'Annunciation,' with the wonderful Angel perched in mid-air, and the pale Virgin pondering the meaning of the word that from henceforth all generations shall call her blessed; the 'Morning of the Resurrection,' with the 'deathless Angel, seated on the empty tomb'; the youthful Christ of the 'Dies Domini,' borne through space on seraph wings; and the great water-colour of the 'Star of Bethlehem,' which adorns the gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham. And there was the long array of allegorical figures: some, like the 'Christian Graces,' or the 'Hours and Seasons,' linked together by a continuous chain of thought; others, like 'Luna,' with her face half hidden in cloud and the silver crescent at her feet, and the 'Evening Star,' floating all alone through the twilight air. These and many more—'St. Cecily' crowned with roses and playing her organ, the 'Delphic Sibyl' in her orange robes, and that most popular of all the master's single figures, the blue-robed 'Vestal' with the pure young face and down-dropped eyelids—remain among the precious memories of the summers that are gone.

Some of these were painted in gorgeous colours, others—like the 'Wood-Nymph' throned in the heart of the laurel thicket, or
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the 'Sea-Nymph' with the ruddy locks that repeat the undulating ripple of the ocean waves—were executed entirely in monochrome. The sombre greys and purples of Mr. Arthur Balfour's 'Wheel of Fortune' seem to agree with the nature of the subject, and the inevitableness of the dread fate that governs the lives of men. In Lord Wharncliffe's 'King Cophetua,' on the other hand, the most costly marbles and sumptuous brocades adorn the throne of the shy beggar-maid whom the monarch has raised to be his bride, and glorify the supreme sacrifice of love. This noble picture occupied the post of honour in the English section of the International Exhibition at Paris in 1889, and is perhaps on the whole the finest and most complete example of our painter's art. The high prices given for the 'Chant d'Amour' and other pictures that were sold at the dispersion of the Graham Collection, in 1886, proved the wide reputation which the master had attained; and the splendid display of his works at Manchester in the following year excited general admiration, while the exhibition of the 'Briar Rose' pictures, in 1890, carried his name to the highest pitch of popularity, and set the final seal on his triumph. All the resources of his art were lavished on these four beautiful subjects, which had been for twenty years in his studio, and bore the date of 1870-1890. And certainly, in rich and delicate fancies, in beauty of form and charm of decoration, Burne-Jones himself never surpassed this vision of the sleeping maiden who, bound fast in the tangled briars of her enchanted bower, awaits the coming of the deliverer who will break the spell and win her back to life and love. Some critics objected to the waste of all this world of thought and wealth of fancy on a mere fairy-tale. But, like most fairy tales, it was a story full of deep and beautiful meaning, and every crinkle and fold of drapery, each jewelled device or embroidered flower, had its own poetic intention. Unfortunately these pictures, which charmed the world when they were seen at Agnew's eight years ago, have been removed to a gallery decorated by the painter himself, in a private house in Berkshire, and are practically beyond the reach of the public. It is the more desirable that a really fine and characteristic example of Burne-Jones's art should be placed in the Tate Gallery, and we trust that the efforts which are now being made by his friends to accomplish this end may be crowned with success. Mr. Ruskin, who was so generous a friend to the great painter at the outset of his career, and who still lives to lament his death, has from his retreat at Brantwood sent his contribution to the memorial fund and expressed his deep sympathy with its object.

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Since the completion of the 'Briar-Rose' and of the 'Star of Bethlehem,' Burne-Jones had made considerable progress with the large subjects from the story of Perseus, which were originally begun in 1875, and which Mr. Lowell pronounced to be, in his opinion, the finest achievement of art in our time or in any time. He has also painted several pictures from the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' the latest of which, 'Love and the Pilgrim,' was exhibited at the New Gallery last year, and has been sold at Christie's since the master's death for the large sum of 5,500 guineas. This design of the Angel with the impassioned face, and flight of singing-birds round his brow, leading the pilgrim safely across the rocks and briars of life's wilderness, is as remarkable for originality of conception as for the loveliness of the steely blues and faint rose-pinks of the colouring. And with singular appropriateness the picture was inscribed to Algernon Swinburne, the poet who thirty years before had dedicated his book of verses, 'the first-fruits of me,' to the painter who now wrote his friend's name on the work of his maturity, for the sake of 'old loves and lost times,' and in silent witness to the strength of a bond which had endured through the stress and storm of life.

'Though the seasons of man full of losses
 Make empty the years full of youth,
 If but one thing be constant in crosses,
 Change lays not her hand upon truth;
 Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
 That the grief as the joy of them ends
 Ere time that breaks all men has broken
 The faith between friends.'

Portrait-painting was never a congenial task to Burne-Jones. He grudged the time which might have been spent on a new romance, and was always conscious of a tendency to idealize the face before him and make it approach more nearly to what it ought to be. But of late years he has accomplished some very charming portraits, such for instance as the head of Paderewski, whose striking appearance was remarkably well adapted to the artist's style, and the lovely half-length of his own daughter, Mrs. J. W. Mackail. A graceful likeness of Lady Windsor in a flowing white robe, another of Miss Amy Gaskell in black, and a picturesque figure of Miss Dorothy Drew, will also be remembered.

But pictures in oil or water-colour formed only a small part of Burne-Jones's work. His unrivalled gift for decorative design and his inexhaustible imagination found expression in countless forms. Early in his career he began to design
 windows

windows for Messrs. Powell, and the remarkable success that attended his efforts in this direction was one of the causes which led to the foundation of the firm under the management of William Morris. Of this firm Burne-Jones himself was for many years a partner, and he always remained closely associated with Morris's different undertakings. To the joint efforts of the two men the complete revolution which has taken place in decorative art during the last thirty years is to be ascribed. To their genius, above all, we owe the long series of noble stained-glass windows, which, designed by Burne-Jones and executed at Merton Abbey under the direction of Morris, now adorn our cathedrals and churches, our college chapels and halls. Chief among them are the great Nativity, Crucifixion, and Ascension, which light up the choir of St. Philip's at Birmingham with the splendour of rubies, the 'Angeli laudantes' and 'Angeli ministrantes,' which lend a new beauty to Salisbury Cathedral, and the Virgin martyrs, St. Cecilia and St. Katharine, at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. The sister university boasts two fine series in the Saints and Angels, Vices and Virtues, at Jesus College, and the Greek and Roman Poets and Good Women of Chaucer in the common-room at Peterhouse. Several of our London churches, notably Maurice's old chapel of St. Peter's, Vere Street, and Sedding's new church of Holy Trinity, Chelsea, contain fine examples, while a large subject of the Building of the Temple is to be seen in a church at Boston, Massachusetts; and other specimens are at Newport. The Archangels, which look down in their strength and glory from the walls of the village church at Rottingdean, were given by the painter to commemorate the marriage of his only daughter Margaret, in this peaceful spot where he made his country home, and where he sleeps to-day under the shadow of the old grey tower. And the very last window which he ever designed was the Nativity with a carol of Angels round the new-born Child, which has been placed in Hawarden church to commemorate Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's golden wedding. This design, the execution of which the artist personally superintended, was only finished last Whitsuntide, and will ever remain a memorial both of the distinguished master and of the statesman whom he revered.

More than one of Burne-Jones's cartoons for windows supplied him with subjects for his paintings. The 'Angels of Creation,' for instance, were originally designed for the upper lights of a church tower at Middleton Cheney, in Northamptonshire, where they represent the vision of Paradise which came to the Three Children as they sang their hymn of praise in the flames. And

in the same way, the beautiful tapestry in the chapel of his old college at Oxford afterwards became the theme of his great 'Star of Bethlehem.' His inventive brain and unwearying hand found time to supply Morris's workmen not only with cartoons for stained glass, but with designs for tapestry and needlework, for tiles and bas-reliefs. He himself worked both in *gesso* and metal, and, besides painting panels for chests and cabinets, decorated his friend Mr. Graham's grand piano with a set of exquisite roundels from the story of Orpheus. His favourite legend of the 'Quest of the Holy Grail,' from the arrival of the Fair Gentlewoman at the gates of Camelot to the moment when the vision comes to Galahad, as he kneels at the door of the lonely chapel in the wood, forms the subject of another fine set of tapestry that was shown some years ago at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. And in the same gallery we remember seeing a beautiful design for needlework—a figure of the Angel of Love with softly-tinted doves fluttering about his head and roses flowering at his feet, while a troop of fair children cling to his side. In the background are the blue waves of the sea, and overhead the starry sky, with the last line of Dante's 'Paradiso' for motto:

'L'Amor che muove il Sol', e le altre stelle.'

Mosaic decoration was another branch of art to which Burne-Jones turned his attention of late years. In 1882, he was asked by Mr. G. G. Street, the architect of the American Church in Rome, to design a scheme of mosaic decoration for the apse of that building. Here the painter's knowledge of the ancient mosaics of Rome and Ravenna stood him in good stead. His design follows the main lines of mosaic vaulting as it is seen in early Christian churches. A representation of the New Jerusalem adorns the semi-dome, and Christ, bearing the globe in his hand, is throned in the centre, surrounded by a glory of cherubim, while the rivers of Eden flow down from the rainbow-encircled throne, to bathe the walls of the celestial city. A troop of archangels guard the golden gates, but one door is closed, and the place of Lucifer, the fallen angel, is vacant. A model of this apse may now be seen in South Kensington Museum, together with the noble and pathetic cartoon of 'Christ hanging on the Tree of Life,' that was designed for the same church, and bought at the sale at Christie's last July.

Yet another form of art in which Burne-Jones produced much excellent work was the illustration of books. Besides enriching many of Morris's volumes of prose and poetry with wood-cuts

wood-cuts and ornamental designs, he executed four complete sets of drawings which deserve to rank among his finest works. First of all we have the seventy subjects for the poem of 'Cupid and Psyche,' that were designed in 1866, and originally intended to adorn an illustrated edition of the 'Earthly Paradise.' The scheme was ultimately abandoned. Burne-Jones's drawings were bought by Mr. Ruskin for the University Museum, and are in his opinion the most precious gift which he has made to Oxford, not even excepting Turner's series of the Loire drawings. Even more perfect in line and detail are the drawings for the illustration of twelve books of the 'Æneid,' which were designed for an illuminated Virgil, which Morris and Mr. Fairfax Murray had planned together some five-and-twenty years ago. A third series of drawings was taken from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, and served for the decoration of Mr. Graham's piano, while the fourth consists of eighty designs for the illustration of the magnificent Chaucer that issued two years ago from the Kelmscott Press.

But admirable as are these four sets of drawings, they do not include one tenth part of the work which Burne-Jones has left behind him in this one form. Endless in number and variety were the pencil and chalk drawings—studies for well-known pictures, sketches of figures and drapery, of roses and armour and women, heads which haunt us still with their sad and wistful charm. Besides these, there are the designs for unfinished pictures, for the Perseus series, the Sirens and the Mermaids, the 'Venus Concordia' and 'Venus Discordia,' and that superb 'Masque of Cupid,' which claims our highest admiration while it awakens our deep regret. And how many more of these unfinished designs lie buried away in the books and folios wherein he noted down the thoughts and fancies of his idle moments! We need only recall that one volume exhibited at the rooms of the Fine Art Society two years ago, with its series of small water-colour subjects suggested by the old-fashioned names of flowers, each rendered with the same rare and delicate grace, each one a little poem in itself. But a dozen lives would not have been enough to carry out one-half of the dreams and ideas that were always springing up in the master's mind, and that have gone down with him into the grave.

The history of a great painter is written in his works, and not in the outward events of his career. And in the case of Burne-Jones there is little to tell. In 1860, before he was twenty-seven, he married Miss Georgiana Macdonald, one of a gifted family which numbers Lady Poynter and the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling among its members. Seven years after-

wards

wards he settled at the Grange in Fulham, a house formerly belonging to the novelist Richardson, and at that time standing in green fields. Now it is the centre of a busy and populous district, but still the trees grow tall round the old red-brick house, and roses and lilies bloom on the green lawn in front of the studio that has become the object of so many pilgrimages.

Here, in this pleasant spot, the great painter welcomed the friends who were attracted by the singular fascination of his personality. He was the best and most brilliant of talkers, discussing art and literature, history and social questions, philosophy and poetry, all in turn, glancing lightly from grave to gay, mingling wild sallies of fun with sudden touches of pathos, giving free rein to his keen sense of humour, and lighting up every subject with a flash of genius. His affectionate nature gave more to his friends than most other men, and as Mr. Watts has said with perfect truth, his 'extraordinary sweetness and amiability caused him to be not merely liked, but deeply loved, by all those who were intimate with him.' A pleasant story is told of a well-known literary man who had a deep-rooted antipathy to Burne-Jones's art, but who happened to meet him one day, when, like every one else, he was captivated by the painter's charm of manner and brilliant conversation. 'I must take care not to see Burne-Jones too often,' he was heard to remark the next day, 'or he might end by making me like his pictures.'

Burne-Jones, we rejoice to think, lived long enough to come into his own. And little as he himself cared for wealth or fame, all his friends rejoiced when the long-delayed recognition came, and his genius met with its deserved reward. In 1881, he received an honorary degree at Oxford, and an honorary Fellowship at his old College; the next year he was asked to represent England at the International Exhibition in Paris. In 1890, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and two years later was elected a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Beaux Arts, and invited to execute a work for the Luxembourg. In 1888, the Old Water Colour Society re-elected him as a member, and although he had never sent any of his pictures to Burlington House, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1883. He acknowledged the compliment which had been paid him by sending his oil-painting of 'The Depths of the Sea' to the yearly exhibition. In this picture of the Mermaid with the Leonardesque smile on her siren face, dragging her mortal lover under the waves, all unconscious that he is dying in her grasp, it was impossible not to see a covert allusion to the paralysing effect of academic

existing on the artist's mind. The work, however, was greatly and deservedly admired at Burlington House, and much surprise was felt that its painter was never advanced to the full honour of Barons of the Realm. But seven years passed away, and at the end of that time the painter resigned his Associateship, to the great regret of his friend Leighton and of Mr. Watts, who kindly remitted the slight that had been put upon an artist of high distinction. The satisfaction of his admirers was all the greater when, four years ago, the Queen, at Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, conferred a baronetcy upon Burne-Jones, and the reproach of having as a nation failed to appreciate one of our most distinguished men was in some measure removed.

The closing years of the painter's life have been largely devoted to three important works. One of these was the 'Kelmscott Chaucer,' for which he prepared the eighty designs already mentioned—less as actual illustrations of the old English poet than as an attempt to realize the spirit in which he wrote and the atmosphere which inspired his creations. No more congenial task, he often said, ever fell to his lot than this endeavour to give the world the romances of his beloved singer in a perfectly beautiful form. Both for the painter and for Morris, who was himself a genuine *trouvère*, and who owned the poet of the 'Canterbury Tales' as 'my master, Geoffrey Chaucer,' the work was from first to last a thing of pure delight. But the pleasure which Burne-Jones felt in the completion of this joint work was darkened by the illness and death of his friend, which took place in October 1896, only a few months after the publication of the great book. The blow was one from which he never fully recovered. Half of his life, he felt, was buried in the grave with Morris, and much of the work which they had planned together was of necessity abandoned, among other things the 'Morte d'Arthur,' which was to have been the next work issued by the Kelmscott Press. But he went back to work bravely, and resolved to devote the remainder of his life-time to the completion of two great pictures which had long occupied his thoughts. One of these was 'Love's Wayfaring,' the large design in monochrome—in his opinion the only satisfactory way of treating the nude—which for the last three or four years of his life occupied one wall of his garden studio. For this important work he had already made many admirable studies, representing the victims of Love, with all their endless variety of character and expression, and the result seemed likely to justify the opinion of Mr. Watts, who pronounced this to be the grandest of all Burne-Jones's designs.

designs, a work that in monumental force and grandeur came near to Michelangelo himself.

The other was 'The Sleep of King Arthur in Avalon.' The idea had haunted his thoughts for many years; it had passed through several different phases and undergone a variety of changes before the final form was fixed. In the centre of the picture, the blameless king was seen lying in the last sleep, under a canopy adorned with a frieze of carved reliefs, representing the quest of the Holy Grail. At the head and foot of the couch knelt the weeping Queens, and on either side were the warders in long purple robes, watching for the first streak of dawn in the eastern sky, and ready to blow their horns when the hero wakes, to bring back the golden days of Merrie England. Unlike 'Love's Wayfaring,' this picture of King Arthur was to be as rich in colour, as gorgeous in hue, as 'King Cophetua' itself. All that the Celtic world loved best and counted most precious was to be seen in the landscape. The murmur of running streams, the blossoming of summer flowers, apple-orchards and blue hills, were to encircle the hero's slumber in this enchanted vale. Over all there was to be a deep sense of peace, the profound silence that broods over the close of life. The painter himself always spoke of this as his last great work, into which all the memories of his youth, all his old love for the legend of Arthur, together with the wisdom and knowledge of riper years, were to be gathered up. The friends who had watched its progress for many years past, rejoiced to see how rapidly it was approaching completion. Then, suddenly, the end came.

He was never a strong man, and soon after his marriage a dangerous illness brought him to the brink of death. In 1892, he was again seriously ill, and unable to work for eight months. Of late, repeated fits of influenza had weakened him, but still he worked on with the same unceasing ardour, and always refused to take a holiday. He was actually at work on his picture of Avalon till within a few hours of his death. When the fatal attack came, he had no strength to resist the shock, and in a few moments all was over.

Looking back upon the painter's life-work, we ask what was the secret of his greatness. Wherein lay his peculiar excellence? What, above all, were the individual qualities which are to be found in his work? It is never easy to define the art of a great painter, to analyse the charm of Giorgione's idylls or the perfection of Raphael's style. And it becomes still more difficult in the case of a master such as Burne-Jones, about whose creations there hovers a subtle and indefinable aroma. But

certain qualities stand out clearly in his work. In the first place, he brought to the service of art a great intellect and a rich dower of scholarship. When, many years ago, Mr. Ruskin introduced the young painter to Sir John Seeley, he told him that Burne-Jones was the most cultured and well-read artist whom he had ever known. Mr. Lowell was equally impressed with his wide knowledge and great powers of mind, and declared that Burne-Jones would have been a remarkable man if he had never painted a single picture. Certainly he read widely and thought deeply over many subjects. It was, no doubt, the intellectual side of his art which appealed in an especial manner to men and women like Walter Pater and George Eliot, both of whom were among his warmest admirers.

'Art works for all whom it can touch,' wrote George Eliot to the painter, some five-and-twenty years ago. 'I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me. It impresses me with the happy sense of noble selection and of power determined by refined sympathy. I was pleased to see that my mind had been touched in a dumb way by what has touched yours to fine utterance.'

From his youth the study of folk-lore had for Burne-Jones a peculiar attraction. Not only were the old Greek myths, the legends of King Arthur and the Holy Grail, and the tales of Chaucer dear to him, but the sagas of the Norsemen, the Edda and the Völsungsaga, Slavonic and Icelandic mythology, were equally familiar to him. He took especial interest in Celtic literature, and would dwell with delight on old Irish fairy tales, on the exploits of the hero Cuchullain who loved an immortal goddess, and the story of the white-handed Deindre whose wisdom and loveliness drove men to madness, or the return of the great Oisín, the son of Fion, from his three hundred years of fairyland. A Celt by birth, Burne-Jones naturally turned back to the ancient traditions of a race with which he felt so close an affinity. And in his own art we recognize all the distinctive qualities which Ernest Renan and Matthew Arnold attribute to the Celt—that habitual revolt against the despotism of fact, that deep sense of the awe and mystery in nature, which was the natural inheritance of the herdsmen, who in those primeval days roamed over the lonely hills and through the vast forests—above all, that passionate emotion and profound melancholy, that ever-present sense of an inevitable fate and of unseen powers in the air about us, shaping our lives and controlling our destiny, which still lives in the songs of Erin. Another feature of Burne-Jones's art was that love of rich colour and ornamental detail which is a well-known characteristic

teristic of the Celtic race. As William Morris once said in a lecture which he delivered at Birmingham, 'Burne-Jones was the first to bring that absolutely necessary element of perfect ornamentation into English art, and to carry its symbolic use to the highest point.' But to Celtic poetry and Celtic love of ornament Burne-Jones brought another and, a higher gift—that sense of beauty of form and line which is the peculiar heritage of the Latin races. To say that he slavishly imitated the art of the early Renaissance, and borrowed his types from Botticelli or Mantegna, is manifestly untrue. As a matter of fact he had travelled very little and his visits to Italy had been few and far between. He was only once in Rome, for three days, and knew little of Florence or of the other cities of Central Italy. But with instinctive sympathy he felt the strong bond that united him with these old masters, who shared his refined sense of beauty and tender spiritual feeling. As he often said, he was a painter of the fourteenth century born out of due time. Not Birmingham, but Assisi was his true birth-place, and St. Francis his patron saint. He saw life as these men saw it and caught their spirit. He looked back on the joyous world of the Greeks with the eyes of Chaucer or Botticelli, and transfigured common things with the glamour of old romance.

But his imagination was steeped in the art of many lands and ages. Greek vase-painting, Arab needle-work and Persian tiles, the mosaics of Rome and Ravenna, the Cathedrals of France and England, were all familiar to him. He knew the story of each carved relief on the west front of Wells or in the Chapter-house of Salisbury, and he could describe the mosaics of the Cappella Palatina at Palermo, or in the church of Monreale—although he had never seen them—as well as the statues of kings and queens in the Porte Royale of Chartres, or the Beau Dieu who looks down from the façade of Amiens. And with the instinct of genius he assimilated these scattered elements of beauty, to blend them together in his own work.

From the first he devoted himself to what is after all the noblest branch of painting, the rendering of myths, in which the highest aspirations of the human race, the religions of successive ages, are enshrined. In the words of Ruskin, 'he placed at the service of former imagination the art which it had not, and strove to realize for us, with a truth then impossible, the visions described by the wisest of men as embodying their most pious thoughts and their most exalted doctrines.' With one other 'greatly gifted and highly trained painter,' George Frederick Watts, Burne-Jones stood out before
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the world as the representative of the mythic school, which is the only native growth that has sprung up on English soil during the last fifty years, and owes nothing to foreign influences and the training of Paris or Munich. All these varied myths, whether Greek or mediæval, Celtic or Teutonic in origin, our painter interpreted after his own fashion, stamping the face of nymph and siren, of saint and angel, with his own individual passion, with the burden and the sorrow, the tangle and perplexity, of modern thought. And to his task he brought a strength of will and tenacity of purpose, a power of sustained effort, that is rarely found in the Celtic character. This is the secret of his innumerable studies of drapery and armour, of flowers and faces, all carefully thought out and finished with elaborate care. That mastery of form, that skill in the handling of drapery which makes each fold of the maidens' robes in the 'Golden Stairs' a marvel of decorative art, was not learned in a single day. Many a time the artist tried and failed, but at length the good hour came, the difficulty was conquered, and after that his hand never faltered at the task. So it was with every part of his work. He was never satisfied with anything short of perfection. Each picture was incomplete in his eyes unless it had 'a definite, harmonious, regulated, and conscious beauty.' Each little portion must be beautiful alike in surface and in colour, so that, as he told Mr. Spielmann, if all his canvases were destroyed and only four square inches of one of them were saved, the man who found the scrap might turn it over in his hand and say, 'I don't know what this represents, but it is a piece of a work of art.' And so he won from a French critic the high praise of being described as the only modern artist whose gifts of design, composition, and colouring were equal to the poetry of his conceptions.

This passionate endeavour after perfection, and complete absorption in his work, was the secret of his indifference to criticism. For years he stood like St. Sebastian, he used to say, a mark for the arrows of every sharp-tongued critic or ignorant journalist. But their shafts glanced aimlessly off his back, and neither abuse nor ridicule ever hindered the artist's development, or marred the sweetness of the man's nature. When honours came to him it was the same. 'What does it matter,' he said, when the news came that his picture had won the Médaille d'Honneur at Paris; 'what difference can it make if they give me a medal or not, if I only come near to what I wish to do in my art, and am unhappy in consequence?' And he used to say that after all these years the Himalayas were

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still in front of him, and that just as he was beginning to see a little more clearly into the true meaning of art, he knew the trumpet would sound and the end would come. It is the old cry of struggling humanity, ever baffled and yet pursuing its way 'upwards and onwards—towards the peaks, towards the stars.' Toilsome and incomplete is the artist's life here—'voll Müß und eitel Stückwerk.' But just because he sought to attain the infinite, because he had set this high ideal before him, and never hurried or scamped his work, never forgot the stars that were over his head, he has succeeded in accomplishing far more than most other men. He has fulfilled his genius, and set his stamp, not only on the art, but on the literature and poetry of the century. In Paris and Brussels and in more than one city of the *Vaterland*, *les jeunes* own him as a kindred spirit, an inspirer of great thought and lovely dreams. And by a strange fate, the English version of that poetic drama by Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian mystic, who had often sought inspiration in the art of Burne-Jones, and for whom the painter himself had so deep a sympathy, was acted for the first time, in London, on the very day when the great painter's ashes were laid to rest in that quiet country churchyard between the downs and the sea.

The fame of Burne-Jones will grow and the value of his work increase, there can be little doubt, in the coming years. His art will be reckoned among the forces that have helped to regenerate the world in these latter days, and, with the music of Wagner, the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, and the painting of Watts and Rossetti, will be recognized as forming part of a movement which is the natural reaction from the materialism of the present century and the rationalism of the last.

The artist, as Plato told us long ago, has many functions. His it is to teach and enlighten the State, to make life beautiful, and to draw the soul insensibly into harmony with reason. But, among them all, none assuredly is greater than the mission which he has received from heaven, to keep alive the sense of a world that is out of sight, and to show how the troubled waves of human life may dimly reflect the beauty and mystery of God. This Burne-Jones has done for us. This has been the master-passion of his life, this the gleam which he has followed along earth's dark and perilous ways. Like the Knights of Arthur's Table Round, he has gone forth on a divine quest, and his feet have never faltered in the search after truth and beauty. For this his name will be remembered among the world's great artists, for this, like his own Sir Galahad, he will be crowned king—'far in the spiritual city.'

- ART. IV.—1. *Das griechische Theater.* Von Wilhelm Dörpfeld und Emil Reisch. Athens, 1896.
 2. *The Attic Theatre.* By A. E. Haigh. Oxford, 1889.
 3. *Lehrbuch der griechischen Bühnenalterthümer.* Von A. Müller. Freiburg, 1886.

WE are at last in a position to examine and pronounce upon Dr. Dörpfeld's views in regard to the construction of the Greek theatre, and the character of Greek acting. It has been for many years a matter of general knowledge among scholars that the able Secretary of the German School at Athens held new and somewhat revolutionary opinions on these subjects. But hitherto Dr. Dörpfeld has left to others, notably to Dr. Kawerau in Germany, and Miss Jane Harrison in England, the task of advocating these opinions. To opponents of Dr. Dörpfeld's theories nothing could have been more embarrassing. It was necessary to criticize the writings of his exponents; and yet such criticisms, however thorough, could not be regarded as conclusive against the principal; for he might at any moment declare himself misrepresented, or produce arguments which had been omitted by his various interpreters. And the reputation of Dr. Dörpfeld as an authority on Greek architecture stands so high that it was almost impossible to dispute his views in matters in which architecture was involved, until he had himself given at length the reasons of his judgments. In these circumstances, those interested in the theatre of the Greeks could only reserve their opinions, until Dr. Dörpfeld should choose to break his long silence.

It is unnecessary to say that the volume before us is of inestimable value to all scholars interested, as which of them is not, in the glorious Attic drama of the fifth century. It displays fully Dr. Dörpfeld's lucidity of style and great learning, and embodies something of the personal charm which must have impressed everyone who has had the privilege of meeting Dr. Dörpfeld at Athens or travelling with him in the Peloponnese. Dr. Reisch also has shown himself a worthy colleague to his more brilliant co-author. But we may as well say at once that we do not consider the whole of the book as good as are some parts of it. And whatever Dr. Dörpfeld's merits may be, impartiality or a judicial frame of mind is certainly not among them. On the special point of the non-existence of a stage in the Greek theatre he is anything but convincing. Probably those who have been disposed to follow his authority in this matter will be surprised to find on how small an amount of actual evidence he relies. He trusts far more to what he con-
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the reasonable probabilities of the case. And in so doing adds to some extent his position of vantage. When he shows purely architectural evidence, and shows its force, few would care to break a lance with him. But when he speaks of the character of the Greek drama and of Greek acting, he is on a level with the ordinary scholar.

It is impossible here to examine the demonstrations of Dr. Dörpfeld in a manner which will satisfy scholars or archaeologists.

To do this would involve the citation of ancient authorities, the discussion of technical points, the introduction of numerous engravings. The only feasible plan is to consider from our own point of view, the setting of an ancient play, briefly considering the views of Dr. Dörpfeld and other authorities when they come in our way. To the

reader a very satisfactory work on the matter of our time is Mr. Haigh's '*Attic Theatre*,' a book marked by a soundness and sobriety of judgment which render it admirably adapted to be a text-book. We do not always agree with Mr. Haigh, but, setting aside technical and architectural questions, in which he cannot claim to be an authority, we think him a far more reliable guide than Dörpfeld or Bethe or Sommerbrodt, or most of the recent German writers on the Greek stage. Unlike some of them, he is 'rich in saving common-sense.'

In many years past there has been something like a rage for imitating on the modern stage the great plays of the Greek dramatists. In England the fashion was inaugurated by the performance of the '*Agamemnon*' at Oxford, in which Mr. Benson won the laurels. Cambridge, in 1882, replied to the '*Agamemnon*' with the '*Ajax*' of Sophocles, and since that time almost every year has seen a Greek play on the stage somewhere in the country.

Some of the best performances have been at Bradfield, where an energetic head-master has scooped a Greek out of a chalk-hill, and trusted, not quite wisely, to the effect of the English climate to spare actors performing on an open-air stage. Aristophanes has been almost as much in vogue as the Tragedians. The '*Birds*' was played with great effect of costume at Cambridge in 1883; and the '*Frogs*,' '*Lights*,' and the '*Wasps*' have followed. The universities of America have witnessed frequent revivals of ancient plays.

Lately the modern Greeks have taken to reproducing Attic drama—at all events, in the same physical surroundings as of old. If the miserable war between Greece and Turkey had not broken out, we should have seen in April last year members of the Hellenic corps of Paris performing a Greek play in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens.

Such

Such frequency of representation proves that the revival of Attic plays meets a modern need. Possibly we must not too closely inquire into the elements of which the demand is made up, or we might find that those elements were very much mixed. But he would be a surly moralist or a pedantic scholar who on strict grounds of theory would forbid a kind of exhibition which interests many and finds innocent occupation for a few. At the same time we are bound to say that, so far as knowledge is concerned, only the first experiments were of value, and that their continued repetition under the same conditions does not bring us any nearer to realizing the true spirit and conditions of Greek dramatic art. And those who fancy that the modern presentation of a Greek play bears any sort of likeness to its original production are much misled.

To bring before the imagination the Greek stage as it really was is no easy matter. Not only has the fancy to accept a view of the drama and of acting utterly foreign to all modern notions, but even the dry facts of the matter are not always to be recovered. If we examine the existing remains of Greek theatres, we find that almost none of them are of an earlier date than the fourth century B.C., when the spirit of Attic tragedy was already extinct. The prose-writers who give us information as to early play-acting, Vitruvius, for example, and Julius Pollux, are of far later times still, and it is impossible to be quite sure how far we can trust the sources of their antiquarian information. If we turn to our texts of the plays themselves, we find no written stage-directions, and it is very difficult to deduce them from the circumstances of the play. No one who does not start with some familiarity with the outside of Greek daily life and with the canons of Greek art is likely to attain any true notion of the original setting of a Greek play. And the chasm between ancient and modern ideas on acting, scene-painting, music, and dancing, is so vast that a modern actor or painter or musician is more likely to go astray in the matter than a less accomplished person.

A crucial proof of the truth of these assertions is furnished by the ancient use of masks. No modern revival has tried the experiment of covering the faces of all the actors with masks. And of course no modern audience would endure such a proceeding. Yet to the Greeks, the mask was no accident of acting, but of the very essence of it. In spite of all changes in plays and play-acting the mask kept its place as the one indispensable feature. The actor could no more have dispensed with the mask than the musician with the lyre. The use of the mask is impressed on every page of the plays which have come
down

down to us. It is strictly true to say that any one who reads a play of Sophocles or Euripides or Aristophanes without keeping the mask in mind will fail to fully understand it. He may enjoy it; and the deep human nature of which it is full may appeal strongly to his feeling and imagination, but he will not be able critically to appraise it, or regard it with the same eyes as did the audience for which it was written.

However, we must proceed more orderly. We must briefly consider, in turn, the form of the Greek theatre, its scenery, the actors, their dancing and their music, and the chorus, which held such an important place on the stage. Such is the ordinary order of discussion. Let us, however, vary it, and proceed from the known to the unknown. The form of the theatre is a disputed point, the nature of the scenery is a disputed point. The dress of the actor and the manner of acting can scarcely be regarded as matter of dispute. Let us then first of all deal with the acting, and we may find that we have in so doing advanced some distance towards the determination of what is more obscure.

Broadly speaking, the great distinction between ancient and modern art lies in the fact that the key of ancient art is set by idealism, and that of modern art by naturalism. In Greek painting, sculpture, music, drama, we find a recurrence of the same phases and the same contrasts. But only one of the arts of Greece is thoroughly known to us, the art of sculpture. A brief examination therefore of the character of Greek sculpture will show us what is likely to have been the tone and the purpose of other branches of art, including acting.

When anyone whose eye is accustomed to galleries of ancient sculpture visits such an exhibition as that displayed in the sculpture room of the Royal Academy, what most impresses him is the ugliness and poverty of the forms portrayed. On every side are emaciated limbs, badly-nourished bodies, ill-made joints. English sculptors seem often, instead of selecting the noblest figures as their models, to take out of the gutter ill-fed bodies, without physical training, and distorted by unhealthy living. No doubt in the French salons these defects are less prominent; but all modern sculpture, compared with ancient, seems to labour under the necessity of conforming to models, and models representing human nature not at its best, but often in a degraded state. Greek sculptors chose their subjects among the youths of the best families, who had been trained to take a part in the great games of Hellas. Not content, in the time of the great schools, to follow slavishly the outlines even of the most admirable of Olympian victors, they

they had also to gain something of the vision of man which the Demiurge had before man was made.

And the ideal was not stormed at a rush by the individual artist, but slowly approached, each generation coming a few steps nearer to it than that which had preceded. The hill of perfection was gradually mounted, each generation starting from the point reached by its predecessors. Beauty was accumulated from master to master. Professor Brücke of Vienna has admirably shown how notable beauties of the human form, very seldom met with in nature, never again disappeared from art when once they had been discovered and appreciated. In the same way a new and admirable attitude, a manner of displaying the turn of a limb through the folds of a dress, unusually agreeable proportions of the frame, when once observed, were not again lost sight of, but passed by a happy tradition from artist to artist. To the Greek artist man as he appears in sculpture is not entirely the creation of nature, but also of the artist, who combines and rearranges the best products of nature.

When we pass in sculpture from the individual to the group, the part of nature is less, and the part of the artist greater. Long training and many efforts taught the sculptors who composed the pedimental groups of temples, or who executed long reliefs, a multitude of laws as to balance and harmony, as to the proper relation of form to form and of attitude to attitude, which they guarded with jealous care. The liberty of composition of the individual artist was limited and not allowed to drift into licence. Architectonic principles and school traditions furnished a guiding line which all artists followed in essentials, diverging only in a moderate degree to right or to left. And as poetry owes its very existence to strict rules of metre and of rhyme, so the sculptures of a Greek temple are altogether dependent upon the strict limitations which called forth the inspired invention of the artist. In a good Greek relief no figure can be omitted, no attitude even changed, without an injury to the whole. It is as much an organism as is a starfish, or a team of cricketers set in the field.

If we turn direct from Greek sculpture to the Attic drama of the fifth century, we shall see that laws and traditions quite as severe as those which governed the plastic artist governed the dramatist. And the acted scene was quite as far apart from realism and as much under the yoke of the ideal as the sculptured scene. That which the modern dramatist aims at, to give his audience a vivid and accurate representation of things which have taken place, or well might have taken place, is
exactly

exactly what the Greek dramatist avoids. He tries by all means to keep the acted scene apart from the facts of daily life. His personages are the heroes and heroines of the mythic age of Greece. His plots are taken from the stock of tales evolved by the popular imagination in regard to the remote ancestors of the Hellenes. Even the external setting of the plays, scenery, dress, and the like, are all, as we shall see, calculated not to produce a vivid presentation of actuality, but to suggest something raised above the level of daily life into the region of the ideal.

Occasionally, however, the Greek tragedian does attempt a theme nearer to his own days in point of time. It is very instructive to see how he then proceeds. A good example may be found in the '*Persæ*' of Æschylus, the subject of which is the failure of the great expedition of Xerxes against Greece, and the glorious victory of the Greek fleet at Salamis. In the battle of Salamis Æschylus had himself taken a part. A great part of his audience had witnessed it with their own eyes. The ships of Phœnicia and the Median chivalry had been to all the people of Athens objects to be watched with anxiety and foreboding. It was precisely this familiarity of his public with the events which were the subject of his play that made the great difficulty for the tragedian. How could he avoid the snare of naturalism? How could he represent the deeds with which all were familiar without dragging down tragedy to the level of every-day life? The poet solved the difficulty by laying his scene not in Greece, but in the distant capital of Xerxes. Such distance was needed to lend enchantment to the view. The events of the war are reflected in a Persian mirror. The battle is described by a messenger who has witnessed it. But even that description is kept carefully on the same ideal level. None of the Greek leaders are mentioned by name. The hosts of Persia are overthrown not by the valour of individuals, but by the genius of the Greek race. When the Greeks built temples to commemorate the Persian defeat, they adorned their walls, not with vivid representations of the Greek victories, but with the mythic battles of olden time. The victories of Hercules and Theseus over the Amazons and the Centaurs and the taking of Troy were their usual themes. And, if sometimes temples do bear a representation of the conflicts of Greek and Persian, those conflicts are so generalized that we cannot say whether Marathon or Platæa or Mycale is the particular battle in the mind of the artist. Similar is the art of Æschylus in dealing with the failure of the Invincible Armada of Persia to lay low the pride and liberty of the Hellenes.

The dress worn by the characters of ancient tragedies was
designed

designed in the same spirit. Tradition gave the honour of its invention to Æschylus; and it was so appropriate and successful that it remained unchanged down to the latest days in which tragedies were acted. The whole purpose of it was to raise the actor above the common level of mankind, and to make him a dignified embodiment of the heroes who lived in the days when the heavens were nearer and the gods were more familiar. The height of the actor was increased by mounting him upon thick-soled buskins and by piling on his head a pyramid of hair. His bulk was increased by judicious padding, and his whole body wrapped in long trailing garments quite different from those of daily life, probably different from any ever worn by Greeks, but invented to correspond to a notion of what heroic persons ought to have worn, and not far removed from the trailing robes of the luxurious Ionians of the sixth century. The sleeves of these robes came down to the wrist, and their colours, as given us in ancient mosaics, were of a brilliant and varied character. Above all, the actor must hide his commonplace features under a mask. This mask was primarily intended to present a cast of features of ideal dignity with an expression of tragic gloom suitable to the plot of a tragedy. Secondly, it was probably adapted to increase the volume of the voice and to impart to it a high and resonant tone.

It is quite obvious that such a costume would be fatal to what is regarded in our day as good acting. The actor on his lofty soles and encumbered by his drapery could move but slowly and cautiously, and no facial expression was possible. The fact is that his acting came much nearer to what we should call recitation, recitation accompanied by appropriate gesticulation and movement, and studiously exact in delivery and pronunciation. When the ancients speak of an actor's qualifications, the thing they most regard is the voice—its strength and its harmony. Nothing so readily incurred the hisses of the audience as a vulgar or provincial pronunciation of a word. But we do not find that artists who recited well were hissed for their failure in action, unless, indeed, they tripped over their robes and measured their goodly length on the stage. The female characters were represented by male actors, often by the less efficient members of the set of three which was assigned to the author of each drama that received the right of public representation in the Theatre of Dionysus. There can scarcely have been any attempt to imitate the female voice. And an actor swathed in his robes certainly would not try to represent more violent female emotion.

The modern reader who realizes all this for the first time is
naturally

naturally surprised. But a few obvious considerations will soon abate that surprise. Ancient theatres were not like ours—small covered buildings carefully contrived so as to bring the spectators as near as possible to the actors. They were enormous constructions, without roof, and capable of accommodating ten or twenty thousand people. The play, which was entirely new to the audience, had to be followed word by word. Artificial helps to hearing and seeing were not known. Under such circumstances, the one imperative necessity was to enable the spectators at a considerable distance from the stage, that is, at least nine-tenths of them, to hear and to see what was going forward. Stage whispers and facial play would have been lost. Nor could a Greek audience have been held in suspense by interest in the plot of the tragedies. These dealt with the achievements and sufferings of heroes and heroines of a prehistoric age, whose stories were well known even to children, as well known as are to us the stories of Moses and David. The problem was so to decorate these old tales with poetry and music and dancing as to captivate the fancy of the people. And alike in acting and in scenery the first requisite was perfect clearness and distinctness.

The thought naturally suggests itself that the conditions of the Greek stage far more nearly resembled those of the modern opera than those of the modern drama. In the opera there is, of course, far more of convention and far less of realism in acting. In it the essential thing is to hear distinctly. But on the other hand in the opera the music is everything and the words of smaller account, whereas the Greeks never regarded music as more than an accompaniment and background to song. In all their art the emotional element was strictly subordinated to the more intellectual and logical element. Thus the opera presents us with a scarcely closer parallel than does the drama. We have to fall back upon the position that the exceedingly diverse conditions of ancient and modern life make it difficult for us to imbibe the spirit of Greek tragedy.

Of course the Greek comedy was much nearer to actual life; at least it was not studiously kept in the key of the distant past and the ideal. In the older comedy the theme was political, and the scene was laid in the market and the place of assembly. In the newer comedy the theme was taken from private and domestic life. A nearer approach to the dress, the sentiments, the manners of everyday life was here inevitable. But the external conditions remained. The actor had still to make himself clearly heard at a great distance, and to use only broad and easily followed action. And the Greeks from first to last could

could never, in dealing with the most ordinary matters, escape from the power of the ideal: this is their glory, and the source of all that they did for mankind. The dress of comedy was a compromise. The mask, without which acting was impossible, was retained. But the trailing robes of the ancient hero gave place to a comic exaggeration of the dress of daily life, and padding was used to excite the laughter of the easily amused audience. The vogue of the political comedy ceased with the political humiliation of Athens after the Peloponnesian war. It was succeeded by the comedy of manners, which in one form or another has lasted to our days. From the writings of Plautus and Terence we can judge the nature of the plays of Philemon and Menander. The characters in these plays were not individual, but typical. The young man, the father, the slave, the courtesan, are all moulded after a somewhat conventional pattern. There is little of psychological study. The plot is one of amusement or intrigue, and the characters are played one against another much in the manner of the pieces on a chess-board, where the moves of queen, rook, and pawn can only follow certain lines. Thus there is a natural propriety in the custom, which was certainly universal, of playing the comedies in masks. In the writings of Julius Pollux we find lists of the masks kept in stock for the purpose. It is by no means without interest. The author distinguishes nine masks of old men, eleven of young men, seven of slaves, three of old women, and fourteen of young women. Each of these was familiar to the audience, so that the entry of any particular mask at once suggested the kind of incident that was going forward.

A mask for an old man would have hair short, eyebrows mild, thin cheeks, downcast eyes, white skin, cheerful aspect; another would be leaner, more eager in aspect, sallow, and red-haired, with discontented look. The leading elderly man, a father no doubt, would be hook-nosed, broad-faced, with the right eyebrow drawn up: perhaps the difference between the eyebrows, in which the Greeks regarded much expression as concentrated, was introduced in order that by turning one side or the other to the audience he might seem in different humours. The pimp, who largely figured in these plays, had sneering lips, eyebrows drawn together, and bald head. Of the young men, one type was dark, with drooping eyebrows, and studious air; another was curly-headed and ruddy, with a single wrinkle in his forehead; another effeminate and pale, like a plant grown in the shade. The braggart soldier had dark skin and dark locks hanging over his forehead. The flatterer and the para-
site

site were dark-haired, hook-nosed, muscular; the parasite was distinguished by his ears, which had suffered in boxing, and his expression was more lively. Both had long and malicious eyebrows. The leading slave had a twist of red hair, forehead drawn together over the nose, long eyebrows; there was also the curly-headed slave, and other easily discerned varieties.

The women, few of whom were of good character, were also arranged as types. The superannuated courtesan appeared with hair sprinkled with gray. The virgin had as her distinctive mark hair smoothed down, dark eyebrows, sallow complexion. Some of the less reputable women of the play imitated her, but were distinguished by plaits of hair bound round the head; while the hardened courtesan appeared with hair hanging about her ears. The maid-servant, mostly attached to the service of women of loose character, had a snub-nose, and wore a scarlet under-garment.

However, we must return from the new comedy to the early tragedy of Athens, which, differing from it in almost every way, yet shares with it two features which mark almost all the intellectual products of Greece, the preference for types rather than individuals, and a rhetorical rather than an emotional character.

One of those features of Greek tragedy which are least easily understood by moderns is the chorus, who interposed with dance and song between the scenes of a play, or sometimes even took a share in the action. The chorus wore the mask, but not the buskin, and their dress was much simpler and less highly coloured than that of the actors. Being fifteen in number they were naturally ranged in three or in five rows. Their function was not merely to converse with the actors, to ask them questions, and to second their purposes, but also to sympathize with their sufferings, and by song and dance to impress upon the spectators the emotions which were appropriate to the play which was being acted. To revive the chorus on the modern stage is as difficult a task as to do justice to the characters of the drama. As the modern actor is certain to overdo the ancient role, so the modern chorus is certain to be too energetic and to attempt too much. It will be constantly trotting in single file round the orchestra or moving forward in line. The modern chorus knows that it is expected to dance, and our practice knows no other kind of dancing save rapid movements of the legs. But dancing is in origin a mimetic art. The Greeks understood by the term expressive actions of the arms and body at least as much as motions of the legs. In all southern countries there is a conventional gesture language which everyone under-

stands. In the streets of Naples movements of heads and hands are as readily followed as words. The language of gesture must have had great part in the activity of a Greek chorus. We are told that in the performance of his 'Seven against Thebes' Æschylus had the help in the chorus of one Telestes, a dancer who threw the whole action of the play into relief by his movements. Northern races display their emotions by attitude and gesticulation so little that they take refuge in action more violent, but decidedly of less meaning.

The use of music was an essential part of the setting of a Greek play. But here again we are liable to great misapprehension. Of all the arts music has in modern times undergone most rapid expansion, and it is difficult even in thought to realize the extreme simplicity of Greek notions on the subject. When music is introduced on the modern stage it at once becomes dominant; and thus we have the opera; while from ordinary drama both tragic and comic music is excluded, or introduced only in a few detached songs. The line between ancient music and declamation was very hard to draw, since music was held to be subordinate to speech. The tragic actors did not at any time speak in a natural voice—they declaimed in a sonorous and monotonous key; occasionally, where the regular iambic trimeters were varied by the admission of other metre, the declamation slipped easily into a recitative, accompanied by the sound of the harp and the flute. The chorus often merely, in the person of their leader, takes a share in the dialogue, or it falls like the actors into something approaching song, the words being accompanied by instruments and emphasized by characteristic movements of body and limbs. But if there was melody in Greek music, there was nothing of what we call harmony; and as it was necessary that every word uttered should be heard clearly at a great distance, any complicated musical rendering was altogether excluded.

We reach next the theatre itself, with stage-buildings and auditorium. The general form which it had in the later days of Greece is familiar to most scholars, and is admirably shown in some of the noted theatres of Greece recently excavated, such as those of the Piræus, Epidaurus, and Megalopolis. These vast theatres occupied an enormous space. In their construction the contrast of the Greek spirit with that of the Romans shows as clearly as it does in the making of roads. The Roman road runs straight with imperial stride over mountain and valley, through rock and marsh, a high bank, flattened at the top, much like our own railways. The Greek road adapts itself to the ground, following its rise and fall, making use of every
irregularity

irregularity and opening. Often it consists only of two grooves cut in the rock at such a distance apart that the wheels of cart or chariot would fit into them easily. In the same way, when the Romans built a great amphitheatre, they often constructed it, like the Colosseum, of solid masonry, piled high in contempt of the features of the ground. But the Greeks always so arranged their theatres in the hollow of a hill, such as abound in Greece, made of solid rock, as to compel nature to do the greater part of the work, and to guarantee its stability.

The three main parts of the theatre were the auditorium, the orchestra, and the *skênê*, or stage-buildings. The auditorium was notable not merely for its vast size, the theatres sometimes holding more than twenty thousand spectators, but also for its simple and practical arrangement, with abundant facilities for ingress and egress, runlets for rain water, and even long porticoes, where shelter might be had during a shower. In form it was like a broad horseshoe; and the space within the curve, a space corresponding in position to the pit and stalls of our theatres, was allotted to the orchestra. In this the chorus performed its songs and dances. Behind the orchestra rose the stage-buildings, a lofty and spacious edifice, affording to the actors not merely dressing rooms, but also living rooms. Sometimes the stage-buildings rose to a height equal to that of the auditorium; and the face turned towards the spectators was adorned with columns, looking like the front of a stately palace, such as the Greeks supposed the heroes of olden time, the usual occupants of the stage, to have inhabited. Along the front of this edifice was erected a long narrow platform, some twelve feet in height in existing instances; and it has always been supposed that the actors occupied this vantage ground. But of late, first Höpken and then Dörpfeld, followed by some German and many American scholars, have maintained that this stage was not thus used, was not in fact a stage at all, but only a background, against which, on the level of the orchestra, the actors took their stand amid the chorus. This notion is clearly of a revolutionary character. We may at once say that we regard it as untenable. But it is due to the attainments and the genius of Dr. Dörpfeld to give it at all events a respectful consideration.

Since, as everyone allows, the development or evolution of the theatre of the Greeks was gradual, let us try to fix certain points in that line of development. It was in Attica that the drama arose, and all the theatres in Greece may be regarded as descendants of that which occupies the side of the Acropolis hill at Athens. The Athenian Theatre of Dionysus is familiar to travellers, and of late years excavations, directed by the

unwearying energy of Dr. Dörpfeld, have enabled us to track its history by removing layer after layer of its gradually acquired substance. Its actual form dates largely from a restoration by Phædrus in the third century A.D., a restoration made with the object of adapting it to the requirements of the Roman rather than those of the Greek stage, at a time when the combats of gladiators were more to the taste of the degenerate Athenians than the performance of the masterpieces of Æschylus and Sophocles. The next marked stratum, to use the language of geology, is that dating from some five hundred years earlier, the time of the orator Lycurgus, who died at about the same time as Alexander the Great. To him Dr. Dörpfeld ascribes not merely the erection of stage-buildings of stone, but even the translation into stone of the auditorium, which had hitherto been of wood. And there can be no doubt that it was Lycurgus who completed the stone theatre of Athens. For we possess an inscription dating from his time which records the thanks of the people of Athens to one Eudemus of Platæa, for lending a thousand yoke of oxen for the construction of the theatre and other purposes. But it does not follow that because Lycurgus completed the theatre he entirely constructed it. Suidas has preserved for us the tradition that in the year 499 B.C., when Pratinas was exhibiting a play in the old wooden theatre of Athens, some of the wooden benches for the spectators gave way, and that in consequence the Athenians decided to construct a theatre in stone. It is very probable, so far as the published evidence goes, that this process of construction may have begun in the fifth century.

However, the very tradition which Suidas repeats testifies that in the time of the Persian wars the old theatre of Athens, which stood in the market-place, was of simple and primitive construction. The place of the stage-buildings was probably occupied by a simple tent. The auditorium consisted of wooden benches ranged up the hill or supported on a scaffolding. The only part of the whole which had already attained its full development was the orchestra, at that time a complete circle, probably centred round an altar of Dionysus, and paved only with earth. This is the real seed out of which both the ancient and the modern theatre have arisen, a circular dancing-place, dedicated to the god Dionysus, and used at those agricultural festivals in which the early Athenians showed their gladness at the harvest, and their gratitude to the divine powers which had given it.

But the dances and songs to Dionysus were a germ whence in the fertile soil of Greek imagination many things

spring. The road towards the development of the twins tragedy and comedy was taken when some personage among the revellers took up a stand and interspersed the songs with tale or discourse. It has recently been suggested by Dr. Reichel that he was probably in origin the priest of Dionysus appearing in the person of his master and acknowledging the homage of the throng. Presently he represented some hero of early Greek legend, or one personage after another, until in time something like a plot arose. And when the Attic dramatists added first a second and then a third actor their drama was already a finished though simple form of poetry.

So long as there was but one actor, a table or a wagon was a sufficient stage for his reciting. But even one actor required a tent, in order that he might change his dress. And when there was more than one actor, and some action went on, a longer stage became necessary. Horace, in a well-known line, writes that *Æschylus* 'modicis instravit pulpita tignis,' a phrase which we should render by 'laid down a stage on short upright poles,' and from this vantage ground on the edge of the dancing-circle, and amid spectators ranged round on scaffolding, were first pronounced the majestic lines of the earlier *Æschylean* plays.

The history of the actual stage, which is the part of the theatre at present occupying our attention, cannot be traced in detail. We have no certain remains of stage-buildings dating from the fifth century. When we reach the fourth century, however, the age of Epaminondas and Alexander the Great, we have extensive and fairly complete skeletons of the theatres of Athens, Epidaurus, Megalopolis, Eretria, Delos, and other cities. In these, dating at all events from the third century B.C., we find a stone stage some ten or twelve feet high, erected in front of the stage-buildings and touching the circle of the orchestra. At least, until lately no one doubted that it was a stage. But the contention of Dr. Dörpfeld is that it was no stage at all, but a mere platform for the erection of machinery and the like, and a background against which the actors stood. To this extraordinary paradox he seems to have been led by the conviction that a stage ten feet deep and twelve feet high, these being about the dimensions which we can recover, would not give room for scenery or space for the actors. Encumbered with their long drapery, and stepping painfully on high buskins, they would have run the greatest risk of falling over into the orchestra. Nor again would such a mingling of actors and chorus as certainly took place in certain scenes of extant tragedies have been possible, if the actors stood twelve feet higher than the chorus.

Dr.

Dr. Dörpfeld is no doubt the first of authorities on Greek architecture. But his authority in matters of Greek literature, history, and antiquities is not on the same level. And the arguments on which he relies are not mainly architectural. No doubt for modern acting and plays a long stage ten feet deep would be an absurdity. But it will be easily judged by those who have thus far followed us that to argue from modern to ancient acting is a very dangerous proceeding. We shall presently show how very simple were ancient scenery and stage effects. And we have already shown that ancient acting essentially differed from that to which we are accustomed. The ancient actor did not attempt to move rapidly; he did not attempt to portray excited emotions to the life; he merely recited with appropriate motions and schemes. He would have no difficulty whatever in confining himself even to the front of a narrow stage. When he had to mingle with the chorus, he could descend to the orchestra, or the chorus could ascend to the stage, by wooden ladders, of the existence of which we have definite evidence in vase-paintings.

Had the actors stood with the chorus in the orchestra they would have been frequently concealed from view by the chorus, and especially concealed from those spectators sitting in the foremost and lowest range of seats, who were the most important people present. Their voices, coming from so low a level, would have been less easily heard by distant spectators. The whole idea of the drama as a contrast between actors and chorus would have been lost.

We need not, however, waste time on considerations of mere probability. For we have definite evidence, of a most convincing kind. Vitruvius, writing in the time of Augustus, not only carefully explains the position and character of the Greek stage, but also gives particulars as to its size and construction, which closely correspond with the existing monuments. To suppose that he was writing in total ignorance of his subject is absurd. And recently in the theatre of Delos an inscription has been discovered proving beyond doubt that the stone platform in front of the stage-building was a *logeion* or speaking-place, not a mere platform for machinery. Dr. Dörpfeld has indeed tried to turn the edge of this discovery by maintaining the platform at Delos to be identified only as the *theologeion*, the place whence the gods spoke, when they appeared, as they often did in Greek drama. But this contention cannot be taken seriously; it is a mere subterfuge. It has indeed been said that in making the *logeion* a *theologeion*, Dr. Dörpfeld shows that his method is theological rather than logical.

ut while it is certain that in the fourth or third century actors spoke from a stage raised ten or twelve feet above orchestra, yet it does not hence necessarily follow that in fifth century, when the masterpieces of Æschylus and Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, were produced, this was prevailed. Dr. Bethe, for example, while he justly calls Dörpfeld's great book the grave of his theory, yet thinks in the fifth century the actors stood with the chorus in the orchestra, and that they were only moved to a stage at the end of fourth century, when the character of the drama changed, and the actors grew to colossal size. It is impossible either to establish or to refute this view by direct evidence, since, as we have already stated, there are extant no certain remains of fifth-century theatres. We have to argue from the indications of existing plays, and the probabilities of the case. And this is more to be regretted because the only question of world-historic interest in relation to the Greek stage is the inquiry how the great Attic dramatists intended their plays to appear on the stage. Until that can be determined we read the plays through a haze; though of course what is most human and inspiring is independent of mere outward setting. But surely the law of continuity speaks almost decisively in this case. We have seen that in the earliest times the actor at Athens spoke from a table, and that in the wooden theatre of the market-place Æschylus set up a low platform. Is it probable that when the theatre was removed to the Acropolis, and no doubt increased in size, that platform was abolished; but that somewhat later, when stone buildings were built up, a new stage was erected in stone? The supposition lies that a continuous force acted first in one direction and then in the other, first abolished and then restored the platform.

Several scholars have minutely examined the extant plays of the great Attic writers, in order to determine from their indications whether they were written for performance on a stage or in orchestra. We find no conclusion better than that of Mr. Haigh, who observes that there seems to have been a difficulty in the mingling of actors and chorus. It frequently happens that when we should expect them to approach one another they are deterred from doing so by an unexpected accident, or the arrival of a fresh character. This seems to indicate that actors and chorus were separated by a distinct barrier. That barrier was occasionally surmounted, when either actors might descend into the orchestra, or the chorus mount on the stage, which being very long would easily accommodate

modate them. But the awkwardness of climbing up or down narrow wooden stairs was clearly to be avoided if possible.

Some of the best English writers on the Greek theatre, Mr. Haigh, Mr. Jevons, and Mr. Ernest Gardner, as well as Dr. Müller in Germany, are of opinion that the fifth-century stage was of a decidedly less height than ten or twelve feet. This is extremely probable. In the fifth century the chorus was of great importance. Dialogues between the leader of the chorus and the actors were usual, and sometimes these came into physical contact. Under such circumstances a six-foot stage would be preferable to one of twelve feet. In the fourth century the chorus sank in prominence, and had less to do with the action of the play. It was natural that the physical distance between orchestra and stage should increase. Moreover, as the theatres grew vaster, the actors needed to be raised, that their voices might carry further and that their gestures might be clearer to spectators at the top of the auditorium. And there being, as we have observed, no decisive evidence, weight must be allowed to these considerations of suitability.

We pass next to the question of stage machinery and scene-painting. Here, once more, it is well to speak first of what is better known, the machinery; and afterwards of what is less known, the painting of the background.

Nothing seems to a modern more naïve than the use of certain contrivances by the great dramatists for producing effects which we attempt by far more elaborate methods. One of these was the *ekkyklēma*, a low platform running on wheels, and used to exhibit the interior of buildings. The Greek stage being very shallow and backed by a solid wall, pierced only by three doors for entry and exit, it was not possible to represent on the stage anything save what went on in the open air. But necessarily in many plays part of the action took place indoors. And spectacles of a revolting character, such as murders, were not regarded as fit to be publicly shown. So the dramatist had recourse to one of two expedients. The earlier, and perhaps the simpler, was to bring in a servant or messenger, who would narrate on the stage what he had seen behind it. A later device was to roll on to the stage a low platform exhibiting the results of action which had taken place, the dead body of Phædra, for example, after her suicide, from which Theseus took the incriminating letter, or Pylades and Orestes standing by the body of Clytemnestra, whom they had slain.

That the *ekkyklēma* was used by the great dramatists we know, because Aristophanes parodies it, wheeling out Euripides seated at his desk and writing a tragedy. The contrivance was a pure convention.

ation; but the Greeks were very tolerant of convention. If we look at the matter in a broad light, a modern change is at least as destructive of the illusion of reality as primitive contrivance. Another early stage-apparatus was a crane of the nature of a crane, which let down deities from heaven or carried mortals up to heaven. This was all done under the noses of the tolerant spectators. In *Aristophanes*, *Trygæus*, mounting through the air on his beetle, parodies the winged *Pegasus*, shouts to the machinist to have a care how he hoists him.

When stage effects were so simple, and illusion so little aided, it cannot be supposed that scene-painting would be elaborate. Nor was it necessary. The back of the stage with its three doors would pass equally well for house or for temple. And in nearly all the tragedies which have come down to us the scene is laid before a palace or a temple; in nearly all the comedies the scene is laid before private houses. In the *Æthiops Vincit* the scene is in *Caucasus*; in the *Philoctetes* it is a cave in the island of *Lemnos*. In these instances the scene, if represented at all, which is very doubtful, would be set up on the stage; but it is most unlikely that the front back of the stage would be blocked out.

The chief cause of quarrel with Mr. Haigh arises because he has an exaggerated notion of the use of scenery on the stage. He thinks that often the upper part of the stage-building would be concealed by a cloth painted to represent the sky, while the lower part would be hidden by a screen bearing representations of temples, or pillared halls, or open country, executed with deference to the rules of perspective. It is in his favour that ancient writers speak of an early introduction of scenery—*Vitruvius* ascribing the earliest scenes to *Agatharchus*, under the direction of *Phryllus*, and *Aristotle* attributing the invention to *Sophocles*. *Aristotle* is very vague; and the tradition recorded by *Vitruvius* is all but contrary to chronology, since *Agatharchus* lived towards the end of the fifth century, while *Æschylus* died no play later than B.C. 458. In any case, Greek vases furnish us with abundant testimony as to the condition of Greek stage-scenery in the middle of the fifth century. They prove that the scene was scarcely recognized or regarded at all in that age. Localities were indicated by a sort of short-hand—a tree for a wood, a shell for the sea-shore, a tripod or a pillar for a temple, and so forth. The paintings of *Polygnotus*, which date from the middle of the fifth century, were, as we know from the elaborate descriptions of them by *Pausanias*, without special effect and full of this symbolism.

In view of this fact, we are disposed to make a suggestion. There were in use on the Greek stage, at some period, contrivances called *periacti*, upright three sided posts, turning on a swivel. On each of the three-sides was depicted a different object, and by turning one side or the other towards the audience it was usual to suggest rather than to exhibit to them a change of scene. A tripod, we may suppose, would suggest a sacred place; the figure of a deity a temple dedicated to that deity; a rock a mountain-scene; a tree a wood. Now the writers on the Greek stage have commonly supposed that this contrivance belonged to a late age. But its very simplicity seems to suggest rather that it was quite early. It is very likely to have been in use in the age of the great dramatists. It is quite appropriate to the state of art in the fifth century, and quite in accord with early Greek ways of doing things. If more elaborate scenery came in at all, it would be likely to come in during the fourth century. But for our part we can scarcely believe that in any age the Greeks would hide from view the fine architectural fronts of their stage-buildings by colossal painted screens. It is true that at Megalopolis remains have been found of a long covered building, called in an inscription scene-house, *skanothêka*, and Dr. Dörpfeld has argued from its position and dimensions that it held a long upright scene which ran on wheels and was used to form a painted background to the orchestra and to the actors, who according to his view stood in the orchestra. But we are far more disposed to think that this scene-house really held the front of the stage, which was of wood, and was removed when the theatre and the great hall which stood behind it were used not for dramatic representations, but for political meetings.

Finally, the Greek stage had, almost certainly, no curtain, neither a curtain which was lowered like that of the Roman theatre, nor a curtain which was drawn up as with us. Hence changes of scene, except such as were indicated by the *periacti*, could scarcely be made in the course of a play. And but for the *ekkuhlêma*, it would not have been easy to dispose of corpses and other impediments. In fact in our extant plays, changes of scene are unusual, and when they do occur the change is but slight. In the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus the scene shifts from the temple of Apollo to the temple of Athena. In the 'Ajax' of Sophocles the scene shifts from the tent of Ajax to the shore of the sea. Only in a few cases, as in the 'Birds' and the 'Frogs,' is it difficult to understand how the audience could follow the changes of scene without better indication than the simple contrivances of the Greek stage were adapted to convey.

To some readers, accustomed to the display and the realism of the modern stage, that of the Greeks may seem to have been wanting in interest and amusement. There can be no doubt that an Attic audience, though more fastidious than a modern crowd, was more easy to hold and to amuse. The Greeks were nearer to childhood; and there are many illusions which satisfy children but which seem transparent to middle life. Yet it is a mistake to assume anything like an attitude of apology. Is it likely that two thousand years hence the plays of our contemporary stage will be studied by all the highly educated, and acted for the pleasure of the curious? Looking at the matter broadly and taking the Attic stage as a whole, plays, scenery, and acting, we surpass it only in the outward and material elements; in the higher matters of poetry and taste and feeling we have a vast deal yet to learn from Greece.

It is a general rule through history that when the drama stands at its highest, and is the expression of the best æsthetic and intellectual life, those who attend the theatre are content with very simple setting. We have shown this to be the case in Greece. It was the case in a still more marked degree in the London of Shakespeare. In the square courtyard of one of the great inns of the day, such as the 'Belle Savage' in Ludgate Hill or the 'Red Bull' in Bishopsgate Street, a rude stage was set up for the players, while the audience stood in the yard or sat in the balconies. Towards the end of the sixteenth century some of these inns were turned into play-houses, but without altering their character. The dresses and the scenery were of the simplest description; and, as is well known, the feminine parts, even those of Desdemona and Miranda and Portia, were taken by boys. This simplicity of setting left the dramatist the greatest possible freedom. At a word he could pass from city to forest and from palace to hut. Shakespeare would have been astonished to learn that in three centuries' time the resources of civilization would be strained to give concrete form to the places and backgrounds which he chose and varied as lightly as the bird changes her feeding ground. The modern setting of a Shakespearean play is a magnificent spectacle. And because those plays are full of the pure gold of genius, even such a setting fails to make them ridiculous. But surely many men of taste will agree with the King of Siam that it is better to read one's Shakespeare over the fire than to try to track out his creations amid a blaze of dresses and a wilderness of scenery, which had no place whatever in the imagination of the poet. But, of course, if the choice lies between such rendering of Shakespeare and his exclusion from

from the stage, we do not say that we should prefer the latter alternative.

We should say much the same of the revivals of Greek plays. The theatre on which they are presented is not like a Greek theatre, unless perhaps at Bradfield. The dresses used are the dresses, or meant for the dresses, of daily life, not those of the stage. The acting is modern, and such as would have been impossible in the days of masks. The music and the dancing are modern. Any scholar who reads a play of Sophocles or Euripides over the fire, can see, if he has any imagination, a setting of it infinitely nearer to the mind of the author than anything that in these days he will see with outward eyes. Yet we cannot bring ourselves to quarrel with any revival which, to many modern auditors, brings nearer the immortal masterpieces of the Attic stage. After all, only a minority are scholars, and a still smaller minority have any imagination. And in the hurry and crush of modern life that which does not reveal itself to the eyes is unlikely to occupy the thoughts. The alternative to the acting of a Greek play is not usually a fire-side study of it, but some other form of private theatricals.

And any means whatever must be good by which there can be infused into our well-educated young people some sense of Greek rhythm and proportion, of the clearness of thought, ideality of conception, and directness of touch which mark Attic literature. These qualities stamp the large simple and human works of the Greek tragedians when compared with modern plays. They are full of convention, they are without spice, they have no plot to speak of; yet he who has breathed their perfume commonly comes back with regret to the more meretricious charms of contemporary drama, and keeps in the background of his heart a little sacred space where the heroes of Greek heroic legend still mouth their sounding iambs, and the dance in honour of Dionysus still circles to the exquisite accompaniment of Greek choral odes.

ART. V.—1. *Lettres Inédites de J. J. Rousseau.* Publiées par Henri de Rothschild. Paris, 1892.

2. *J. J. Rousseau : sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* St. Marc Girardin. Paris, 1875.

THE circumstances under which Rousseau sought an asylum in England, and his residence here between January 1766 and May 1767, can scarcely be described as an unwritten chapter in his biography, because they have been treated with some fulness both by Burton in his 'Life of Hume,' and by Mr. John Morley in his well-known monograph on Rousseau. But Burton confined himself chiefly to Rousseau's relations with Hume; and considerations of symmetry, as well as the plan and design of Mr. Morley's work, necessarily precluded him from entering too much into detail about what was after all only a short episode in a long and somewhat crowded life. And yet this episode, we venture to think, well deserves particular attention. Nothing which concerns a man so truly extraordinary can be without interest; everything which can throw light on his peculiarities and character is of importance. The visit to England was the turning point of his life; it was more; it witnessed or occasioned the transformation of the author of 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' of 'Emilius,' of 'The Social Contract,' of the 'Epistle to Beaumont,' into the author of 'The Confessions,' of the 'Dialogues,' and of the 'Letter to General Conway.' It found him, no doubt, a compound as whimsical as Pascal's and Pope's picture of man, but consistent in inconsistency and perfectly intelligible; it left him a psychological problem almost as puzzling and fascinating as Swift. It is commonly supposed that the eccentricities which always distinguished him simply became exaggerated in England, and that he was essentially the same man between 1766 and his death as he had been before. This was certainly not the case. To speak of him indeed as losing the balance of his mind and as becoming actually insane will help us to no solution, for balance he never had, and insanity in the ordinary acceptation of the term is, for several reasons, out of the question as an explanation of his peculiarities. But a great change passed over him. He was no longer what he had been. His genius, it is true, burned at times as brightly as ever, but it became depraved and morbid. The noble traits which had for so many years more than redeemed his extravagance and folly reveal themselves only by glimpses. He ceased practically to be responsible either for his actions or for his utterances. It was not merely that he lost all control over himself and allowed his

his will to become the prey of every momentary impulse, of every caprice of fancy, of every accident of impression, but that he found a perverted pleasure in torturing himself with pure delusions, delusions as baseless and monstrous as the forgeries of madness. The world owes too much to Rousseau to do him injustice, and greater injustice could not be done him than to draw no distinction between his character and writings during the latter years of his life and his character and writings when he was in his vigour. Unfortunately, however, for his reputation he is best known and commonly judged by the work of his degeneracy, 'The Confessions,' the greater part of which was written during his residence in England, and by the impression made by his quarrel with Hume. But the Rousseau who penned 'The Confessions' and who quarrelled with Hume was not, we contend, the Rousseau who is the legitimate object of the homage and gratitude of the civilized world, but the victim of a mysterious and terrible malady, the first symptoms of which began to declare themselves shortly after he arrived in London. If we assume, as his biographers assume, that no real change took place in him, but that his normal and natural infirmities simply became accentuated, it is impossible to regard him with any other feelings than contempt and repulsion. And the assumption involves more; it casts suspicion and discredit on his career and character as a whole, on his sincerity as a man, on his sincerity as a writer. But if we assume what for our own part we believe to be the case, and what we venture to think a careful review of his residence in England will establish, then the true Rousseau becomes separated from the false, and profound commiseration takes the place of contempt.

A brief review of the chief incidents in his career from the summer of 1762 till he landed at Dover is a necessary preliminary to an account of his life in England. 'Ici commence l'œuvre de ténèbres dans lequel, depuis huit ans, je me trouve enseveli,' are the words with which in his 'Confessions' he opens the records of the second part of that year. And the clouds had gathered with appalling suddenness. It was two o'clock on the morning of the 9th of June in that year, and having just closed the Bible, in which he had been reading the story of the Levite of Ephraim, he had sunk into a half-dozé. All at once he was disturbed by lights and noises. An express had arrived from Madame de Luxembourg, enclosing a letter from the Prince de Conti. It informed him that the Parliament of Paris had resolved to arrest him as the author of 'Emilius,' and that he must fly at once. Leaving Thérèse to look after him and to settle his affairs he hurried off in a postch

direction of Switzerland. From this moment he knew no peace. The Parliament of Paris had set a precedent which other Councils were not slow to follow. Before the end of the month the Council of Geneva ordered 'The Social Contract,' as well as 'Emilius,' to be burnt, and forbade the author, under pain of immediate arrest, to set foot on their territory. The Council of Berne was about to follow, but he anticipated their action by removing to Motiers, in the Val de Travers, a principality of Neuchâtel, then under the dominion of Prussia. Here he was joined by Thérèse, and here for upwards of three years he resided, till the autumn of 1765. But he had no rest. He had scarcely settled there, secure under the protection of George, Lord Keith, the Governor of Neuchâtel, when he learned to his surprise that the Sorbonne had condemned 'Emilius' and censured its author. This was followed by a *mandement* of Christophe de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, against him, which affected him, he said, much more, for the Archbishop was a man whom he had always respected. He replied to this in what is the masterpiece of his polemical writings, the 'Lettre à Christophe de Beaumont,' which well deserves to be read by every one who would know what Rousseau can be at his best. He had scarcely answered the Archbishop when ignobler adversaries began to pester him. Eight years before he had been restored to the Reformed Church; he now publicly attended the services and was admitted by the pastor to the Communion. This greatly irritated his many enemies, and his condemnation by the Council of Geneva furnished them with a handle against him. But if he had many adversaries he had many partisans, and a furious controversy ensued. Matters became the more complicated because his case involved not only the whole question of the prerogatives of the Council, but a collision between the principles of civil liberty and oligarchic despotism; it was not simply a religious feud, but a political feud also. The allies of the Council and oligarchy took their stand with his persecutors, the opponents of both with his supporters. The Council found a voice in a series of letters, written with great vigour and ability by Jean Robert Tronchin, under the title of 'Lettres Écrites de la Campagne.' To these Rousseau, who had now taken the bold step of formally renouncing his rights of citizenship and burghership in Geneva, replied in his famous 'Lettres de la Montagne,' a work which, read with indignant sympathy, won him the fame of a martyr in every country in Europe. Nothing he ever wrote made a deeper impression, particularly in England. Tronchin had been an honourable opponent. This could not be said for his

next

next assailant. A more atrocious libel than the 'Sentiments des Citoyens,' which Rousseau attributed, but attributed erroneously, to the Pastor Vernes, never disgraced controversy. Rousseau's answer was its republication in Paris with a prefatory note stating that it was from the pen of a Genevese pastor, and he gave his name. Vernes denied that he was the author, as well he might do, for the real author was Voltaire.* Rousseau insisted, however, that the culprit was Vernes, and for some weeks, to the infinite amusement of the real culprit, asseverations and denials were bandied between them. The clergy of Neuchâtel very naturally took the side of Vernes, and Rousseau was admonished not to present himself at the next Communion. Against this he protested, but protested in vain. The whole place was now up in arms against him. He had in truth embroiled himself with enemies who never forgive, and who, if they are foiled at one weapon, have no difficulty in finding another; and the controversy soon travelled out of the domain of legitimate polemics. A conspiracy was formed to drive him out of the province by inciting the laity and peasantry against him. The attention of the orthodox who could read was directed to the Savoyard vicar's profession of faith in 'Emilius'; of those who could not read, to the deductions drawn from it by those who could, and to the censure of the Sorbonne. To the virtuous it was pointed out that he was living with a mistress, and this gave great scandal in a district where the *bourgeois* were scrupulous about such matters. His solitary rambles, his strange dress, and his eccentric habits became pretexts for circulating calumnies of all kinds against him. It was even rumoured that he was Anti-Christ, and in the eyes of the vulgar his Armenian furred bonnet, caftan, and cincture lent colour to the accusation. The wildest stories were current about the object of his botanical excursions; it was represented that he was a secret poisoner, and that under the pretence of botanizing he went about in quest of noxious herbs. But nothing it seems did him more injury than a report that in one of his writings he had asserted that women had no souls. This was a masterstroke on the part of his enemies, for it was one of those remarks which, in Swift's phrase, is levelled to the meanest intelligence. It struck home, as it was sure to do, going the round of every household in the province. Every lover, every uxorious husband, every

* See 'Voltaire : Œuvres Complètes' (Beuchot, Paris), vol. xxv., 309 *seqq.* with Beuchot's note. Mr. Morley and the biographers do not appear to be aware that this was one of the many monkey-tricks of Voltaire.

dutiful son and daughter, and every woman in the district, to a soul, joined the cry against this atrocious libeller of the sex.

At the end of the summer of 1765 the unhappy man found it impossible to remain longer at Motiers. Stones were thrown at him in the street; both he and Thérèse were insulted and assaulted whenever they went abroad. A diabolical plot was formed to kill him as he left his house, and it seemed certain that the only thing that could save him from assassination was flight. After some hesitation he resolved to betake himself to the Île de Saint Pierre, a charming little island in the Lake of Bienné, the beauties of which he has celebrated in the fifth of his '*Rêveries*.' Here for a few weeks he had peace, and here he wished and expected to end his days. But the island was in the jurisdiction of Berne, and scarcely had he settled there when he received notice from the Bernese government to quit the island and their territory within fifteen days. The blow was as crushing as it was unexpected. He knew that the decree was irrevocable, and that it was useless to resist it. All he could do was to gain time. He wrote to the Bailiff Graffenried, telling him that he would obey the orders of the authorities, but imploring him to request them to grant him a few weeks that he might make his preparations. Two days afterwards he followed this letter with another. It was a petition to the Bernese government to lodge him in a prison, where he would live at his own expense, and engage not to touch pen or paper or hold any communication with the outside world for the rest of his life. 'All my passions,' he said, 'are extinguished; nothing remains but an ardent desire for repose and retirement.' His miseries, he complained, were without example. To a man in health and strength the ceaseless distractions in which for many years his life had been passed would be terrible; to a poor invalid exhausted with weariness and misfortune and anxious only for the peace of death they were intolerable. But all was of no avail. He must quit the Bernese territory. What to do and whither to go he knew not. To return to Neuchâtel was out of the question. From any long journey he shrank in horror, for winter was approaching, and he was afflicted by a malady which made travelling not merely inconvenient but most distressing. But he had no choice; he must seek an asylum somewhere. Should he go to Vienna, where his friend, the Prince of Würtemberg, who had long wished the author of '*Emilius*' to undertake the education of his daughter, had already procured a passport for him? Or to Corsica, which had invited him to be its legis-

lature, and where he knew Paoli would welcome him with open arms? Should he accept Madame d'Houdetot's invitation to

settle in Normandy, or Saint Lambert's to settle in Lorraine? Should he join his kind patron, Lord Keith, at Berlin or Potsdam, and throw himself on the protection of the King of Prussia, who had already befriended him? This seemed the best plan. The 30th of October found him at Bâle, and the beginning of November at Strasburg, but so prostrated with what he describes as the most detestable journey which he had ever made in his life that it would be as impossible for him, he said, to go on to Berlin as it would be to go to China. At Strasburg he changed his plans, and, as he could not bear the fatigue of travelling to Berlin, he determined to accept an invitation which had been more than once pressed on him, but which he had always refused.

In no country in Europe was Rousseau more highly esteemed than in England. The most favourable reviews both of his '*Nouvelle Héloïse*' and of his '*Emilius*' had appeared in the English newspapers and periodicals. Long extracts from the first had shortly after its publication been a prominent feature in the columns of the '*London Chronicle*,' which had also instituted an elaborate parallel between him and Richardson. The '*Gentleman's Magazine*' had drawn attention to its beauties. Translations of it were widely circulated, and Julie, Saint Preux, Wolmar, and Lord Edward were as familiar to polite society on this side of the Channel as they were on the other.* '*Emilius*' was equally popular, though with a different class of readers, and its theories were discussed in print and in conversation by all who were interested in the topics which it treats. The hearts of Puritans had been won by the '*Letter to d'Alembert*,' a translation of which in the '*Annual Register*' closely followed the appearance of the original. The '*Social Contract*' had not been regarded with so much favour, but its audacity and originality had excited the keenest curiosity about its author. The cruel persecutions, moreover, to which he had been submitted in Switzerland and France, and the proscription of his writings, had been faithfully recorded in the public prints, and had won for him the sympathy of all friends of liberty. He was the native of a principality which had been in close touch with England ever since the days of the Marian exiles. Many distinguished Genevese had been associated with the Royal Society. Newton corresponded with Abauzit. Delorme, Francis d'Ivernois, and Mallet du Pan had upheld the British constitution as a model for Europe.

* In a letter to Madame Boy de la Tour he distinctly says that this was the reason of his coming to England. '*Lettres Inédites. Publiées par Henri de Rothschild*,' 1892.

Beauchamp de Genevois, de Marque, Alphonse Turretin, Tronchin, André de Luc, de Saussure, and Abauzit all had studied in the English Universities.* The friend whom he most loved and respected was a Scotsman, and in Gibbon, whose neighbour he had been in 1763, he had another link between Geneva and England. Nor could he have been ignorant of the hospitable welcome which another neighbour, Voltaire, had received in 1726. Though he could neither read nor speak English, he was well acquainted through translation with the writings of Addison, Pope, Richardson, and the masterpiece of De Foe, all of which had been influential on his genius.

As early as the spring of 1762, when Rousseau first sought refuge at Neuchâtel, the good sense of Lord Keith had seen that his only safe asylum was the asylum which Voltaire had sought. There he could enjoy what he never could enjoy on the Continent—'*placidam sub libertate quietem.*' This Lord Keith explained to him, promising to recommend him to his friends in England, and offering to place at his disposal a suite of apartments at Keith Hall, a residence which belonged to him in Scotland. Madame de Boufflers gave him the same advice, and both of them wrote to Hume. Hume's reply reached Madame de Boufflers when she was in London, in the summer of 1762. He expressed the utmost readiness to assist Rousseau, for there was, he said, no man in Europe of whom he had entertained a higher idea, and whom he would be prouder to serve; he revered his greatness of mind, '*which makes him fly obligations and dependence.*' He would instantly write to all his friends, '*and make them sensible of the honour M. Rousseau has done us in choosing an asylum in England.*' The English, he added, were happy at present in a king who had a taste for literature, and he only hoped that M. Rousseau would not disdain the benefits which such a king would be sure to confer on him. Hume then wrote directly to Rousseau, supposing, erroneously, that he was already in London. Meanwhile, Madame de Boufflers had translated into French those parts of Hume's letter which had reference to Rousseau, and forwarded it, though with considerable delay, to Neuchâtel. Rousseau read it with transports of delight, showed it to Lord Keith, and hurried, in ecstasy, to reply to it.

* *Que ne puis-je espérer de nous voir un jour*—so runs the conclusion of his letter—'*rassemblés avec Milord dans votre commune patrie, qui deviendrait la mienne! Je bénirois, dans une société si*

* See M. Joseph Texte's '*J. J. Rousseau et les Origines du Cosmopolitisme Littéraire.*'

douce, les malheurs par lesquels j'y fus conduit, et je croirois n'avoir commencé de vivre que du jour qu'elle auroit commencé. Puis-je voir cet heureux jour plus désiré qu'espéré! Avec quel transport je m'écrierois en touchant l'heureuse terre où sont nés David Hume et le maréchal d'Écosse :

“Salvo, fatis mihi debita tollus !

Hic domus, hæc patria est.” *

He regrets the mistake he had made in settling at Motiers instead of going on to England. The truth is, as we learn from one of his letters to Madame de Boufflers, that he could not bear the idea of living in a town, that he feared the long journey, that his means were not sufficient to support him in England, and that he would not submit to increase them by accepting gratuities ; and above all, that he feared he should not be popular with the English people, because of a remark which he had made about them in ‘Emilius.’ The remark to which he refers is in a note in the second book :—

‘Je sais que les Anglois vantent beaucoup leur humanité et le bon naturel de leur nation, qu'ils appellent *good natured people* ; mais ils ont beau crier cela tant qu'ils peuvent, personne ne le répète après eux.’

But perhaps his chief reason was one which both prudence and courtesy induced him to conceal. He neither understood the English nor cared for them. He says in his ‘Confessions’ that when Madame de Verdelin urged him to write to Hume to reopen the arrangements for his reception in England :—

‘Comme je n'avois pas naturellement de penchant pour l'Angleterre, et que je ne voulois prendre ce parti qu'à l'extrémité, je ne voulus ni écrire ni promettre.’

And this is no doubt the real explanation of the course he took. But what he would not urge himself, Madame de Boufflers, Madame de Verdelin, and Lord Keith had been urging for him. Accordingly, at Strasburg he received another letter from Hume, offering to escort him to London, and to make arrangements for establishing him there. Hume was at this time at the height of his reputation, both socially and as a man of letters. He had just been Chargé des Affaires d'Angleterre, the idol of the *ruelles* and *salons*, and, as a philosopher and historian, the object of a homage so fulsome and extravagant that it astonished even himself. Rousseau was not insensible of the honour of having so distinguished a chaperon ; and so, after some coquetting, he consented, under the auspices of Hume,

* ‘Correspondance,’ February 19th, 1763.

to confer on the King of England the honour which he had intended to confer on the King of Prussia. 'Tout bien pesé, je me détermine à passer en Angleterre,' he wrote to Peyrou. 'Vos bontés, monsieur, me pénètrent autant qu'elles m'honorent: la plus digne réponse que je puisse faire à vos offres est de les accepter, et je les accepte,' he wrote to Hume; and the second week in December found him in Paris. A few hours after his arrival he was locked in the arms of Hume.

His appearance in Paris was the signal for very remarkable demonstrations. The *noblesse* at the Court, ladies and gentlemen of fashion, men of letters, *savants*, and the mob in the streets, vied with one another in attempting to get access to him.

'It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm of this nation in his favour,' wrote Hume to Blair; 'as I am supposed to have him in my custody, all the world, especially the great ladies, tease me to be introduced to him; Voltaire and everybody else are quite eclipsed by him.'

The awkward thing was that the *arrêt* of the Parlement had not been recalled, and as he insisted on parading the gardens of the Luxembourg in his Armenian habit, and so attracting public attention to the fact that he was defying the law, the police warned him not to protract his visit; otherwise neither the passport of the Prince de Conti nor the precincts of the Temple would prevent his arrest.* He took the hint, and on the 4th † of January, 1766, he quitted Paris with Hume and a Genevese friend, M. de Luze. At Calais they were detained by contrary winds, and it was not until the night of Saturday or Sunday, the 11th or 12th of January, or it may have been a few hours earlier, that they were able to sail. In any case, they arrived in London on Monday, the 13th.‡ The passage from Calais to Dover, which took twelve hours, was anything but an agreeable one. The sea was running high; the night was very dark, and the cold so intense that the sailors were almost frozen to death. Hume went below, and suffered severely from seasickness; but Rousseau courageously remained on deck, drenched with the spray and drizzle, and chilled to the bone with the cold. At last Dover was reached and the friends disembarked. What ensued Rousseau has himself described.

Transported by the thought that he had at last set foot on the

* Grimm's 'Correspondance,' Part L, vol. v., p. 124.

† *Ibid.*, and this date is borne out by his letters to Madame de Créquy and Madame Latour.

‡ 'London Chronicle'; 'Gentleman's Magazine'; Rousseau's letter to Madame de Boufflers, January 18th, 1766.

land of liberty with so illustrious a man as his escort, he suddenly fell on the astonished Hume's neck, hugged him passionately in silence, and covered his face—'that broad unmeaning face,' pea-green, no doubt, from recent affliction—with kisses and tears. This little scene over, they started for London. It was soon known that 'the celebrated M. Rousseau,' as the newspapers called him, had arrived. 'All the world,' said the 'London Magazine,' 'are eager to see this man, who by his singularity has drawn himself into much trouble';* and in a few days he became almost as much the rage in London as he had been in Paris. The Hereditary Prince, the King's brother-in-law, called on him incognito; the Duke of York, it would seem, called on him and missed him. General Conway, then Secretary of State, and Lady Aylesbury expressed eager desire to be introduced to him. Garrick not only gave a supper in his honour at his house in the Adelphi, where a distinguished company were invited to meet him, but paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him†—Lusignan, in Aaron Hill's 'Zaire,' and the triple character of the poet, Frenchman, and drunken man, in 'Lethe.‡' Rousseau's behaviour on this occasion was characteristic. Garrick had fixed Thursday, the 23rd of January, for the promised performance, and had reserved a box for him opposite to the box which the King and Queen, who were expecting to see him, would occupy. But when the time came to go to the theatre, Rousseau said that he had changed his mind and would stay at home. There was no one, he explained, to look after his dog, which, if the door happened to be opened, would run away in his absence. 'Lock the door, then,' said Hume, 'and put the key in your pocket.' This was accordingly done; but as they were going down stairs the dog began to howl. Upon that Rousseau rushed back, and said that he had not the heart to leave him in such distress. Hume insisted that as the King and Queen were looking forward to seeing him, and Mrs. Garrick had dismissed another company to make room for him, it would be absurd to disappoint them for no other reason than the impatience of a dog. Still the humane master was not persuaded, and Hume had the greatest difficulty in inducing him to keep his engagement. It is probable that courtesy towards Mr. and Mrs. Garrick had more weight with our eccentric guest than the gratification of royal curiosity. On arri-

* 'London Magazine,' 1st January, 1766.

† Cradock's 'Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs,' vol. i., pp. 205-6.

‡ Cradock says Lord Chalkstone, but this is evidently an error; Cradock's account certainly refers to this occasion.

ving at the theatre they found it crowded to excess, for curiosity to see him was not confined to royalty. He was sufficiently conspicuous, for he wore his Armenian habit. He happened to enter his box at the very time the King and Queen entered theirs. During the whole performance it was observed that they took more notice of him than of the actors; but this perhaps was not so much a testimony of admiration as of surprise, for he appears to have behaved in a most extraordinary manner. He cried, he laughed, and became so wild with excitement that Mrs. Garrick was obliged to hold him by the skirts of his coat to prevent him falling out of the box into the pit. After the performance he went up to Garrick and said in French: 'I have cried all through your tragedy and laughed through all your comedy, without being at all able to understand the language.'*

And now Hume's troubles began. He had made himself responsible for the subsistence and comforts of a man on whom the eyes of all Europe were turned, but who took a perverse pleasure not only in defeating every effort which could be made on his behalf, but in placing himself and his friends in ridiculous positions. His inordinate vanity, which amounted to monomania, found its chief gratification in affecting a superiority to all those distinctions which are commonly associated with reputation and fame, and in insulting the world with the contrast between his enormous importance in all that constitutes real eminence, and the poverty and meanness in which he affected to live. That all London should be running after a philosopher who had lodgings in St. James's, and who lived as his friend Hume lived, would have afforded him no gratification, but that all London should be running after a recluse who occupied with a dog and a mistress two rooms in a farmer's cottage at Chiswick—that was quite to his taste. Hume's first negotiation was with a market-gardener at Fulham, and Diogenes himself might have been satisfied with the accommodation offered. It was a wretched cabin with only a single room to let, containing two beds, one of which was occupied by a sick person. This was sufficiently picturesque, but this would hardly meet the case, as Thérèse was expected from Paris in a few days. Then Chiswick was tried, and in a farmhouse there the exile was for a while restlessly settled. Here he was joined by Thérèse, who had the honour of being escorted from Paris by Boswell, a circumstance which Boswell very judiciously did not communicate to his friend Johnson.

* Cradock's 'Memoirs,' vol. i., pp. 205-6; 'London Chronicle' for January 23-25.

Rousseau's fidelity to this wretched woman is partly to be explained, as Mr. Morley suggests, by his cynical contempt for mere literary culture, social accomplishments, and social position; partly by the fact that he found repose and amusement in her passive stupidity; and partly by the sentiment engendered by long association. To his vanity also this connexion administered, for it was at once a proof of his social independence and of his indifference to social distinctions. But as with Swift so with him: the *parvenu* underlay the cynic; and he has himself recorded the 'ineffable pleasure which the spectacle of Madame la Mareschale de Luxembourg publicly embracing Mademoiselle Thérèse Le Vasseur' afforded him.

He gave Hume no rest. Chiswick, he said, was too near London, and he was pestered with callers and starers—which was not surprising, as the reviews and newspapers had been and still were full of gossip about him. The public curiosity and the public sympathy had been greatly increased by four notices in the 'Monthly Review,' the 'London Magazine,' and the 'London Chronicle,' giving elaborate accounts of the persecution to which he had been subjected.* This naturally attracted the friends of liberty and toleration, then prominent through the Wilkite agitation, who honoured him as a hero and pitied him as a martyr in those sacred causes. Thus conspicuous he made himself more so by going about in his Armenian dress. But the homage which flattered, fretted and embarrassed him. He must get away; he must have repose. He hated cities and crowded streets. Hearing of an old monastery in Wales he said he would go and settle there. Wales would remind him of Switzerland, and in Wales he was sure he could live and die in peace. This fell through. Then a Mr. Stanley offered him a residence in the Isle of Wight, but the Isle of Wight was windy, had bare hills, no trees, and people who would bore him. As soon as it was known, and Hume no doubt took care that it should be known, that he was in search of a residence, several gentlemen most generously came forward and offered him apartments in their country houses. Among others a Mr. Townshend, a wealthy man, who was a great admirer of his writings, invited him to live in his house, and, to relieve him of any sense of obligation, offered to take any sum he pleased for his board. But Mr. Townshend was married, and as Rousseau made it a condition that his *gouvernante*, as Thérèse was now called, should occupy a seat at Mrs. Townshend's

* For January (1766); for February; for January 16th and February 4th, in which there is a sketch of his life.

dinner-table, the proposal fell through. At last a solution of the difficulty seemed at hand. He went down with Hume into Surrey, where he spent two days at the house of a Colonel Webb. He was delighted with 'the natural and solitary beauties of the place,' and thought and said that he could be happy there. Hume accordingly negotiated with Colonel Webb for the purchase of the house, and a small estate adjoining. And here it was hoped that Rousseau would settle at last. But he suddenly changed his mind. Though the place was fifteen miles from town, it was not, he grumbled, sufficiently out of the world and out of the range of visitors; so this fell through. And now he took it into his head that he would receive no letters. They had cost him from twenty-five to twenty-six *louis d'or* at Neuchâtel, and he would pay postage no more. Accordingly the next time Hume, to whom his letters were directed, brought a cargo of them to Chiswick, he was told to send them back to the post-office. Hume explained that if they were taken back they would be opened and read, and that all his secrets would be known, which would neither be fair to himself nor fair to his friends. He replied impatiently that he did not care. It is quite possible that Hume, seeing the inconvenience which would be likely to result from such folly, and thinking it better that he and not strangers should be acquainted with his friend's concerns, took on himself to sift the correspondence, and so gave a handle to the accusation which Rousseau afterwards brought against him.

Hume had meanwhile been endeavouring to serve him in other ways. When they were detained at Calais he had asked him whether, if it were offered, he would accept a pension from the King. He replied he should be guided entirely by what his friend Lord Keith advised. Hume, having no doubt about what Lord Keith's opinion would be, immediately after his arrival in London applied to General Conway, then Secretary of State, and General Græme, Secretary and Chamberlain to the Queen, and asked them to lay the matter before the King. Their application was successful, and it was arranged that Rousseau should have a pension of a hundred a year, on condition that the grant of it should not be publicly known. To this condition he acceded, but the matter remained in abeyance in consequence of the illness of General Conway. A grant without such a condition would have been more gratifying, no doubt; that such a condition should have been imposed is not surprising. The favour with which Rousseau was regarded was by no means universal. The crowd who had not read the '*Nouvelle Héloïse*' and the '*Social Contract*' might run to stare

at him; leaders of fashion like Lady Aylesbury and Lady Kildare might cry to Hume, with gushing Mrs. Cockburn, 'O bring him with you; the English are not worthy of him. Sweet old man, he shall sit beneath an oak and hear the Druid's songs; bring dear old Rousseau.' But there were many like Gray and Burke, who would probably have felt that he never had a flash of truer intuition than when he said, in reference to his writings, '*Je crains toujours que je pêche par le fond, et que tous mes systèmes ne sont que des extravagances,*' and there were still more who would have echoed Johnson's sentiments when he was asked by Boswell whether he *really* thought Rousseau a bad man: 'If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men, a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame he is protected in this country.' But Johnson was a bigot, Gray a recluse, and even Burke had his limitations. There is an interesting passage in Madame d'Arblay's '*Diary*' illustrating the impression which Rousseau made on his royal benefactor:—

'Mrs. Delany told several anecdotes, which had come to her immediate knowledge, of Rousseau while he was in England. . . . The King too told others which had come to his own ears, all charging him with savage pride and insolent ingratitude. . . . "Some gratitude, sir," said I, "he was not without. When my father was in Paris, which was after Rousseau had been in England, he visited him in his garret, and the first thing he showed him was your Majesty's portrait."'

But to return. Among the friends to whom Hume had spoken about his difficulties in suiting the humours of Rousseau was a Mr. Davenport, a wealthy and accomplished country gentleman, who, in addition to other residences, had a *château* which he seldom occupied at Wooton, near Ashbourne, in the Peak of Derbyshire. It was sixteen miles from any town, and, surrounded by rocks and forests, stood by itself on the slope of a high hill looking down on a wild and picturesque valley. It had scant attractions except to lovers of nature and solitude, for a few scattered farms, a small hamlet, and here and there at wide intervals a country house, were its only immediate links with human society. The climate during the greater part of the year was heavy and humid, the weather in the winter and early spring piercingly cold, and though the scenery was eminently picturesque and imposing it was somewhat sombre and austere. Rousseau was entranced with the description of the

place—it was the very spot in which he desired to end his life.* Mr. Davenport would willingly have placed the house at his disposal and boarded him also gratuitously, and such was his intention; but Hume explained to him that such an offer would be regarded as an insult by his sensitive *protégé*. Rousseau's income, derived partly from contracts with his booksellers and partly from a small annuity which he had been persuaded to accept from Lord Keith, the only friend whom he had so honoured, amounted to about 80*l.* a year, and Hume suggested that out of this he should pay for himself and his *gouvernante* 30*l.* To this proposal Mr. Davenport good-naturedly acceded; so Rousseau and Thérèse left Chiswick for Wooton. But the evening before their departure a very remarkable scene was witnessed in Hume's lodgings, in Lisle Street, including a repetition of the embarrassing demonstration on the beach at Dover. To explain this we must go back.

Some six weeks before, Hume wrote to Blair: 'The philosophers of Paris foretold to me that I could not conduct Rousseau to Calais without a quarrel; but I think I could live with him all my life in mutual friendship and esteem.' The philosophers of Paris had more discernment than he gave them credit for, as he was soon to see. One evening at Madame Geoffrin's, not long before Rousseau and Hume left Paris, Horace Walpole was joking about Rousseau's affectations and absurdities, and especially his boasts about his importance in the eyes of great people. What fun it would be, he suggested, to concoct a flattering letter to him from the King of Prussia inviting him to Potsdam. On his return home he set to work and sketched the letter. Next day he showed it to Helvetius and the Duc de Nivernois, who were so amused with it that, after revising some faults in the language, for it was in French, they persuaded Walpole to allow copies of it to be circulated privately among their friends.† In a few days it was all over Paris. It was not a very brilliant *jeu d'esprit*,‡ but it made an extraordinary

* For an elaborate description of Wooton and the neighbourhood see Rousseau's letter to Madame de Luze, May 10th, 1766.

† Letter to Hume, July 10th, 1766.

‡ As it is not very long it may be transcribed. It is printed in Burton's 'Life of Hume,' vol. ii., p. 321:—

MON CHER JEAN JACQUES.—Vous avez renoncé à Genève, votre patrie. Vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décreté; venez donc chez moi. J'admire vos talents; je m'amuse de vos rêveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop et trop longtemps. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux; vous avez fait assez parler de vous, par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme: démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fâchera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible: je vous veux
du

extraordinary sensation, or, as Walpole put it, 'an enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event like a parcel of hens.' The news of it soon spread to England, and in the 'British Chronicle' for January 31, among the foreign news appears: 'A letter is handed about Paris said to be written by the King of Prussia, but it is not well authenticated.' Before this notice appeared, Hume told Rousseau of the letter, which seems at first to have made very little impression on him, as he supposed it was one of the fabrications of his old enemies at Geneva. At last he heard a rumour that it was Walpole who had given currency to it. Walpole he knew was a friend of Hume's. Upon that he asked Hume if the rumour was true; but Hume parried the question, having unfortunately a moment before given him a letter authorizing Walpole to bring some important papers belonging to Rousseau from Paris. This raised Rousseau's suspicions. Could Hume have been a party to the cruel hoax; could he be in league with his persecutors? He had already been surprised to find that a son of one of the bitterest of his enemies at Geneva, the physician Tronchin, was not only on the most intimate terms with Hume but was actually lodging with him, a circumstance which Hume had lamely explained by saying that the son was not like the father. He then remembered that many of his letters had been opened, that the newspapers had of late ceased to pay him compliments, and that he and Thérèse had been treated with marked coldness by one of the ladies in the house. He called to mind also a very extraordinary incident which had happened on the way from Paris to Calais. Hume and himself had occupied the same bedroom at an hotel. In the middle of the night he heard David crying out in his sleep, not once only, but several times, and with a vehemence which was quite frightful: 'Je tiens J. J. Rousseau! Je tiens J. J. Rousseau!' He had endeavoured to interpret the words as favourably as possible, and to laugh off, next morning, the terror they had caused him; but there could be little doubt what they meant—David had, in the English phrase, 'got him,' got him as a hunter gets his prey. All this was rankling in his mind when he had a last interview with Hume before setting out for Wootton. They had just finished supper. Thérèse had retired and Hume and he were sitting in

du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez; je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits; et, ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, j'en cessai de vous persécuter, quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'enfer.

Votre bon ami,

FREDEMAN
silence

silence before the fire. During supper both Thérèse and himself had been perplexed and distressed by the way in which their host had been fixing them alternately with his eyes, and by the 'diabolical expression' in them. And now that the friends were alone these stares were repeated. Rousseau tried to return them; it was impossible; he quailed under them; he nearly fainted. All his suspicions were corroborated; but no—he looked again—if the glances were those of a devil, the features were those of an honest man. He was struck with remorse; he despised himself. He rushed forward, threw himself on Hume's neck, hugged him in ecstasy, and with a face bathed in tears and a voice choked with sobs cried passionately: 'Non, David Hume n'est pas un traître, cela n'est pas possible; et s'il n'étoit pas le meilleur des hommes, il faudroit qu'il en fût le plus noir.' The scene must have been sufficiently embarrassing to Hume, but he remained perfectly calm, politely but coldly 'returned the caresses,' patted his hysterical friend several times on the back, exclaiming, 'Mon cher monsieur! Quoi donc, mon cher monsieur?' and without further comment retired to bed.*

Rousseau, with Thérèse, arrived at Wooton in the third week of March, but in a bad temper and with another grievance. Mr. Davenport, wishing to save him the expense of the journey, or rather to reduce it to a trifle, had, with delicate kindness, resorted to a little stratagem. He had chartered a return chaise, pretending that it was a public conveyance which happened by good fortune to be starting at the very time Rousseau was to leave London, which was on the 19th of March, and to disguise his charity the more effectually had even gone so far as to have an advertisement inserted in a newspaper announcing its departure. But by some means Rousseau's suspicions were aroused. He challenged Hume on the subject, and accused him of conniving with Mr. Davenport in insulting him. He was not a beggar, he would live on no man's alms; nothing, he said, could have given him greater offence.†

Shortly after his arrival at Wooton he wrote to Hume two most friendly letters, calling him his dear patron, and expressing his gratitude for all he had done for him. But the suspicions which he had entertained of him had not been disabused, and

* Of this absurd scene Rousseau has given four full accounts—in a letter to Madame de Boufflers, in one to Malesherbes, in the long one to Hume, and in his 'Récit des Particularités de la Vie de J. J. Rousseau.' See too Hume's 'Succinct Account,' but in a letter to Dr. Blair Hume attributes Rousseau's conduct simply to his annoyance about the postchaise.

† Letter to Peyron, October 4th, 1766.

in a letter to d'Ivernois, dated only two days after his second letter to Hume, he speaks of Hume's intimacy with Tronchin's son, of his being 'très lié encore à Paris avec mes plus dangereux ennemis,' of the fact that the newspapers had ceased to speak favourably of him, and that his letters had been suppressed and opened; he shows in fact that all his old grievances, real or imagined, against Hume were still rankling. A week after his arrival at Wootton he wrote to Mr. Davenport earnestly requesting that he would take care that his letters should not pass through any other hands than his own or those of his servants, asking him to keep this request secret, and adding that 'some day when we know each other better I will tell you more about this.*' And now an event occurred which brought matters to a climax. On the 3rd of April the forged letter was printed both in French and English in the 'St. James's Chronicle,' and two days afterwards it appeared in translation in the 'British Chronicle' and in the 'London Chronicle.' Rousseau was furious. He wrote off at once to the editor of the 'St. James's Chronicle,' complaining of the insult done to the King of Prussia as well as to himself, pointing out that its insertion with Frederick's name attached to it was connivance with forgery, and apprising the editor that it had been fabricated in Paris; and he added: 'Ce qui navre et déchire mon cœur, l'imposteur a des accomplices en Angleterre.' Rousseau's letter, with an editorial note prefixed, appeared on the 10th:—

'The imposture was a very innocent one, and we do not imagine that many readers were deceived by it; we are told that it was a *jeu d'esprit* by an English gentleman now at Paris, well known in the catalogue of noble authors.'

In the same paper appeared a letter to Rousseau, purporting to be written by a Quaker signing himself 'Q. A.':—

'Ne t'effarouches pas une bagatelle; tu es ici dans un pays de liberté; la liberté a ses inconveniences, comme vous voyez; elle s'emancippe par fois avec des caractères plus respectables que la tienne; . . . ainsi tes termes de "navre" et "déchire" sont un peu trop forts.'

In the impression for the 3rd of May he found a defender:—

'Let me recommend,' says the writer, 'my brother scribblers to be content with teasing one another. The Philosopher is too much above us; let us leave him unmolested in his Derbyshire retreat. It may perhaps produce something which will reflect honour on the country he lives in, and to have adopted a Rousseau will be some excuse to posterity for our own dearth of literary merit.'

* 'Lettres Inédites, par Streckeisen-Moulton,' p. 157.

Rousseau was now certain that his suspicions about Hume were correct: Hume was the ally of Walpole, who had circulated the letter, of d'Alembert, who had written it,* of the newspaper editors, who had given currency and prominence to it. To Madame de Boufflers, to his cousin F. H. Rousseau, to Peyron, to Malesherbes, and to other correspondents he pours out his grievances about his perfidious friend.† He regarded Walpole, he said, as the secret agent of three or four men who had formed a plot against him, a plot which he could not comprehend, 'mais dont je vois et sens l'exécution successive de jour en jour.' These men were Hume, d'Alembert, Voltaire, and Tronchin. At this time, too, another insertion in the English newspapers, for which he considered Hume responsible,‡ added greatly to his irritation. Ever since the controversy about the theatrical performances at Geneva, Voltaire had pursued him with unrelenting hostility. 'La Guerre Civile de Genève' and 'L'Ingénu' indeed were still to come, and Voltaire's authorship of 'Les Sentiments des Citoyens' Rousseau never seems to have suspected; but in 1761 appeared under the name of the Marquis de Ximenès the 'Lettres sur La Nouvelle Héloïse,' and in 1766 the cruel and rancorous 'Lettre au Docteur Pansophe.§ Almost as soon as this letter was published the severest passages in it were translated, and according to Rousseau aggravated in the translation, and printed in 'Lloyd's Evening News.' About the same time (April 12th) the 'London Chronicle' printed a translation of a very severe letter of Voltaire to him, occasioned by a protest made against Rousseau's excommunication by the Council of Geneva, on the ground that the partisans of Voltaire and d'Alembert had unfairly influenced the Council. Next appeared two malicious notices, one attributing his favourable reception at Paris to the

* 'J'y reconnois à l'instant le style de M. d'Alembert . . . mon ennemi d'autant plus dangereux qu'il a soin de cacher sa haine.' He had not seen the notice in the 'St. James's Chronicle' apparently, or perhaps he did not understand the allusion to the 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.' He afterwards said in his letter to Hume that it mattered little whether it was d'Alembert's composition or that of his *prête-nom* Walpole.

† See his correspondence between April 9th and May 22nd, compared with his letter to Hume dated July 10th.

‡ Letter to Hume, July 10th, 1766.

§ The authorship of this Voltaire repeatedly denied, but Deeroix, the collaborator of Condorcet, had no doubt that Voltaire wrote it, and Beauchot did not scruple to insert it in his edition of Voltaire's works. Internal evidence surely proves conclusively that, if Voltaire did not write the whole, he had at least a hand in it: his own denial, it is needless to say, goes for nothing. In a letter dated November 1766 he has the impudence to say: 'Il prétend que je lui ai écrit, etc.—moi, qui ne lui ai pas écrit depuis environ neuf ans'; and this after the 'Sentiments' and the 'Lettres sur La Nouvelle Héloïse!'

respect felt for Hume, and describing him as the son of a musician, which appears to have particularly annoyed him, and the other taunting him with 'opening his door to the rich and closing it to the poor,' and with 'coldness to his relations.' Both of these libels, for so he described them, he attributed confidently to Hume.* It will thus be seen that if Rousseau was wrong in supposing that Hume had had any hand in these publications he was perfectly right when he spoke of the changed attitude of the Press towards him. The newspapers and magazines, it is needless to say, had filled their columns with all this, not because there was any animus against him, but simply because as gossip was busy with his name, copy retailing or adding to such gossip was acceptable.

Meanwhile Hume, quite unconscious of what was fermenting at Wooton, had been urging on the pension, when General Conway put into his hands a letter which he had received from Rousseau. This letter is not extant, and we only know its purport by a letter from Hume to Rousseau, dated May 17th, and printed by Streckeisen-Moulton, telling Rousseau how greatly both he himself and General Conway had been concerned at his refusal of the pension. To Hume Rousseau made no reply, but he wrote to General Conway. He was deeply touched, he said, with the favours with which it had pleased his Majesty to honour him, and with the kind services of Conway. He would not refuse the pension. So far from rejecting the benefits of the King through the pride which had been imputed to him, his pride would be in pluming himself on them; and the only thing that pained him was that he could not honour himself as much in the eyes of the world as he could do in his own. Let those honours be deferred—deferred for happier times—and it would then be seen that he had only deferred availing himself of them that he might endeavour to make himself worthier of their reception. This was very naturally interpreted as meaning that he would not accept the pension unless it was made public. Conway was unwilling to approach the King again on the subject; Hume, however, persuaded him to give way, and got the Duke of Richmond also to exert his influence. But there was one thing which they could not do, and that was to submit the King to the indignity of a second refusal. Accordingly, although he had received no answer to his former letter, Hume wrote again to Rousseau, telling him what he had

* These pieces Hume had never even read; see the 'Succinct Account.' They were written by Gibbon's friend, Deyverdun, as he afterwards acknowledged to Hume, begging him to publish the fact. Hume's 'Private Correspondence,' p. 230.

and asking him to say positively whether he would
the pension if it were publicly granted him. Then the
burst. A week after came the answer: 'I believed that
ence, interpreted by your conscience, would have said
—but as you will not listen to it I will speak. I
you and you do not know it.' He then went on to
t he had told him before that if he was not the best
i he was the worst, that he would have no further
urse with him, and would accept nothing of which
s the instrument. He concluded by bidding adieu
n for ever. Hume was as indignant as he was
led. He replied at once, with a passionate vehemence
usual with him and perhaps without precedent in his
emanding an explanation: 'You owe this to me; you
to truth and honour and justice, and to everything
I sacred among men. Tell me what has given you
; tell me of what I am accused. Tell me the man who
s me.' And Rousseau told him. What he told him has
already related. The key to the letter is afforded by a
admission at the beginning, 'I know only what I feel'
e sais que ce que je sens'). Locke has remarked that
ference between the reasoning of a madman and that of a
that a fool reasons incorrectly on correct premisses and
madman reasons correctly on absurd premisses. This is
at Rousseau does here. A diseased imagination furnishes
ith his data, but his logic is flawless, his conclusion
ble. We know as a matter of fact that Hume, so far
aving any part in the concoction of the forged letter,
othing about it till it was in circulation; that so far from
responsible for the so-called libels in the English press,
er at any time wrote or connived at a line which could
Rousseau's feelings, much less cast discredit on him.
ow that he was not in league with Rousseau's enemies;
ith Voltaire and Dr. Tronchin he had no relations at all,
his intimacy with Walpole and d'Alembert was without
ference to Rousseau; that if he did not suppress the 'libels'
i friend it was because he could not; and that if he
t explain his conduct to Rousseau it was because he was
e that there was anything to explain. On the other hand,
ue to Rousseau to say that there is no reason for supposing
acting as he did he did not act in perfectly good faith.
can be little doubt that he was convinced of the truth of
he alleged; there can be as little doubt that he had no
thy motive for his conduct. Madame de Boufflers said
with perfect justice: 'Ne croyez pas qu'il soit coupable
188.—No. 376. 2 D d'artifice,

d'artifice, ni de mensonge, qu'il soit un imposteur ni un scélérat. Sa colère n'est pas fondée, mais elle est réelle.'

When we consider the effect of the course he took, the monstrous injustice done to his benefactor, the criminal ingratitude devolving on himself, it is really provoking to find in his narrative all the indications of conscientious truthfulness. There is not, it is true, an incident which he does not misread and pervert, but there is not an incident which is not accurately stated: his facts may be practically fictions, but his fictions are substantially facts. He never resorts to falsehood, or even to deliberate sophistry. Every line of the letter has the impress of sincerity, but it is the sincerity, the terrible sincerity, of monomania.

Hume knew perfectly well that the letter was intended for publication, and would be all over Europe in a few weeks. He might be forgiven for being indignant and excused for being perplexed, and his correspondence at this time shows that he was both. He wrote a very weak letter to Rousseau, complaining that Rousseau had misrepresented the 'tender scene' between them on the night before the departure for Wootton, explained that the alleged diabolical expression in his eyes had simply arisen from a fixed look or stare which was usual with him when absent in thought, denied that the scene between them had reference to anything else than the post-chaise grievance, and, declining to enter into any further details, concluded with reminding his former friend of the services he had done him in endeavouring to procure him a pension, and with bidding adieu to him for ever. But in a letter to Dr. Blair his wrath flamed out, and we find him describing his ungrateful *protégé* as 'the blackest and most atrocious villain that now exists in the world,' adding that he was heartily ashamed of everything that he had ever written in his favour.

For the next few weeks both he and Rousseau relieved their feelings by giving their version of the affair to their common friends, but it soon became public property. A notice of the quarrel appeared early in August in 'The Brussels Gazette,' and this was copied with further particulars into the English papers and magazines. At first no one could make head or tail of the affair, and sheer perplexity held opinion in suspense. But it was not long before very decided views began to be taken, and parties to form themselves. In London and Paris nothing else was talked about, and Hume scarcely exaggerated when he said that if the King of England had declared war against the King of France it could not have been more suddenly the subject of conversation.

ation. 'La rupture de M. Hume et de Jean Jacques a fait un bruit terrible ici,' wrote Madame Riccoboni to Garrick. Hume had threatened, and now determined, to publish a full account of the whole matter. But his friends strongly dissuaded him from doing so, Lord Keith and Madame de Boufflers out of consideration for Rousseau, as well as for himself, Horace Walpole to prevent ridicule, Adam Smith from prudential motives which he well explained:—

'To write against him is,' he said, 'you may depend upon it, the very thing he wishes you to do. He is in danger of falling into obscurity in England, and he hopes to make himself considerable by provoking an illustrious adversary. He will have a great party; the Church, the Whigs, the Jacobites, the whole wise English nation, who will love to mortify a Scotchman, and to applaud a man who has refused a pension from the King.'

Adam Smith was then in Paris, and the advice he gave was the advice of most of Hume's French friends, the Baron d'Holbach, Turgot, Madame Riccoboni, Mademoiselle Rianeourt and many others. But by the end of July opinions changed. At a general meeting of Hume's literary friends in Paris, convened by d'Alembert, it was the unanimous opinion that he ought to justify himself by publishing a full narrative.

'I find,' wrote Baron d'Holbach, 'that most of those who are interested in you are of opinion that you cannot dispense with a vindication; it has become necessary, because of the great number of partisans, of fanatical partisans, which Rousseau has throughout all Europe, and especially here; even now they are making capital out of your silence, and saying that it is strange that accusations so grave as you bring against Rousseau should be brought against anyone without proof. And so I am obliged to depart from my pacific counsels.'

The truth is that Rousseau, the tone of whose correspondence on this subject was that of the very sublimity of outraged innocence, had been writing in all directions to the effect that Hume dared not publish the indictment against him, and the proofs on which it was based. But what had perhaps the most weight in inducing Hume to take the step he did was Rousseau's threatened appeal to posterity. It was known that he was writing his 'Confessions,' and that it was his intention to tell the story which Hume had not the courage and honesty to tell. Hume naturally shrank from allowing his reputation to be at the mercy of the most plausible and most eloquent madman who ever lived. If it was to be gibbeted, it should at least be gibbeted to the disgrace of the gibbeter. But he held back to

the very last. Finally the documents were collected and forwarded to Paris, and their publication was left to the discretion of his friends. After some hesitation they were placed in the hands of M. Suard, the author of the '*Mélanges de Littérature*,' who, with the assistance of d'Alembert, arranged, edited, and translated them where necessary into French, publishing them in the form of a pamphlet. So out came an '*Exposé Succinct de la Contestation qui s'est élevée entre M. Hume et M. Rousseau, avec les pièces justificatives*.' This was in October. Early in November appeared an English translation, superintended by Hume himself, '*A concise and genuine Account of the Dispute between Mr. Hume and M. Rousseau, translated from the French, with the Letters that passed between them during their Controversy*.' No one who reads the '*Account*' can doubt that Hume acted wisely in taking this step, though he afterwards regretted it. The tone is perhaps a little too acrimonious, but as nothing is asserted without documentary proof, and testimony the truth of which is self-evident, and as Rousseau's monstrous assumptions and deductions, and Hume's entire innocence of what had been imputed to him come out as clear as fire in darkness, acrimony is, we feel, considering what was involved, perfectly excusable. Hume never forgets that he is a gentleman. He lays no undue stress on his unwearied and immense kindness to Rousseau, on his patience and forbearance under most trying provocation, or on the many services he had done him. He always expresses himself with measure and propriety. With the purely impartial reader the prevailing sentiment towards Rousseau will be rather pity than indignation, the narrative showing so unmistakably that it is recording the conduct of a man in frenzy.

Public curiosity was so great that there was scarcely an important newspaper or magazine which did not publish the '*Account*' in instalments. Thus for two days, the 15th and 17th of November, it occupied four columns in the '*St. James's Chronicle*,' nearly the whole paper. The greater part of it was printed also in the '*London Chronicle*' between November the 15th and 25th. Next it appeared in the '*London Magazine*,' the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' and the '*Monthly Review*.' Ingratitude is perhaps the only vice which has never found an apologist, and sympathy with Hume as well as indignation against Rousseau were all but universal. In Paris and London there were scarcely two opinions. '*You can't conceive*,' wrote Robert Wood,* '*how much you are put in the right and Rousseau*

* '*Letters of Eminent Persons*,' p. 264.

in the wrong by every creature here.' The general opinion was that Rousseau was mad, or, as Madame Riccoboni bluntly put it, 'Rousseau est fou; le succès de ses œuvres a dérangé sa tête.' Hume was overwhelmed with letters of condolence and congratulation, and among them one from Ferney, in which Voltaire took the opportunity of giving his own sentiments on 'le plus méchant coquin qui ait jamais déshonoré la littérature.*' Hume's pamphlet led to the publication of another by Horace Walpole. But 'A Narrative of what passed relative to the Quarrel of Mr. David Hume and J. J. Rousseau, as far as Mr. Horace Walpole was concerned in it,' beyond heaping further abuse on Rousseau, and illustrating Walpole's horror of being mixed up with men of letters, is of little interest. If Rousseau's conduct was generally reprobated, he was not without supporters. His countryman, Fuseli, rushed into the arena with a wild and ill-written pamphlet, defending him against what he describes as the aspersions of Mr. Hume and Monsieur Voltaire,† and a clergyman of the Established Church, a man of some distinction in liberal circles, Dr. Ralph Heathcote, appeared also, though with some reserve, as his apologist.‡ In France the pamphlets elicited by the controversy were very numerous, not merely because of the interest taken in Rousseau personally, but because of the different questions and issues involved in his disgrace or vindication.§ Nor was he without supporters in the popular press. A letter in the 'St. James's Chronicle' for November the 27th, signed 'An Orthodox Hospitable Old Englishman,' speaks very severely of Horace Walpole's conduct, concluding with—

'M. Rousseau is a persecuted and an unfortunate stranger. I neither know him nor Hume, nor Horace Walpole, but humanity obliges me to wish that poor Rousseau may not be made uneasy here, but left in as much peace as possible.'

Two other correspondents in December also take up the cudgels for Rousseau. One says he was much concerned to consider Rousseau's condition; the unhappy philosopher had come into this country to avoid the malevolence he had met with in his own, only to meet with abuse and reproaches, and

* See the letter to Hume, October 24th, 1766, and the letter to Darnaville, dated November 3rd, 1766.

† 'A Defence of M. Rousseau against the aspersions of Mr. Hume, Monsieur Voltaire, and their Associates,' long extracts from which appeared during November, both in the 'St. James's Chronicle' and in the 'London Chronicle.'

‡ 'A Letter to the Honourable Horace Walpole concerning the Dispute between Mr. Hume and M. Rousseau.'

§ The most powerful pamphlet on his side was 'Précis pour M. Jean Jacques Rousseau, en réponse à l'Exposé succinct de M. Hume.' It was anonymous.

abuse and reproaches which he (the writer) must take leave to say were not worthy of English gentlemen.* In the *Post's* Corner of the same paper † a contributor breaks out into the following exhortation :

'Rousseau, be firm! though malice, like Voltaire,
And superstitious pride, like d'Alembert,
Though mad presumption Walpole's form assume,
And base-born treachery appear like Hume,
Yet droop not thou; these spectres gathering round,
These night-drawn phantoms, want the power to wound.
Fair truth shall chase th' unreal forms away,
And reason's piercing beams restore the day;
Britain shall snatch the exile to her breast,
And conscious virtue soothe his soul to rest.'

In the following number, however, appears a parody of these lines, reversing their sense and converting them into a satire on their subject. The press, speaking generally, was, as might be supposed, anything but favourable to him; and another correspondent in the same paper, who has, however, as little sympathy with Hume as with Rousseau, observes that there was nothing surprising in their quarrel, for they were both 'deists and infidels,' and what but feuds between such people could be expected? Nor were the wits silent. A ludicrous travesty of the indictment against Hume went the round of some of the periodicals. A facetious artist depicted Rousseau as a yahoo newly-caught in the woods, and Hume caressing and offering him some oats, which he angrily refuses, while Voltaire and d'Alembert are whipping him up behind, and Horace Walpole making him horns of *papier mâché*. A very sensible correspondent in the '*London Chronicle*,' lamenting that there should be such dissensions between men who might with more propriety be advancing each other's interests and reputation, recommends, he says, to their serious consideration a remark of their witty friend the Abbé Troublet:—

'Je me trouvai un jour dans une compagnie assez nombreuse, où étaient deux beaux esprits et deux hommes très riches. Je dis aux premiers qui s'attaquaient l'un l'autre: "Voyez un peu comme les deux messieurs ménagent, se flattent, se respectent, bel exemple à suivre; ils ne donnent point de scènes aux gueux; n'en donnez point aux sots."'

Meanwhile Rousseau's name was being brought prominently before the public in another capacity. His '*Devin de Village*'

* See the letters, '*St. James's Chronicle*,' December 11th and December 13th

† December 11th.

was translated and produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 21st of November, and appears from the notices in the newspapers to have been very popular.

But it is time to return to Rousseau at Wooton. He made no reply whatever to Hume's pamphlet, but he kept circulating industriously his version of the affair, in letters to Lord Keith, to Guy, the bookseller, to Ray, to Peyrou, to Madame de Boufflers, to d'Ivernois, to all in fact who he thought would give currency to what he wrote, in London, Paris, Berlin, and Geneva. The burden of these letters, both before the appearance of Hume's pamphlet and afterwards, is the same. The sole course open to him is to possess his soul in patience, to endure, to submit. The league which had been formed against him was too powerful, too skilful, too zealous, had too much credit with the public, for one who had nothing else to rely on but truth, to resist. To cut off the heads of that hydra would only be to multiply them. The refutation of one of their calumnies would only be followed by the appearance of twenty others crueller still. Let Hume triumph in his infamy, let him bruit abroad what slanders he pleases; 'he has filled England, France, the newspapers, all Europe with cries for which I have no response, and with calumnies of which I should deem myself worthy if I deigned to repel them.' The one consolation to him is that Hume had at last been unmasked, and that what had long been muffled in darkness had come into the light of day. When Hume's 'Account' and the anonymous reply to it from Paris—the '*Précis pour M. Jean Jacques Rousseau*'—were sent to him he expressed the utmost indifference:

'I admire,' he wrote, 'the courage of the author of that work, and above all their allowing it to be circulated in London. For the rest they can do and say in my favour just what they please; for myself I have nothing to say to Mr. Hume, except that I find him too insulting for a good man, and too passionate for a philosopher.'

At Wooton he could enjoy to his heart's content the solitude which he so much affected. As neither he nor Thérèse could speak or understand any English, they could hold no communication with the housekeeper or with the servants; and this, he said—very ungratefully, for he acknowledges that their courteous attentions were so studious as to be almost oppressive—afforded him the greatest satisfaction. But it had its inconveniences, and a misunderstanding between Thérèse and the venerable housekeeper about a kettle and some cinders might have led to serious consequences. Shortly after his arrival the
clergyman

clergyman of the place called on him, but as he would only speak in French and the clergyman would only speak English, the interview began and ended almost without the exchange of a word. At a second interview they got on better, and the reverend gentleman, it appears, took a great fancy to him. His only amusement was botanizing and indulging in solitary rambles in the woods and among the rocks. But he was not happy; his nights, he said, were cruel; he could not sleep: his body suffered even more than his heart, and melancholy thoughts were his constant companions. In April, Lord Strafford invited him to his seat in Yorkshire; but fifteen leagues, he replied, were too far for a pedestrian who was hard upon sixty years of age, and a carriage was not to his taste. As the year wore on he became, if not more contented, more sociable. Mr. Bernard Granville, who had a beautiful place some few miles off at Calwich, made his acquaintance, and a very pleasant intimacy ensued. At Calwich Rousseau stayed some days, and was introduced to the Duchess of Portland, who joined him on a botanical excursion on the Peak, and to whom he wrote a beautiful letter on the charms of botany. He was also introduced to the fascinating Miss Dewes, who insisted on becoming his physician. Mrs. Delany, Mr. Granville's sister, became quite alarmed when she perceived the favourable impression which Rousseau was making on her circle, and more especially when she heard that Lady Kildare, the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, had said that she would 'offer Rousseau an elegant retreat if he would educate her children.' But for all that she did not scruple to hold out 'The Rousseau,' as she called him, as one of the inducements to tempt Lady Andover to visit Calwich. He was now engaged in writing his 'Confessions.' At what time he began them we have no means of knowing; his earliest reference to them is in a letter to Peyrou dated June 21st of this year (1766), and he tells Lord Keith in July that they were his amusement on rainy days. So passed the summer and autumn, and if the sufferings which his enemies, or rather his own diseased mind, inflicted on him were, as they no doubt were, severe, he had apparently much to solace him.

Traditions of Rousseau long lingered at Wooton. As late as 1840 William Howitt found two of the villagers who perfectly remembered him and Thérèse, under names curiously perverted into Ross Hall and Madam Zell. One, a very old lady, told how she and her brother used to meet him, on their way to school, poring on the park wall for mosses, or prying in some lonely nook for plants, clad in a long gown and belt, on his head a black velvet cap with gold tassels and a pendent top,
and

and how frightened they used to be at the outlandish figure, the more terrible to them because of his taciturnity. Two of his caps and a pipe which belonged to him were long preserved in the village. Both of Howitt's informants spoke of his and Thérèse's kindness to the poor, adding that it was popularly supposed that he was some king who had been driven from his dominions, and also that he held communion with supernatural beings. Local tradition still points to some mezercons among the rocks which are said to have sprung from seeds sown by him, and a grotto near Wooton Hall is still known as Rousseau's Cave.

But Rousseau's host at Wooton was to fare as his host at London had fared before him, though happily without having any crimes imputed to him. Up to December his relations with his patron had been most friendly. His letters to him and his references to him in his other correspondence are in the highest degree complimentary and even affectionate. He is a '*très galant homme, plein d'attention et de soins*'—his kindnesses had only been equalled by the delicacy with which they had been conferred—'*ses attentions seules m'empêchent d'oublier que je suis dans la maison d'autrui.*' And indeed it is easy to see that Davenport was, in every sense of the term, a true English gentleman, the soul of courtesy, liberality, kindness. But he had neglected to answer some questions which Rousseau had asked him. What they were does not appear; they seem to have had reference to some impertinences on the part of the servants. Then and instantly the scene changed. A furious letter from Rousseau, demanding to know on what footing he stood at Wooton, and threatening that if he was not informed immediately he should leave the house, was the result. And the letter was the more offensive as it reminded his host that he had not sought his hospitality—it had been practically forced on him. Mr. Davenport appears to have sent a satisfactory reply, for the storm blew over, and the spring of 1767 found him still at Wooton on good terms with his host, and in love with an idle and contemplative life, which became each day more delicious to him.* In March, much to the surprise of General Conway, he applied through Mr. Davenport for the pension which he had been promised. The result is greatly to Hume's credit, for the application which it was now necessary to make to the King depended on his decision. The King, after what had passed, was not disposed to regard Rousseau with much favour, but as the pension had been

* Letter to the Marquis de Mirabeau, January 31st, 1767.

promised

clergyman of the place called on him in French and the clergyman would view began and ended almost with it. At a second interview they got on better. The clergyman, it appears, took a great fancy to Rousseau, a constant qu'honorable qui was botanizing and indulging in long walks among the rocks. But he said, were cruel; he could not bear more than his heart, and melted away his companions. In April, Lord Kildare, a pedestrian who was hard upon him, was not to his taste. As he was more contented, more sociable, and he flew to the conclusion a beautiful place some time ago, and he was again tampering with his acquaintance, and a very pleasant one. He has been entrapped on all of Portland, who joined him to watch him for the purpose of Peak, and to whom he was to send the manuscript of the 'Confessions.' He was to send, he cries, 'pray for me. I am in the worst, it will only remain to the hands of his enemies. Some letters are vain, because all letters are in London and London.' On the 30th of her children.' But Davenport telling him that next day he 'The Rousseau,' a small belongings, as well as those of in writing his 'Confessions' and I shall leave also the proceeds of the have no means of security for the debt incurred a letter to Peyrou, but not ignorant of the ambushes which tells Lord Keble, powerlessness in protecting myself from days. So pay me to finish with courage a career which his enemies find easy to oppress me, but difficult to on him were much to solicit the hospitality which he had shown him, Traditions say that he should often regret the retreat 1840 William Keble, but he should regret still more the fact remembered in making so agreeable a host a Rousseau assigned by him for this abrupt how she Davenport had forgotten some promise school, and had left the house without ascer- lonely room was comfortable. The next day, May 1st, head a letter to Peyrou dated 2nd and 4th of April.

...without a word to any one, leaving the keys dangling at the locks, between Davenport's possession, and no directions were done with either the trunks or the money, Mr. Davenport in amazement did not know, saying, however, that he had gone to London, and papers to him to an address there, but learned with perplexity that nothing had been heard of him. The night passed without any news of the fugitives. The *'Chronicle'* recorded his flight from Wooton, and that, as it was known that he had taken the road to ... was probably concealed in or near there, commenting at the same time on his ingratitude to his English friends. At last, on May 17th, Mr. Davenport received a letter dated May 11th, Spalding, in Lincolnshire, apologizing for his unceremonious departure from Wooton, and expressing his readiness to return there if Mr. Davenport would ... and facilitate his return.

...ferred,' he said, 'liberty to a residence at your house. But I greatly prefer a residence at your house to any other kind of ... and I prefer every kind of captivity to that in which I am, ... horrible, and which, come what may, cannot be endured.'

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Davenport immediately dispatched a servant to Spalding, assuring Rousseau of his continued protection, but the man learned on arriving that Rousseau had started for Dover four days before.

But this was not the only letter he wrote from that place. He sent a petition to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Camden, telling him that he had been seduced into England by a promise of hospitality, but that he had met with the worst usage, that he was in danger of his life from the plots of his enemies, and that he prayed, therefore, that the Lord Chancellor would, as the first civil magistrate of the kingdom, appoint a guard to conduct him safely out of the kingdom, the expense of which guard he would himself defray. Lord Camden, who replied through his secretary, merely observed that he was mistaken in the nature of the country, for that the first post-boy he could apply to was as safe a guide as the Chancellor could appoint.† At Spalding he resided at the White Hart Inn, and it is curious to find that a writer in such panic as this letter implies was making himself exceedingly agreeable to the clergyman of the place, the Rev.

[†]London *'Chronicle'*, May 12th.

Burton's *'Life of Hume'*, vol. ii., 375. The letter to Lord Camden seems to have been published, for Gray had read it. Gray to the Rev. James Brown, 4th, 1767.

John Dinham, with whom he passed several hours each day, and who found him 'cheerful, good-humoured, easy, and enjoying himself perfectly well, without the least fear or complaint of any kind.'* Another inhabitant of Spalding, a Mr. Edmund Jessop, then practising as a surgeon there, desired to make his acquaintance. He accordingly sent a note to him in Latin to the effect that he should be glad to converse with him on the subject of one of his late publications, which, though condemned by many, had merited his (Jessop's) greatest approbation; and Mr. Jessop appears to have given the rein to compliment. Rousseau's reply could not have encouraged Mr. Jessop to press further attentions on him.

'You address me as a literary man, sir, in a literary language, on subjects of literature. You load me with eulogies so pompous that they are ironical, and you think to intoxicate me with such incense. You are mistaken, sir, on all these points. I am not a man of letters. I was so once, to my misfortune, but I have long since ceased to be so. Nothing relative to that profession suits me now. Excessive eulogy has never flattered me. At the present moment, especially, I have more need of consolation than incense. . . . My errors may be great, my sentiments ought to have been an atonement for them. I believe there have been many points on which people have not desired to understand me. You style yourself a surgeon. If you had spoken to me of botany, and of the plants which your country produces, you would have given me pleasure, and I should have been able to discourse with you on that; but as for my books, and of every other sort of books, you would speak to me in vain, because I no longer take any interest in matters of that kind. I do not reply to you in Latin for the reason already assigned. I have no more of that language now left me than just as much as is necessary to understand Linnæus' phrases.'†

His object in seeking refuge in so remote a place as Spalding was evidently to elude the pursuit of his fancied enemies; this is therefore another proof of the genuineness of his fears. It was probably want of money which induced him to press on to Dover, for, having received no reply to his letter to Mr. Davenport, he concluded, as he informed Mr. Davenport in a letter

* This was communicated to Hume by a Mr. Fitzherbert, who had it from the clergyman himself. See Burton's 'Hume,' vol. ii., 375. For the names of the inn, the clergyman, and the doctor, we are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Martin Perry of Spalding.

† For this incident, as well as the letter, see 'London Magazine' for August 1767, pp. 418, 419. The letter is given in French in Rousseau's 'Œuvres Complètes,' Paris, 1825. It is dated May 10th, which is quite right, though the editor, not knowing the circumstances, says that it should be April 10th. In Rousseau's 'Œuvres Complètes,' Paris, 1817 (vol. viii., p. 407), the letter is dated May 13th.

written on the day he left Spalding, that a return to Wooton would not be allowed. His money had run so short that he was reduced to the necessity of breaking up a silver spoon or fork which he happened to have with him to defray his expenses at the inns on the road.* He travelled with such expedition that the journey from Spalding to Dover, a distance of some two hundred miles, only occupied two days. On arriving at Dover he found that the wind was contrary. This drove him nearly frantic. He interpreted it as part of a plot, and an 'order from superior authority'—meaning presumably Providence—to retard his departure with the view of gratifying the designs of his enemies. Though he could not speak English he mounted on an eminence and harangued the astonished people, who could understand neither his conduct nor his words. This he afterwards acknowledged to Corancez was a 'real fit of madness.' But it seems that he was under the impression that the Duc de Choiseul, then Prime Minister in France, was in league with his enemies in England and intended to have him arrested. Under the influence of this utterly groundless panic he wrote an extraordinary letter to General Conway. He begins by imploring Conway to listen attentively to him and to weigh carefully what he was going to say. He could not understand, he said, with what object he had been brought to England—some object there was, that was certain. Considering his insignificance it could hardly have been a State affair ('une affaire d'état'); such a supposition was so inexplicable as to be simply incredible; and yet the plot against him, the alliance of the most estimable and distinguished men in the kingdom, nay the whole kingdom itself, with a single individual, desiring to humiliate another individual, was if possible still more inexplicable. But it was a fact, and he must face it. Conway's mind, he makes no doubt, had been poisoned against him; still he was not without some hope that an appeal to his reason might have some effect. To assist him to leave England in safety would be at least a prudent action, for if he was privately made away with or kidnapped he was so well known that inquiries were sure to be made into his disappearance, and the whole thing would some day come out. One of the objects of the conspiracy against him was undoubtedly to prevent him writing the memoirs in which, as was well known, it was his intention to tell the truth about his treatment in England. But

* He communicated this fact to his friend Corancez. See Corancez's account of Rousseau, contributed to the 'Journal de Paris' and reprinted in the 'Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France pendant le XVIII^e Siècle,' pp. 58-69.

he would engage not to write them; he would bind himself by the most solemn ties to refrain from either putting on paper or speaking a single defamatory or disrespectful word about England or about any man in England; he would never mention even Hume's name, or if he did he would speak of him with honour. As a guarantee and earnest of his promises he would at once place in Conway's hands all his papers relative to England, and he would write him a letter placing on record the whole of what he had agreed to. As an additional guarantee he would retain the pension which the King had conferred on him, and so bind himself by indissoluble ties to the sacred claims of gratitude to the King and to the country that have made him their debtor. Thus far he had addressed himself to Conway's reason—he would conclude with a word addressed to his heart. He had before him a miserable man reduced to despair, awaiting only the manner of his death. He could recall that poor wretch to life; he could be his saviour; he could make the most unfortunate of men a happy man once more.*

At Dover he wrote also to Mr. Davenport, telling him that when he beheld the sea and realized that he was indeed a free man he resolved to return to Wooton; but he was diverted from that intention by seeing in one of the English newspapers some severe remarks on the way in which he had treated his host; he refers, no doubt, to the paragraph in the '*London Chronicle*' of the 12th of May. This decided him to quit England. On the 21st or 22nd of May he was at Calais, and England knew him no more.

There was much speculation about his motives for acting as he had done in quitting Wooton, and in writing to the Lord Chancellor and to General Conway. It is not at all improbable that the wretched woman who was his companion was responsible at least for the first step. '*C'était une méchante femme, qui a causé beaucoup de chagrins à Rousseau,*' says one who knew her well.† She must have found the life at Wooton intolerably dull. So stupid that she could not learn English, she had no other companion than Rousseau, of whom she probably saw comparatively little, for he loved solitude and meditation;‡ she does not appear to have accompanied him in

* Letter to General Conway, dated Dover. It is not improbable that it was written at Spalding, and perhaps posted at Dover.

† See '*Mémoires de Mons. Girardin*,' vol. i., pp. 19-37; but see also the '*Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir James E. Smith*,' vol. i., pp. 180-81, where a more favourable account is given of her.

‡ He tells us that when he was busy with his works whole weeks passed without any conversation with her. '*Confessions*,' xii. 188.

his long daily walks, nor to have gone with him into such society as they had. He rarely refers to her in his correspondence. We know that she was not on good terms either with Mr. Davenport's housekeeper or with the servants. It was natural that she should wish to get back to her own country and to more congenial surroundings, and it is difficult to see how she could do so except by making Rousseau discontented with England. Dullard and simpleton though she was, she had him completely under her influence, and probably conjured up the phantoms which drove him mad, partly perhaps to amuse herself, and partly for the practical purpose referred to. Some attributed his conduct to pure calculation, and saw no madness in it at all. His desire, they thought, was to get himself talked out, to advertise himself, as Sterne and Foote were doing, by his eccentricities. This was the opinion of Adam Smith and Gibbon. Gibbon puts that view very emphatically. 'He withdrew to the heart of a desert, where he was allowed to vegetate so peacefully that he was compelled to quarrel with all our men of letters in order to become notorious,' his flight from Wootton and his letters to Lord Camden and General Conway being moves in the same game.* The conclusion to which Hume came was that he was 'a composition of whim, fluctuation, wickedness, vanity, and inquietude, with a very small, if any, ingredient of madness.' This is probably much nearer the truth than the other view. Men tempered as Rousseau so obviously was seldom calculate their actions, and he rarely guided in any action by any one motive. It is certainly not easy to understand how a man could conduct himself as Rousseau appears to have done at Spalding, and be at the same time in such a distempered state of mind as his letter to General Conway indicates. It is equally difficult to reconcile the lucidity, precision, and method apparent in the expression and arrangement of all he writes, with the coexistence of hallucinations so monstrous and baseless as to be absolutely incompatible with sanity. The problem would be solved if we accepted the hypothesis of Gibbon and Adam Smith, and a cunning and despicable knave, black with ingratitude and treachery, would take the place of a madman. But no one who studies his correspondence, and particularly his letters to Peyrou, can doubt his sincerity. The truth is that, like Tasso and Cowper, he was the subject of a malady which can hardly be called insanity, because it leaves so many

* See letter of Gibbon published by General Meredith Read in his 'Historic Studies,' vol. ii., p. 360.

functions underanged and so many faculties unimpaired, but which exhibits itself in a peculiar form of monomania. In Mr. Morley's admirable analysis of Rousseau's temperament and character, he notes that the chief feature was the exaltation of emotion over intelligence, and observes that the tendency of the dominant side of a character to diseased exaggeration is a fact of daily experience. This is the key to Rousseau's peculiarities. Inordinate self-consciousness and inordinate vanity became at last exalted into mania. He imagined that the eyes of the whole world were upon him or ought to be upon him; he became the centre of all he thought and of all he felt. He seems to have supposed, said the author of the 'Letter to Horace Walpole,' 'that as soon as he arrived at Dover the English should have been affected as they were at the Restoration on the landing of the Prince of Orange.' He was a proscribed exile in a country the language of which he could not understand, to the manners and ways of which he was an entire stranger. He grew suspicious of what he could not comprehend, and suspicion soon hardened into distrust. He thought it probable that Hume was jealous of him, and this became the nucleus of his morbid fancies. His sensitive pride, galled at the thought of dependence, and on the watch for everything which could be construed into a slight; his constitutional timidity, always on the rack of expectation, as he knew, and knew truly, that he had many enemies; the hospitable reception given in the newspapers to Voltaire's libels; his solitary life, passed with a companion who, there can be little doubt, encouraged him in his delusions, and perhaps aggravated them—all this amply accounts for his outrageous conduct, without our having recourse to meaner motives for an explanation. When he said, as he did to Peyrou, that the design of Hume and his associates was to cut off all his resources, all his communications with the Continent, and make him perish in distress and misery, it is impossible to doubt that he said what he firmly believed. Mr. Morley has well observed that Rousseau was at bottom a character 'as essentially sincere, truthful, careful of fact and reality, as is consistent with the general empire of sensation over untrained intelligence.' He said of himself, with simple truth:—

'Je me rends le témoignage que pendant quinze ans, que j'ai eu le malheur d'exercer le triste métier d'homme de lettres, je n'ai contracté aucun des vices de cet état; l'envie, la jalousie, l'esprit d'intrigue et de charlatanerie n'ont pas un instant approché de mon cœur.'

A more exasperating guest has never shared the hospitality of Britain, but the descendants of the hosts of Rousseau have

no reason to be ashamed of their ancestors. All who could entertain or in any way serve him seem to have vied with one another in pressing their civilities and attentions upon him. He was, he says, embarrassed by the kindness with which he was treated. To study his comforts, to gratify and if possible to anticipate his wishes was, he tells us, the pleasure of everyone. As soon as it was known that he desired a retreat in the country, several private residences were at once placed gratuitously at his disposal. The prudery of English society was relaxed in his favour, and a transparent fiction was accepted that he might be spared the annoyance of seeing his wretched companion neglected or slighted. Never has the character of an English gentleman been more strikingly illustrated than in the conduct of Mr. Davenport. No provocation could make him forget the relation in which he stood to one whom he had accepted as a guest. Frank, thoughtful, and urbane, his kindness and generosity were only equalled by the tact and grace with which his favours were conferred. 'It is only by the attentions I receive,' wrote Rousseau to Madame de Boufflers, 'that I know I am in another's house.' And from first to last it was the same. Davenport's only reply to the letter in which his troublesome and ungrateful guest bade adieu to him was, on the first intimation of his desire to return, to send a servant after him assuring him of his continued protection and good will. Of Hume's goodness to him enough has been said, but it may be added that, after the provocation he had received, he was not only, as we have seen, instrumental in obtaining the pension for him, but on Rousseau's return to France he exercised all the influence in his power to protect him from the vengeance of the Parlement de Paris, and to secure him a safe asylum.*

It is curious to compare the way in which Voltaire and Rousseau employed their time in England, and the impression which their residence here made upon them. In a few months Voltaire could both read and speak English with perfect fluency. He studied our manners, our customs, our police, our laws, our constitution, our politics, our religion and religious sects, our divinity, our philosophy, our science. He made himself a perfect master of our literature, and of our literature in all its branches. He prided himself, and not without justice,

* A circumstance so honourable to Hume should be emphasized. It is recorded in a letter from Turgot to Hume, 1st of June, 1767. 'Lettres of Eminent Persons,' p. 159. One sentence deserves quoting: 'Il n'y a que l'intérêt même que vous prenez, et la singularité de cette circonstance, qui puisse peut-être adoucir le Roi sur le compte de Rousseau.'

on his English composition both in verse and prose. He entered heartily into every movement of the time. He was a member of the Royal Society. He made his way into every circle, and into every coffee-house and club in London. He left us with the highest respect, affection, and admiration, and the whole of his future life was coloured by his association with us. There is, it must be owned, a great difference between a man between twenty-five and thirty and a man between fifty and sixty. But the apathy and indifference of Rousseau to all that related to the asylum of his exile can hardly be attributable to years. He made one attempt to learn the language, by comparing an English translation with the French text of his own *'Emilius'*, but soon abandoned the task in disgust, as he could not bear to be reminded, he said, of his own writings. The net result of his study of English was the acquisition of thirty words, and those he forgot at Wootton—*'tant leur terrible baragouin,'* so he described the language of Shakespeare and Milton, *'est indéchiffrable à mon oreille.'* His references to our literature in his letters at this time begin and end with a single passage about Richardson.* He is silent about the interesting men whom he must have met; about public events; about the country; about everything which would naturally engage the attention of a visitor and traveller. Nothing can be more wearisome than his correspondence, which is occupied almost entirely with the discussion of his grievances, and of himself. It has not, except occasionally, even that charm of style which is inseparable from his characteristic writings. It is the reflection of a man who has, to employ a forcible and popular phrase, *'gone all to pieces.'* Mr. Morley has given an eloquent description of a portrait of Rousseau painted while he was in England, and notes how unmistakeable is the tragic story of which it is the silent delineation. Of that tragedy his correspondence at this time is but another expression. It would seem that from the moment he set foot on English soil, the Nemesis which seldom fails in the long run to attend the profligate, subjection of the reasonable to the emotional nature, began to pursue its disastrous course. The generous enthusiast of *'Emilius'* and the *'Social Contract,'* the vigorous and masculine controversialist of the *'Letter to Beaumont'* and the *'Letters from the Mountain,'* disappears in a morbid, hysterical, and sentimental egotist, and indeed in something worse, in one of the most pitiable illustrations of the Aristotelian *'Acoulas'* to be found in the records of men of genius.

* Letter to Peyrou, June 21st, 1766.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Book of the Grayling.* By T. E. Pritt. Leeds, 1888.
2. *Grayling and How to Catch Them.* By F. M. Walbran. Leeds, 1895.
3. *The Encyclopædia of Sport.* Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peek, and F. G. Aflalo. Vol. I. London, 1897.

THE future chronicler of the Victorian era, when noticing social changes, will find himself compelled to devote much of his space to the enormous increase of sport and athletic games. Sixty years ago boxing was dying, as duelling had perished shortly before, by a discreditable death. Golf was only known in Scotland, and like curling, the other favourite game of Scotchmen, showed no sign of sallying forth to conquer other lands. Cricket was just entering a more scientific stage, but no one could have predicted the ascendancy it has since gained. The University Boat Race was not yet in its infancy, and ten years afterwards, instead of the serried thousands who now repair to the banks of the Thames to see it rowed, a few hundreds of University men galloped abreast of the competitors, and it was esteemed amusing if they succeeded in driving into the water the thin fringe of lookers-on who occupied the banks. Football had not migrated from the boys' playground. In certain old towns by ancient custom at Eastertide balls were unscientifically kicked along the streets to the danger of windows and disgust of quiet people. As for football attaining its present development, such a thought had entered no one's head. It was not played at Oxford until about 1854. At old country houses and suburban taverns bowls maintained a precarious existence, but croquet and lawn tennis had not been invented. The University Sports, in which the picked athletes of Oxford and Cambridge contend against each other, were not established until 1860.

The same progress and development may be seen in those sports proper with which guns and fishing-rods are concerned. Grayling and grayling-fishing had indeed much slipped out of sight, mainly owing to the preponderance which Scottish sports were gaining, and there are few grayling in Scotland, though now they are found in numbers in the Tweed, and have been introduced with every prospect of success in the Clyde and the Ayr. Scrope and St. John's writings had at once popularized deer-stalking. The taste for this recreation is at present only checked by its costliness and the limited supply of forests. The same sportsmen and Mr. Colquhoun are also largely answerable for the
 2 E 2 delight

delight everywhere taken in grouse-shooting. It is only needful to survey any Highland district to see how advantageous the gratification of this taste has proved to the prosperity of Scotland. More than this, the wild animals and game-birds of Scotland have provided subject-matter for a multitude of books and support a plentiful supply of magazines and papers devoted to their charms as game. This is not the place to do more than allude to the health and quiet happiness which shooting brings to its votaries and the prosperity which such a pursuit confers on the country at large. No government would find itself sufficiently strong to abrogate the game laws or to innovate on the sporting habits of so many dwellers in the rural districts and so many hand workers in the towns.

Turning from fur and feathers to the attractions of fishing, there are few who do not sympathize with the man—

‘Who with his angle and his books
Can think the longest day well spent;
And praises God when back he looks
And finds that all were innocent.’

Nor is it at present contemplated to take a survey of the vast numbers of anglers who, having joined some angling club, devote their leisure to the capture of coarse fish. Year by year angling clubs arise and find members. Year by year, whether they fish inland streams or prefer sea-fishing, the fish they there catch supply endless recreation to the sons of labour, who are among the keenest professors of the angling art. The Crown possesses no happier, more contented, and persevering subjects than anglers. Railroads and other public bodies do well in consulting their interests to the full. The number of men who are met during summer in Scotland armed with basket and fishing-rod is amazing—more especially when the scant luck which falls to the share of most of them is taken into consideration. On the Broads, too, large numbers of anglers secure, when they can, a day’s innocent recreation. On a half-holiday crowds of artisans and clerks find their way by cycle or train from every large town to some reservoir or suitable river, and spend many hours in angling.

It is more than twenty years since the literature and practice of fly-fishing for trout were here touched upon. In that time adherents have joined the craft from all sides. The expenses attending salmon-fishing remove it from many who would otherwise pursue it enthusiastically. In its cheaper forms the sport has long been a recreation which not the sternest Puritan

could deny the clergy. The grayling might indeed be claimed by the clergy as their professional preserve, since no less an ecclesiastic than St. Ambrose of Milan, alluding to the colouring of its dorsal fin, and the faint perfume which is noticeable in handling a newly caught grayling, called it 'the flower of fishes.' Fly-fishing clubs exist everywhere, although most of them are unprovided with a home and settled Penates, unlike the Fly-fishers' Club which sprang into being from the brain of that angling Jupiter, Mr. Marston. Even women are now diligently betaking themselves to a sport which, despite the *prestige* of Dame Juliana Berners, has till the last few decades been confined to the other sex. Sooth to say, the apparition of a lady equipped for wading in the orthodox fashion of the day strikes a masculine beholder with amazement, and he calls to mind Milton's words:—

'But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing.' ('Samson Agonistes,' 710.)

Dare a piscatorial Clodius thrust himself into the mysteries of the modern Bona Dea, he would recommend to ladies strong boots, short petticoats, and sober colours in hat and dress. These would be found most useful when fishing, and certainly would not detract from the fair wearer's charms.

The angler in Norway frequently falls in with grayling, which are the same variety of the salmonidæ as our English fish. If anything they run to a larger size, from one to three pounds, and even more. The conditions of life in the north apparently suit grayling better than do those in Great Britain. The grayling, (or little gray fish), sometimes called 'umber,' *quasi ab umbra*, because it rises at a fly so swiftly that it resembles a shadow, inherits much legendary matter, which may be found in Walton and elsewhere, and is admirably summarized in the article contained in the excellent 'Encyclopædia of Sport,' now in course of publication by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. The learned Joseph Lauzoin, so far back as 1689, commends its use in small-pox and other complaints.* There is no need to consider its scientific position among the salmonidæ or to decide whether it is a coregonus. 'Our treatise,' as Aristotle says in the 'Ethics,' 'aims rather at practical matters.' Grayling, like the rainbow trout (*S. irideus*), spawn in April, very different time from that chosen by most of the members

* Dat liquorem oleaginosum, elegante rubicundum, qui est remedium contra
ariolarum, et contra cicatrices, oculorum maculas, &c. ('Zoologia Parva,
us de animalibus ad medicinam facientibus.')

of the salmon family. Thus they should not in conscience be taken out of the water until July. Last year a large grayling was caught in November at Leintwardine (which Sir Humphrey Davy has made the classic home of the species), with ova well developed. How this could occur is a difficult question. Probably an injury had caused the abnormal reproduction. Ordinarily the fish may be seen on gravel beds in shallow water during April in the act of spawning, and then appear quite black instead of in their usual dress of silver and chocolate. At this time they are so ravenous that they will rise at anything like a fly. Should one be caught, another, probably a male, will follow his mate quite up to the fisherman's net, showing little fear of man. This habit of spawning in April renders a stream containing grayling an object to be coveted. For these fish thus come into season just as the trout go out of it in October, and remain at their best throughout the winter. The October fishing is a boon in many ways, autumn never displaying her beauty so much as at the waterside. In November many good grayling are caught with the artificial fly, but most often by means of a small well-scoured red worm let down the currents with a diminutive float. At certain times and on some rivers the artificial grasshopper (which is not in the least like the natural insect) proves a fatal bait.

We are far from agreeing with Piscator, who affirms that a grayling is 'one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world, and the bigger he is the more easily caught.' Were we asked how to catch grayling we should prescribe but two rules: use very fine gut and very small flies. Choose too a sunny morning following a frosty night. A slight shade of red is always attractive in a grayling fly; indeed, the 'red tag' is an old favourite. The flies generally used should be 'diminutives of nature,' tied with dyed feathers and worsted or silk. We have recently been shown some flies, exquisitely small, tied with tags of crimson macaw feathers. These keep their colour in the water better than those made of dyed materials. A friend caught seven grayling in the Wiley near Salisbury with these flies last autumn. They weighed nine pounds.*

General Venables well understood the habits of the grayling;

* 'Detached Badger' (a well-known and skilful angler) says ('Field,' March 5th, 1898): 'the largest grayling of which I have full details, and of the weight of which there can be no doubt, was one killed in Houghton Mill-pond, November 7th, 1891, by Mr. Walbran, caught by spinning a worm on the finest drawn gut. It was over 19 inches in length, maximum girth 11 inches, and weighed over 3 lb. 9 oz.' Out of 559 killed by 'Detached Badger' in the Test from 1879 to the end of 1897 there were only 5 of 3 lb. or over; 71 were between 2 lb. and 3 lb.

'the umber,' he says, 'is generally taken with the same baits as the trout: he is an eager fish, biteth freely, and will rise often at the same flie if you prick him not.'* Walton held Venables in high estimation, wrote to him, and greatly praised him for his, 'as I may call it, Epitome of Angling.'

A few words may be added on the distribution of grayling. It is essentially a northern fish. Five species of grayling inhabit the streams of Northern Europe, Asia, and North America. The *poisson bleu* of the Canadian voyageurs is well known. The Arctic grayling (*Thymallus signifer*) was first discovered during Sir J. Franklin's expedition to the North Pole. Captain Back (then a midshipman), took the first specimen with an artificial fly. *T. tricolor*, the Michigan grayling, inhabits that State and the head waters of the Missouri in Montana. It rivals the common grayling (*T. vulgaris*) in the facility with which it lends itself to acclimatization. Yet another, a salmonoid of the grayling family, was taken during our last Arctic Expedition in a high degree of latitude.† It is often said that the monks introduced the grayling into England, but the fact that this fish can be acclimatized with ease probably shows that they spread it over the land by choosing streams likely to prove acceptable to its habits. The river in which grayling will prosper has been long ago indicated by Sir H. Davy. 'They require a combination of stream and pool; they like a deep still pool for rest, and a rapid stream above, and a gradually declining shallow below, and a bottom where loam or marl is mixed with gravel; and they are not found abundant except in rivers that have these characteristics.' He goes on to note that grayling were introduced into the Test after 1808, a statement which will surprise many anglers who have been in the habit of deeming them indigenous to that river.‡ Several Yorkshire rivers contain them, such as the Ure and Wharfe, and even one brook in Lincolnshire, though as a rule the grayling is conspicuously absent from the Eastern Counties. Excellent grayling may be taken in the Wye, the Trent, and the Lugg.

Grayling under half a pound in weight do not appear to spawn, rendering it probable that they do not attempt to spawn

* 'The Experienced Angler,' London, 1662.

† Those who do not know grayling by sight may see them admirably represented in the fine plates, many of them elaborately coloured and heightened with silver, of Agassiz—'L'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons d'Eau Douce de l'Europe Centrale,' Livre I., *Salmo* and *Thymallus*, 1839-42. The grayling's dorsal fin is very large. The fish has a smaller head and mouth than the trout, with a more forked tail and a curious elliptical eye.

‡ 'Salmonia,' Seventh and Eighth Days.

till their third, or perhaps fourth, season. At a little distance the eggs resemble toad spawn; they are smaller than those of the trout and transparent. It is found that the grayling generally heads down stream. In Scandinavia grayling inhabit sea-lakes, and are taken in the Cattegat and Baltic. They are rapid growers, attaining to four or five inches in length in a few months.* One of the most interesting cases of acclimatizing the grayling in recent days took place in the Monnow, the excellent trout-stream running between Herefordshire and Monmouth. It shows what can be done in a few years towards the naturalization of fish. One or two abortive attempts had previously been made to stock this river, but on 16th May, 1882, Mr. Attwood-Mathews, Pontrilas Court, placed 4000 young grayling, just free of the vesicle, in the Dore River, which flows into the Monnow near Pontrilas. Nothing more was seen of them till April 1887, five years afterwards, when many grayling were watched spawning in the Dore. A good many small grayling (locally known as 'shotts') were captured in 1888. After that year they increased abundantly, and are now taken along the whole length of the Monnow's course. They have even ascended the Honddhu into the Black Mountains.† Thus in ten years' time a fishing district had been rendered much more valuable as a sporting country by fly-fishing being prolonged there into December. Sinister whispers suggest that the grayling may injure the number of trout in the Monnow. It is possible that the grayling, free in mid-winter from family cares, may to some extent prey upon the trout ova. But the danger is probably less than it appears, since in mid-winter the grayling lie in the deep running water, while the spawning trout have pushed up to the gravel beds covered by rapid streams.

It is high time now for the angler to close his books, even though they are on subjects so fascinating as angling and natural history, and betake himself to the river-side, with Dame Juliana Berners's words in his mind: 'The grallynge, by another name called oombre, is a delycyous fysshe to mannys mouthe. And ye may take him like as ye doo the trout.' The Dame (to adopt the old-fashioned view of her personality) is unquestionably correct in her dictum that the grayling may be taken 'all the yere with a redde worme.' In the dead of winter anglers do not, as a rule, trouble themselves about grayling,‡ but when

* F. Day, 'British Salmonidae,' 1 vol., 1887, p. 278 *seq.*

† See 'Proceedings of the Woolhope Club,' 1894, p. 201.

‡ 'The generous, gentle angler that values his health begins not his noble recreation of angling till March, and leaves off at Michaelmas.' (Howlett, 'The Angler's Sure Guide,' 1706.)

March gleams tempt them to the riverside to catch trout, a long dull drag from the bottom of the stream at once tells the skilled fisherman that he has taken a grayling about to spawn, which accounts for the fish's ravenousness. After a good deal of pulling (for grayling in such a plight invariably seek the deepest currents), an ugly black lank fish at length emerges, as unlike a September grayling as can well be imagined. This the chagrined angler unhooks and puts back as quickly as possible. Or a small one leaps up and merrily takes the trout fly. The activity of the grayling may be noticed as he rises swiftly from the bottom to take the fly, so different from the trout, which usually lies just under the surface, and quietly sucks in the lure. Ausonius long ago noticed this swift rise:—

'*Effugiensque oculos celeri levis umbra natatu.*'

(*Idyll. x. 90.*)

The captive, being any weight up to three quarters of a pound, is in excellent condition, and not being about to spawn this season can be kept, and will well reward its captor at breakfast. Walton says that 'no man should in honesty catch a trout till the middle of March; yet I hope' (adds *Piscator*, '*Compleat Angler*,' ii. 7) 'he will give a man leave sooner to take a grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season.'

Unfortunately streams are seldom in fit condition for fly-fishing in winter. More pleasant is the attempt to take grayling in a July evening. Trout are rising everywhere, but so clear is the water and so suspicious the fish that it is exceptional to put the fly over them to much advantage. It is very different with grayling. Armed with the 'sedge fly,' the 'green insect,' or best of all, 'the red tag' (for the grayling, as has been noted, is unusually fond of a spot of bright colour), the fisherman brushes past the thickets of pink willow-herb, almost treading upon a hedgehog and scaring the peaceful water-rat on the other side from its feast on the arrow-head, and tries the sparkling currents beyond. At the second cast he strikes one, may-be, but a July grayling demands much patient address in order to capture it. This one probably runs out line, and then, curving its body like an angry cat, lets the angler draw itself to him in such a position as to present the fullest front to the stream. The cunning artifice at once succeeds, and, its tender mouth giving way, the fish escapes. The next one darts among the 'daggers' (as sedges are termed in Devon), and the angler knows he may at once say farewell to it. A third, by good luck rather than skill, in a weedy spot, is put in the basket. Another,
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in that curious manner peculiar to this fish, slips unaccountably off the hook just as the landing net approaches. Unless a man is both a skilful and a patient fisherman, catching grayling in summer is not the easy task which some suppose it. A light and yet a firm hand is imperatively needed. Meanwhile the sun sets in bars of red and gold up the river behind him, and the prolonged twilight of an English summer, serenely beautiful, is enough to console an angler for any spiteful dealings of fortune, while the peace of the pastoral landscape around him seems to whisper from the book so dear to the scholar angler:—

‘Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.’

Most pleasant of all the months in which to fish for grayling is October, particularly if the reader be privileged, as has been our happy lot, to catch this fish in the Teme at far-famed Leintwardine. A low scheme of colour matches the fitful sunlights which occasionally break out from the clouded skies. Shades of brown and yellow predominate in the landscape. Especially striking is the dead-gold foliage of the willow, itself the most beautiful of English trees, according to Ruskin, which more freely than any other tree drops its leaves into the river, and in time forms long mud-banks. On a typical October day these leaves swirl upwards in the coloured eddies, and, frequently catching on his flies, try the angler's equanimity. Among them, in a line from an alder half of which has fallen forward into the river, may be noticed several dimples rather than rises. A skilled eye at once knows them to be grayling taking the gnats which from time to time float past. And now commences a curious scene, due to the idiosyncrasy of the grayling. A trout must be very hungry to suffer a fly to be put over him more than once. The grayling is beautifully indifferent, and so long as it is not touched by hook or line will continue rising with the greatest *sang froid*. Here the dry-fly fisherman is in his element. Fourteen or fifteen times have we put the flies over a grayling rising in this manner without the least notice being taken of them, while at, say, the sixteenth cast patience has met its reward, and the grayling been captured.

A little further on, where a swift ripple dies into a deep pool, a grayling is sure to be on the look-out for flies. It does not abide in one ‘hover’ so distinctly as a trout loves to do. Such a place would have few attractions in mid stream for the one fish, while the other delights in it. Carefully does the angler wade in and throw a long fine line where he has seen the fish rise. Off goes the stricken grayling down stream. Any attempt

to stop it suddenly would at once, thanks to its tender mouth, prove fatal. The angler must pursue, treating it carefully, as it is evidently a good fish. The cunning creature makes for a quick stream ending in a mimic waterfall, perhaps six inches high. Still the angler dare not use much force, and in a trice the fish rushes over the water-break, and a slack line tells the sad tale that the best fish the angler may hook that day has escaped. In such a situation a temporizing policy is ever unsuccessful. A resolute determination to keep the fish above the water-fall might have meant victory. The *fortiter in re* method is at times the safest even with a grayling.

One more ideal picture may be drawn of grayling-fishing with a worm in the autumn. Only the last handful of leaves now remains on the trees. Trout have sought the smaller brooks, and are engaged in spawning. A keen breeze drifts a shower or two from the hills, and a pair of melancholy crows caw from an ash-tree as high as Yggdrasil. The angler opens his bag of well-scoured red worms, and attaches a couple to a very fine hook mounted on gossamer gut with a float the size and colour of a cherry. Dropping this gently in with an easily running line he suffers it to drift down the streams, and a worm is a very fatal bait on a showery day. Even with such a prosaic lure as a worm there is room for that fertility of resource which distinguishes the philosophic angler. Suppose he has seen a large grayling rising frequently among the floating leaves of a knot of alders, and yet neither worm nor fly appear to be in the least degree attractive; he rests for a while and meditates on the situation while eating lunch. Clearly the alder leaves seem harmless to the fish's little brain. So long as he can feed among them he evidently thinks himself safe. 'Habet!' at length whispers the fisherman, as he tears a slit in a stout alder leaf, inserts the gut into it, and suffers about two inches of the latter to hang down with the hook and a very small seductive worm. Gently dropping leaf and hook into the stream, the leaf floats on, apparently as harmless as those already passing by. A moment, and the angler's heart is in his mouth, while the whirring of his reel, assisted by a gentle movement of his wrist, shows that the man has outdone the fish in cunning, in spite of all the finer senses of smelling, tasting, and seeing peculiar to the latter.

Like the English trout, which have been acclimatized, through the late Frank Buckland's exertions, in New Zealand, grayling in certain waters are apt to grow fat and lazy, and will not then rise readily to artificial flies. A brook in East Lincolnshire, famous at one time for its grayling-fishing, in which this fish
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had been originally introduced by that keen sportsman, the late Sir R. Sutton, forms a case in point. The fish developed this objectionable habit of refusing to rise, and the fishing naturally declined considerably in public favour. A conclave was held, and it was determined to send for skilful worm-fishers from the great Yorkshire towns. They soon caught the large grayling, and the rest comported themselves as fish should do which are destined to yield sport to orthodox fly-fishers.

The grayling has not been much be-rhymed. The honour of poetry has been appropriated by the trout. Cotton sings:—

‘Or stream now, or still,
A large pannier we’ll fill,
Trout and grayling to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say,
’Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.’

Besides this, with the exception of the late Laureate’s ‘Brook,’ which held—

‘Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,’

it is difficult to recall even the mention of the fish in poetry. Indeed, the Muse does not as a general rule smile upon the devotees of fishing. It is surprising how little true poetry has glorified the fisherman. It is a ‘Gentleman of the Old School’ whom Mr. Austin Dobson pictures:—

‘But most his measured words of praise
Caressed the angler’s easy ways,—
His idly meditative days,
His rustic diet.’

Most latter-day verses on this subject are sufficiently worthless, except one or two lyrics of Andrew Lang’s, a few of the songs of Crawhall, Stoddart, and other northern minstrels, and ‘The Lay of the Last Angler.’ The exhilarating breath of the river-side sweeps through these, and a strong love of nature for her own sake pervades them. Then angling enthusiasm irresistibly bursts forth in the true poet, for what greater temptation can assail him than to break out into verse when brought face to face with nature?—

‘Quid enim majus dare numina possunt?’

If fortune enables a man, with the slimmest of rods and tackle, to master some of nature’s strongest and yet most timorous creatures, it were too much to expect she should also make him
a poet.

a poet. Too often the poetry of anglers palpably smacks of the lamp, and of lucubrations in the study:—

‘Quam desertis Aganippes
Vallibus esuriens migraret in atria Olio.’

If any one, however, would compare angling songs he may rescue a few pearls from the abundance of oyster shells in Mr. Buchan’s ‘Musa Piscatrix.’ Many will sympathize in conclusion with the lines in which the graceful pen of Andrew Lang is well inspired by a love both of angling and of the familiar streams of his native land:—

‘Nay, Spring I’d meet by Tweed or Ail,
And Summer by Loch Assynt’s deep,
And Autumn in that lonely vale
Where wedded Avons westward sweep.

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Unseen, Eurotas, southward steal,
Unknown, Alphous, westward glide,
You never heard the ringing reel,
The music of the water side!

Though gods have walked your woods among,
Though nymphs have fled your banks along,
You speak not that familiar tongue
Tweed murmurs like my cradle song.’

- ART. VII.—1. *The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763–1783.* By Professor M. C. Tyler, of Cornell University. New York and London, 1897.
2. *The Story of Canada.* (Story of the Nations Series). By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. London, 1896.
3. *Biographical Sketch of the Loyalists of the American Revolution.* By Lorenzo Sabine. Boston, 1864.
4. *Samuel Adams.* (American Statesmen Series). By Professor Hosmer, of Washington University. New York, 1887.
5. *Celebration of the Centennial of the Settlement of Upper Canada by the United Empire Loyalists, 1784–1884.* Toronto, 1885.
6. *History of the County of Annapolis, including Old Port Royal and Acadia.* By W. A. Calnek. Edited and completed by Judge Savary, A.M. Toronto and London, 1897.

NO time is more opportune than the present to recall the history of the courageous men and women who towards the close of last century left their homes in the old British colonies of America for the sake of a United Empire. The brilliant and varied spectacle that was witnessed in the streets of London in June 1897, when representatives were present from all parts of the British dominions to show their attachment to the Queen and the Empire—a loyal, prosperous, and united Empire—stands out on the broad canvas of history in remarkable contrast with that melancholy picture of weeping pilgrims who, more than a hundred years ago, were seen wending their way to the possessions which Great Britain still retained on the shores of the Atlantic and in the valley of the St. Lawrence at the close of the American Revolution. The story of these loyal exiles may well be compared with that of those unhappy Acadian peasants who were ruthlessly torn from their cottages amid the fertile meadows which their patient industry had won from the turbulent tides of the Atlantic, and scattered far and wide among people who received them with none of that Christian charity which of itself is a divine inspiration. Or we may cross the ocean and recall the sad record, in a previous century, of equally hapless men and women who were driven from old France on the recall of the Edict which pledged a king's faith to religious toleration, and gave not only to England and Holland the services of an industrious and moral people, but even helped to swell the population of the British colonies which were then struggling to establish themselves in America. Not a few of the descendants of these same Huguenot exiles were, many years later, forced again to leave the new land to which

which they had fled in those terrible days of savage persecution, and commence life anew in those countries which were still colonies of Great Britain. It is equally noteworthy that on those very shores which the Acadian exiles of 1755 left in such misery there landed the far greater proportion of the Loyalists, almost in the same spirit of despondency as had been felt by their predecessors in misery less than thirty years before.

More than a century has now elapsed since the occurrence of those events in the history of America, and the Acadian provinces which are so intimately associated with the sufferings of those exiles have become prosperous and happy communities. On the meadows won from the sea by the Acadian farmers there are now many happy homes, and the descendants of the old French occupants of Acadia have villages and settlements within the limits of the ill-defined region which was known as *Acadie* in the days of the French *régime*. In the beautiful valleys of the St. John and Annapolis, by the side of many spacious bays and picturesque rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we find the descendants of the Loyalists, living in content and even affluence, occupying the highest positions of trust and honour. By the St. Lawrence and the Canadian lakes we see also many thousands of people who proudly trace their lineage to the same migration; who have the same story to tell of suffering and trial in the past, of courage and patience triumphant in the end, of the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. In the records of industrial enterprise, of social and intellectual progress, of political development, we find the names of many eminent men sprung from the people to whom Canada and the empire owe a deep debt of gratitude for the services they rendered to England at the most critical period of her chequered history.

We propose in this paper to recall the history of that famous migration, from which, at the lowest estimate, three-quarters of a million of Canadians have already sprung. We shall show that this migration was in many respects one of the most remarkable that ever came into any country. Its members were imbued with many qualities that were calculated to lay deep and firm the foundations of stable institutions, of moral and conservative habits, at a most critical stage of a nation's growth. If Canada has been able for a century to resist the growth of republican ideas, and to adhere to England, credit is largely due to the principles which the Loyalists have handed down to generations after them.

If we review the history of the old Thirteen Colonies and of
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the provinces of Canada during those years which may be considered to fall within the *formative* periods of their social and political development, we shall see how important has been the direct influence exercised by certain well-defined and special classes of immigration during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the old British Colonies, now a part of the United States, there were two important migrations of peoples in the seventeenth century. The Pilgrims who came over in the 'Mayflower' were relatively insignificant in number, and the total population of the Plymouth Colony in 1629 did not exceed 500 souls. Then followed that great immigration of Puritans which ceased by 1640, and brought into the country some 26,000 men, women, and children of a very superior class, who built up that New England which has been ever since famous in the history of American civilization. These Puritans belonged to the best English stock outside of the nobility, and the greater number of their leaders were graduates of Cambridge, whose name has been also given to the city amid whose tall elms stands Harvard University. Stern in demeanour, narrow-minded and dogmatic in religion, they had their defects of character; but—to quote the language of Bishop Potter of New York—they possessed qualities which 'meant obedience and purity, reverence and intelligence, everywhere—in the family and in the field, in the shop and in the meeting-house, in the pulpit and on the bench.' Their whole aim was to establish a system of government which should be based on church membership—not membership in all churches, but only in the one which they themselves established in the New World. They became Independents in church government and Democrats in political principle. At the present time the descendants of the migration from 1629 until 1640 probably number one-seventh or even more of the whole population of the United States. No section of the American republic has more largely influenced its destinies than Puritan New England. When the American Revolution broke out and the people were called upon to decide between a United British Empire and Independence, many descendants of the famous Puritan immigrants of the seventeenth century left their pleasant homes and formed a part of that large body of resolute loyal exiles who sought shelter for themselves and families, and freedom for the expression of their loyalty to Great Britain, in the countries which still belonged to her in North America.

Another powerful element in the settlement of America was the coming to Virginia of a large number of people who were
Royalists

Royalists during the troublous times that were brought on England by the obstinacy of Charles I. In 1650 there were only about 15,000 people, all told, in the Old Dominion, but in 1670 there were at least 40,000, of whom the great majority were 'distressed Cavaliers,' who took at once the direction of social and political affairs, in a province of which the conditions were always more or less aristocratic, and where the Church of England had a recognized position. The industrial interests of New England were chiefly commercial and maritime, while those of Virginia were agricultural. Large estates and the holding of many slaves, necessary for the cultivation of its great staple, tobacco, supported what was essentially a colonial nobility. The whole of the white population of Virginia is still English. The descendants of the original stock—which came into the country during the seventeenth century, and is now found within the limits of the State, as well as in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and in a part of North Carolina—are said on excellent authority to number between three and four million souls. This State has exercised a remarkable influence on the federal republic. Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall are among the names of eminent men who traced their lineage to Church and King's men. It is somewhat remarkable that it was in aristocratic Virginia, as well as in democratic New England, that the revolutionary element found its greatest strength during the war. It was in this province of loyal Cavaliers that Patrick Henry struck the first key-note of rebellion, just as Samuel Adams, a demagogue by instinct, touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the class who were quite ready to resent any fancied or real insult or injury committed against colonists by ill-advised English statesmen, ignorant of the sentiments and conditions of communities long accustomed to govern themselves after their own fashion with little or no interference from England.

We find also that two important migrations have largely influenced the political and social fortunes of Canada during the formative and critical periods of her history. In 1680 emigration from France practically ceased, and the total population of Canada did not exceed 10,000 souls. It is from these people that the million and a half who now inhabit the Dominion, and the half million, more or less, who have found their way to the Eastern States of the federal republic, have mainly descended. The very federal union which now governs the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shows in its details the impress of the influence of the statesmen of a race deeply attached to their language, religion, and civil institutions.

The opinions of the leaders of this people, despite the efforts of Papineau and other restless spirits from time to time to create a republican sentiment, have always favoured monarchical government, and we may fairly place them by the side of the Loyalists of last century as bulwarks of British connexion.

The migration of the Loyalists, during the American Revolution, commenced on the evacuation of Boston in 1776, and reached its climax in 1783, when the old colonies were independent States. Between 30,000 and 40,000 souls came to the maritime provinces and to the valley of the St. Lawrence. At that time the total British population of the British provinces did not exceed 12,000 souls, of whom the greater number were in Nova Scotia, which then included New Brunswick. The total French population of Canada was upwards of 100,000 souls, and there was not a single British settler west of Lake St. Francis. Even many of the British inhabitants of Canada and Nova Scotia, especially those of American origin, were of doubtful loyalty to the Crown during the war. Some of the Nova Scotian sympathizers with their countrymen in New England refused to take the oath of allegiance, and were not allowed to send representatives to the Legislature. Had the revolutionists been able to seize Quebec, or hold any important position in Acadia, the disloyal sentiment that was latent among a certain class of American origin would assuredly have threatened England's supremacy in the countries now forming so important a part of the present Canadian Dominion. The coming of many thousand people who had proved so conclusively their attachment to Great Britain by their suffering and self-sacrifice, was one of the happiest events, in a national sense, that could have occurred in the case of a country where the French Canadians were nearly ten to one Englishman, and the British settlers were confined for the most part to the province on the Atlantic seaboard. This migration of people of proved loyalty and courage decided the future of the colonies that were left to England in North America.

The character of the men who were so important an acquisition to the population of the Dominion, as well as the circumstances which forced them from the countries where not only the exiles themselves, but their fathers and grandfathers before them, had lived for many years, were pledges of the value of the services they have rendered to the British empire.

In 1763, Canada was formally ceded to Great Britain, and the Thirteen Colonies were relieved from the menace of the presence of France in the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. Nowhere were there more rejoicings

on account of this auspicious event than in the homes of the democratic Puritans. The names of Pitt and Wolfe were honoured above all others of their countrymen, and no one could then have imagined that in the colonies, which stretched from the river Penobscot to the peninsula of Florida, there was latent a spirit of independence which could be kindled on the slightest provocation and might threaten the rule of Great Britain on the American Continent. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the familiar story of the events which fanned colonial discontent into national rebellion. Nor is there any need to dwell on the irritating and half-hearted policy of the British Government, or on the incapacity of the British commanders. At no stage is it a history on which we can look with complacency, though we can vie with the Americans themselves in our admiration of the heroic figure of Washington. Mr. Lecky, who has reviewed the annals of those times with great fairness, has truly said :—

‘The nobility and beauty of the character of Washington can hardly be surpassed ; several of the other leaders of the Revolution were men of ability and public spirit, and few armies have ever shown a nobler self-devotion than that which remained with Washington through the dreary winter at Valley Forge. But the army that bore those sufferings was a very small one, and the general aspect of the American people during the contest was far from heroic or sublime.’

In the closing years of the war, Great Britain had not only to fight France, Spain, Holland, and her own colonies, but she was without a single ally in Europe. Her dominion was threatened in India, and the King prevented the intervention of the only statesmen in the kingdom to whom the colonists at any time were likely to listen with respect. When Chatham died, with a protest on his lips ‘against the dismemberment of this ancient monarchy,’ the last hope of bringing about a reconciliation between the revolutionists and the parent state disappeared for ever, and the Thirteen Colonies became independent at Yorktown.

But amid the disastrous examples of military incapacity shown by English generals, with the exception of Cornwallis, who was never adequately supported, amid the selfishness and supineness of the people who sympathized with the Revolution, we see at least one great body of men and women who remained faithful to England, and gave many remarkable evidences of their earnestness and sincerity. These people, it is admitted by John Adams and other well-informed men, numbered one-third of the whole population of the colonies, or nearly three-quarters of a million of whites, when the war broke out. Others

believe that the number was larger, and that the revolutionary party was in a minority even after the Declaration of Independence. The larger number of the Loyalists were to be found in the present State of New York, where the capital was in the possession of the British from September 1776 until the evacuation in 1783. They also formed the majority in Pennsylvania and the southern colonies of South Carolina and Georgia. In all the other States they represented a large minority of the best class of their respective communities. It is estimated that upwards of 25,000 of these people served in the numerous loyal regiments—between twenty-five and thirty—which were formed throughout the colonies during the war.

What was the character of the people who composed this great body of loyal subjects of the British Crown? Were they inferior to their opponents from an intellectual, social, or moral standpoint? The names of the Rev. Dr. Inglis, of New York, who became the first Colonial Bishop of the Church of England; of the Rev. Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut, who was consecrated the first Episcopalian Bishop of the United States; of the Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, in whose veins flowed the best Puritan blood of New England; of Governor Hutchinson, historian and statesman; of Joseph Galloway, whose judicious counsel, if followed, might have averted the war; of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, the English clergyman of Maryland and Virginia, whose remonstrances against the growth of revolutionary principles were so earnest and wise; of Daniel Leonard, of Massachusetts, whose powerful letters in favour of England and an adjustment of the difficulties by constitutional methods forced John Adams to reply; of Jonathan Sewell, an attorney-general of Massachusetts; of Jonathan Bliss, a member of a general court of the same State; of George Duncan Ludlow, a judge of the supreme court of New York; of Timothy Ruggles, a delegate to the Stamp Congress from Massachusetts; of the Rev. Isaac Wilkins, a clergyman of the English Church in New York, and an able pamphleteer; of the Rev. Jonathan Odell, also a clergyman of the same faith in New Jersey, and a satirical poet of much force—all these are among the many names which illustrate the intellectual power that was wielded by the loyal element during the Revolution. When Howe evacuated Boston and embarked his troops for the British province of Nova Scotia, there went with him a large body of Loyalists. Among these were 102 Members of Council, Commissioners, customs and other officials, 18 clergymen, 213 merchants and residents of Boston, 105 inhabitants of other towns, 382 farmers, traders, and mechanics. Of the

the 310 persons banished by Massachusetts in 1778, more than 60 were graduates of Harvard College, and the whole list, says an American writer, 'reads almost like the bead-roll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization.'

It is noteworthy that at last—and we may take it as a sign that the rancour engendered by the struggle is passing away—some writers in the United States, in their desire to be truthful historians, endeavour to express themselves dispassionately on the events and actors of the revolutionary epoch of their history, in remarkable contrast with the untruthful and inflammatory text-books generally used in the public schools of the United States. Professor Tyler, who has charge of the Chair of American History in Cornell University, points out, in a very interesting work on the 'Literary History of the American Revolution,' that these people comprised 'in general a majority of those who, of whatever . . . grade of culture or of wealth, would now be described as Conservative people.' A clear majority of the official class, of men representing large commercial interests and capital, of professional training and occupation, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and teachers, 'seem to have been set against the ultimate measures of the Revolution.' He assumes with justice that, within this Conservative class, 'one may usually find at least a fair portion of the cultivation, of the moral thoughtfulness, of the personal purity and honour, existing in the community to which they happen to belong.' He agrees with Dr. John Fiske, a historical writer who is widely read in the United States, in comparing the Loyalists to the Unionists of the Southern War of Secession from 1861 until 1865. They were 'the champions of national unity, as resting on the paramount authority of the general government.' In other words they were the champions of a United British Empire in the eighteenth century.

Another learned Professor in a Western University says, in a 'Life of Samuel Adams,' the chief conspirator against imperial unity, that 'there were, in fact, no better men and women in Massachusetts, as regards intelligence, substantial good purpose, and piety.' They 'were generally people of substance, their stake in the country was greater even than that of their opponents, their patriotism, no doubt, was to the full as fervent.' Professor Hosmer also shows how much comfort and happiness these people sacrificed at the call of duty.

'There is much that is melancholy,' he writes, 'of which the world knows but little, connected with their expulsion from the land sincerely loved. The estates of the Tories were among the fairest ;

fairest; their stately mansions stood on the sightliest hill-brows; the richest and best-tilled meadows were their farms; the long avenue, the broad lawn, the trim hedge about the garden, servants, plate, pictures—the varied circumstance, external and internal, of dignified and generous housekeeping—for the most part, these things were at the homes of the Tories. They loved beauty, dignity, and refinement. . . . The day went against them; they crowded into ships—with the gates of their country barred for ever behind them.

What was that great cause for which so large a body of 'influential characters'—as Chief Justice McKean of Pennsylvania designated them in a letter to John Adams—sacrificed their comfort, their happiness, their property, and even their lives in numerous cases? 'Surely an idea, a cause,' says Professor Tyler, 'that was cherished and clung to, amid almost every form of obloquy and disaster, by so vast a section of American society, can hardly deserve any longer to be turned out of court in so summary and contemptuous a fashion as that in which it has been commonly disposed of by American writers.' He reminds his readers that 'the side of the Loyalists, as they called themselves, of the Tories, as they were scornfully nicknamed by their opponents, was even in argument not a weak one, and in motive and sentiment not a base one, and in devotion and self-sacrifice not an unheroic one.' The stake of the majority of them in the country was certainly greater than that of Samuel Adams, who had nothing to lose by a revolution. Their moral principles were assuredly as sound as any emanating from Thomas Paine, the adventurer, who had no religious beliefs whatever, and yet largely influenced public opinion at a critical moment. Their patriotism was undoubtedly as fervent and unselfish as that of Washington himself, and the only difference between him and them, until the war, was that they differed as to the methods of obtaining redress for colonial grievances.

'The old colonial system,' says that thoughtful writer Sir J. R. Seeley, 'was not practically at all tyrannous, and when the breach came the grievances of which the Americans complained, though perfectly real, were smaller than ever before or since led to such mighty consequences.' The leaders among the Loyalists, excepting a few rash and angry officials, probably recognized that there were grievances which ought to be remedied. They looked on the policy of the party in power in Great Britain as injudicious in the extreme, but they believed that the relations between the colonies and the imperial state could be placed on a more satisfactory basis by a spirit of mutual compromise, and not by such methods as were insidiously followed by the agitators against England. Daniel Leonard, in his able letters
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which he signed as 'Massachusettensis,' dwelt on the indisputable fact that the British Parliament had 'from the earliest days of the colonies claimed the lately controverted right both of legislation and taxation, and for more than a century had been in the exercise of it.' He sarcastically observed: 'Poor tea has been made the shibboleth of party, while molasses, wine, coffee, indigo, &c., have been unmolested. A person that drinks New England rum distilled from molasses subject to a like duty is equally deserving of a coat of tar and feathers with him that drinks tea. A coffee drinker is as culpable as either, viewed in a political light.' He admitted that 'a power of taxation is more liable to abuse than legislation separately considered,' and it would have given him 'pleasure to see some other line drawn, some other barriers erected, than what the constitution has already done—if it be possible—whereby the constitutional authority of the supreme legislature might be preserved entire, and America be guaranteed in every right and exemption consistent with her subordination and dependence.' 'But this,' adds Leonard with truth, 'can only be done by Parliament,' the supreme legislative authority of the empire.

The Loyalists contended for the legality of the action of Parliament, and were supported by the opinions of Lord Mansfield and all high legal authorities. They also showed that only a very small portion of the people of Great Britain—perhaps one million out of nine millions—elected representatives to Parliament, which nevertheless legislated for the whole nine millions of people, that a man once returned to that body represented the whole empire, and that consequently all interests were safe in its hands. No doubt this argument was sound so far as England and Scotland were affected, but it is equally clear that a man elected by an English constituency was outside of the influence of public opinion in colonies thousands of miles away, and not easily accessible in days when there were no fast steamers and telegraph cables. When Americans spoke of representation, they meant such a representation as they themselves could choose within their geographical limits, and within hearing of the sentiments of the people affected. In fact, they meant such representation as, to a limited degree, the English and Scotch themselves actually enjoyed. The number of electors might be very limited in Great Britain, but at all events the public opinion of the country at large could make itself immediately felt on those representatives who were sent to Parliament.

Taxation, too, differed from ordinary legislation, as the whole political history of England shows, from the Great Charter to
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the Bill of Rights. The whole difficulty, in fact, was not to be adjusted by lawyers, who adhered to the strict letter of the law, but by statesmen, who recognized the obvious fact that the time had come for reconsidering the relations between the colonies and the parent state, and meeting the new conditions of their rapid development and political freedom. But these relations were not to be placed on an equitable and satisfactory basis by mob violence and revolution. All the questions at issue were of a constitutional character, to be settled by constitutional methods. Such were the opinions of Joseph Galloway, Jonathan Boucher, Jonathan Odell, Samuel Seabury, Chief Justice Smith, Judge Thomas Jones, Beverly Robinson, and other men of weight and ability among the Loyalists, who recognized the blunders made by the imperial authorities, and the existence of grievances. Galloway, one of the ablest men on the constitutional side, was a member of the first Continental Congress, which met in 1774 at Philadelphia, and there presented a 'Plan of a Proposed Union between Great Britain and the Colonies.' This plan meant the establishment of a confederation of the colonies, with a 'President-general' appointed by the Crown, and a 'Grand Council' or general parliament, which would be elected every three years by the legislatures of the several colonies. Galloway only anticipated the federal union which, nearly a hundred years later, consolidated the British provinces into one Canadian Dominion and solved difficulties that impeded their political and material development. But the plan of 1774 also suggested a method 'under which the strength of the whole empire may be drawn together on any emergency.' The President-general and Grand Council were to administer and regulate all 'the general police and affairs of the colonies or any of them.' They were to be 'an inferior distinct branch of the British Legislature,' united and incorporated with it for general purposes—that is, for imperial purposes. All regulations for such general interests could 'originate, and be formed and digested either in the Parliament of Great Britain, or in the said Grand Council, and being prepared, transmitted to the other for their approbation or dissent; and the assent of both shall be requisite to the validity of all such general acts or statutes.' In other words, Galloway suggested a scheme of imperial federation worthy of practical consideration at that crisis.

Eminent men in the Congress of 1774 supported this statesmanlike mode of placing the relations of England and the colonies on a basis which would enable them to work harmoniously, and at the same time give full scope to the ambition

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and the liberties of the colonial communities thus closely united; but unhappily for the empire the revolutionary element carried the day. The people at large were never given an opportunity of considering this wise proposition, and the motion was actually erased from the records of Congress. In its place, the people were asked to sign 'articles of association' which bound them to cease all commercial relations with England. Had Galloway's idea been carried out to a successful issue, we might have now presented to the world the noble spectacle of an empire greater by half a continent and seventy-five millions of people. But while Galloway and other Loyalists failed in their measures for adjusting existing difficulties and remedying grievances, history can still do full justice to their wise counsel and resolute loyalty, which refused to assist in tearing the empire to fragments:—

'Most of them,' says the historian Lecky, in an eloquent tribute to the Loyalists, 'ended their days in poverty and exile, and as the supporters of a beaten cause history has paid but a scanty tribute to their memory, but they comprised some of the best and ablest men America has ever produced, and they were contending for an ideal which was at least as worthy as that for which Washington fought. It was the maintenance of one free, industrial, and pacific Empire, comprising the whole English race, holding the richest plains of Asia in subjection, blending all that was most venerable in an ancient civilization with the redundant energies of a youthful society, and likely in a few generations to outstrip every competitor and acquire an indisputable ascendancy on the globe. Such an ideal may have been a dream, but it was at least a noble one, and there were Americans who were prepared to make any personal sacrifices rather than assist in destroying it.'

These men, who remained faithful to this ideal to the very bitter end, suffered many indignities at the hands of the professed lovers of liberty, even in those days when the questions at issue had not got beyond the stage of legitimate argument and agitation. Governor Hutchinson, to whom his own countrymen are at last meting out a measure of justice, who actually did his best to prevent the passage of the Stamp Act, was insulted, and suffered the loss of a fine library and many valuable manuscripts, which were destroyed by the 'Sons of Liberty.' The Rev. Samuel Seabury was imprisoned like a criminal on the mere suspicion—for it was not then positively known he was the author of the clever letters signed 'Westchester Farmer'—of having expressed himself too freely against the opponents of England. His papers were ransacked, valuable property destroyed and stolen, his daughters insulted and threatened

threatened by bayonets thrust through their attire. Daniel Leonard was attacked in his house at Taunton, and forced to leave the country, because he, too, dared to indulge in free speech. Timothy Ruggles, who went to Annapolis in Nova Scotia, was driven from his home, and his cattle were maimed and poisoned. Israel Williams, old and infirm, was carried from his house and nearly smoked to death in a room where the fire had been lit and the chimney wantonly closed. Sheriff Tyng, who afterwards settled in New Brunswick, was exposed to insult and outrage. The courts of law were closed and the judges prevented from fulfilling their judicial functions. The Rev. Jacob Bailey was driven to Nova Scotia as a refuge against the insults and injuries to which he was subject because he continued to perform the services of the Church of England. Jonathan Odell only spoke the truth when he wrote in one of his satires :—

‘ When civil madness first from man to man
In these devoted climes like wildfire ran,
There were who gave the moderating hint,
In conversation some, and some in print ;
Wisely they spake—and what was their reward ?—
The tar, the rail, the prison, and the cord.’

Even Washington, a cold but still a humane man, appears to have been animated by the same spirit of vindictiveness against the men who differed from him as to the methods of redressing colonial grievances. After the evacuation of Boston, in 1776, he wrote to his brother that ‘all those who have acted an unfriendly part in this great contest have shipped themselves off in the same hurry, but under still greater disadvantages than the King’s troops, being obliged to man their own vessels, as seamen enough could not be had for the King’s transports, and to submit to every hardship that can be conceived.’ And he added this cruel sentence : ‘ One or two have done what a great number ought to have done long ago—committed suicide.’ On the same authority, Dr. Ellis, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, we learn that even John Adams, one of the peace negotiators and the second President of the United States, expressed the opinion in 1780 that ‘the Tories, as he had recommended at first, should have been fined, imprisoned, and hanged.’ Was it strange, then, that mobs of ruffians should have insulted men and women, besides torturing helpless brutes in the fields ?

During the war the passions of both parties to the controversy were aroused to the highest pitch, and some allowance must be made for conditions which were different from those which
existed

existed when the questions at issue were still matters of argument. It is impossible in times of civil strife to cool the passions of men and prevent them from perpetrating cruelties and outrages which would be repugnant to their sense of humanity in moments of calmness and reflection. Both sides displayed more than once a hatred of each other that was worthy of the American Iroquois themselves. Loyalists have been even made responsible for the blood that was wantonly shed by Indians in the vale of Wyoming and in Cherry Valley, but it is fair to remember that these were men infuriated not only by the memory of all they had suffered but by the knowledge of the outrages which had been committed by the Whigs on the loyal supporters of England in many parts of the colonies. In the south, where the Loyalists were most numerous, the Whigs seized every opportunity of slaughtering them most recklessly. Amid the many scenes of savagery that brutalized the contest, we meet constantly with evidences of the heroism of the Loyalists. For instance, a fort was reduced by the revolutionists on the Savannah River, and the loyal Militia who were captured had the alternative offered to them of enlisting in the rebel army or being put to death. One young man took a few moments to consider the proposal, and, when he resolutely decided that he preferred death to disgrace, he was immediately cut down. Even gentle women were not safe from the vengeance of men who were looking for plunder while lauding the blessings of political liberty. The wives of Colonel Beverly Robinson, Roger Morris, and Dr. Inglis, were attainted of high treason by an Act of the New York Legislature, and banished from the country under penalty of death—a most tyrannical act, without parallel in British history. The wife of Sir John Johnson, the commander of a regiment of loyal troops who were dreaded with reason throughout the war, was kept as a hostage in Albany, and obliged to flee to New York in disguise through a country full of her husband's enemies. The season was winter, and an infant she carried with her died as a consequence of the exposure to which it was subject in this perilous journey. The legislative bodies were fully as vindictive as individuals in the persecution of the Loyalists. Confiscation of estate, imprisonment, disqualification for office, banishment, and even death, in case of return from exile, were among the penalties to which these people were subject by the legislative acts of the revolutionary party.

If allowance can be made for the feelings of revenge and passion which animate persons under the abnormal conditions of civil war, no extenuating circumstances appear at that later period

period when peace was proclaimed and Congress was called upon to fulfil the terms of the Treaty and recommend to the several independent States the restoration of the confiscated property of Loyalists. Even persons who had taken up arms were to have an opportunity of receiving their estates back on condition of refunding the money which had been paid for them, and protection was to be afforded to those persons during twelve months while they were engaged in obtaining the restoration of their property. In addition to these recommendations by Congress, it was solemnly agreed by the sixth article of the Treaty that there should be no future confiscations or prosecutions, and no person should 'suffer any future loss or damage, either in his person, liberty, or property,' for the part he might have taken in the war. Now was the time for generous terms—such terms as were even shown by the triumphant North to the rebellious South at the close of the War of Secession. The recommendations of Congress were treated with contempt by the Legislatures in all the States except in South Carolina, and even there the popular feeling was entirely opposed to any favour or justice being shown to the beaten party. The sixth article of the Treaty, a solemn obligation, was violated with malice and premeditation. The Loyalists, many of whom had returned from Great Britain with the hope of receiving back their estates, or of being allowed to remain in the country, soon found they could expect no generous treatment from the successful Republicans. Dr. John Fiske, in one of his histories, quotes a passage of 'truculent bombast,' as he properly calls it, from a New England paper, which illustrates the vindictive spirit that was abroad :—

'As Hannibal,' said the 'Massachusetts Chronicle,' 'swore never to be at peace with the Romans, so let every Whig swear, by his abhorrence of slavery, by liberty and religion, by the shades of departed friends who have fallen in battle, by the ghosts of those of our brave brethren who have been destroyed on board of prison-ships and in loathsome dungeons, never to be at peace with those fiends the refugees, whose thefts, murders, and treasons have filled the cup of woe.'

Dr. Fiske also says that similar sentiments were 'thundered from the pulpit by men who had forgotten for the moment their duty of preaching reconciliation and forgiveness for injuries.' The favourite Whig occupation of tarring and feathering was renewed. Loyalists were warned to leave the country as soon as possible, and in the South some were shot and hanged because they did not obey the warning. In New York, where the Whigs had been in a minority and exposed to the implacable hostility

hostility of the loyal party, much vindictiveness was shown. The Loyalists, for the most part, had no other course open to them than to leave the country they still loved and where they wished to die. The hopes that many refugees in England had always entertained, of seeing their pleasant old homes, were never realized. 'I had rather die in a little country house in New England,' said Governor Hutchinson, 'than in the finest nobleman's mansion in Old England,' but he never was allowed to see the button-woods which he had planted on Milton Hill across the Atlantic. Even his burial lot on Copp's Hill, in Boston, where his father and his wife were buried, was sold, and its new proprietor erased the old names from the stone, carved his own, and appropriated the armorial bearing. The fate of that burial lot was that of thousands of fine homes and estates owned by Loyalists. Pity was shown to few. Many thousands went to Florida, the Bahamas, the West Indies, Great Britain, Nova Scotia, and Canada.

'These men,' says Professor Goldwin Smith, 'were deeply wronged, and might well cherish and hand down to their sons, as they did, the memory of the wrong. . . . If an Empire antagonistic to the United States is ever formed upon the north of them, and if trouble to them ensues, they have to thank their ancestors who refused amnesty to the vanquished in a civil war.'

The British Government endeavoured, as far as it was in its power, to compensate the Loyalists for the loss of their property by liberal grants of money and land; but, despite all that was done for them, the majority felt a deep bitterness in their hearts as they landed on new shores which reports told them were gloomy and inhospitable. Upwards of forty thousand men, women, and children made their homes within the limits of the present Dominion. There still remained in the independent States many thousands who had been supporters of England until the Declaration of Independence, but had remained neutral during the war—unable to resist the persecution to which the opponents of the Whigs were subject, and gradually yielding to the influences that surrounded them in the places where they lived, disheartened in countless instances by the English mismanagement of the war, and alienated by the indiscriminate pillaging of friend and foe by the Hessians and other mercenary troops that England had been forced to employ. But the people who left their old homes were those who had taken an active part in the war, who were most obnoxious to the successful Republicans, who sacrificed their estates, all that they possessed, for the sake of principle, which they believed was more valuable than land or gold. Of the exiles nearly three-fourths went to the maritime

maritime provinces, and built up the province of New Brunswick, where representative institutions were established in 1784. Some ten thousand founded the beautiful and prosperous province of Ontario, which was separated from French Canada in 1792.

The number who arrived in Halifax in 1783 was so great that hundreds had to be placed in the churches or in cabooses taken from the transports and ranged along the streets. These refugees were, as Governor Parr tells us, 'in the most wretched condition,' at a time when the cold was commencing to be very severe. At Shelburne, on the first arrival of the exiles, there were seen 'lines of women sitting on the rocky shore and weeping at their altered condition.' Towns and villages, however, were soon built for the accommodation of the people. At Shelburne (or Port Roseway, anglicized from the French *Razoir*) a town of fourteen thousand people, with wide streets, fine houses—some of them with furniture and mantelpieces brought from New York—arose in two or three years. The name of New Jerusalem had been given to the same locality some years before; but it seemed a mockery to the Loyalists when they found the place they had chosen for their new home was quite unsuited for settlement. A beautiful harbour lay in front, and a rocky inhospitable country in the rear of their ambitious town, which at one time was the most populous in British North America. In the course of a few years the place was almost deserted and sank to the most insignificant condition.

The difficulties which the Upper Canadian immigrants had to undergo before reaching their destination were much greater than in the case of the people who went direct from American ports to Halifax and other places on the Atlantic coast. The former had to make toilsome journeys by land, by *batteaux* and canoes up the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu, the Genesee, and other streams which gave access from the interior of the United States to the new Canadian land. The British Government did its best to supply the wants of the population suddenly thrown upon its charitable care, but, despite all its efforts, the exiles suffered terrible hardships. The most influential immigration found its way to the maritime provinces, where a number received congenial employment and adequate salaries in the new government of New Brunswick. Many others, with the wrecks of their fortunes or the pecuniary aid granted them by the Imperial Government, were able to make comfortable homes and cultivate estates in the valleys of the St. John and Annapolis, and in other fertile parts of the lower provinces.

provinces. Of the large population that founded Shelburne a few returned to the United States, but the greater number scattered themselves all over the provinces. Dr. Canniff and other descendants of the Canadian settlers have published accounts of their trials and privations for years after their arrival, and especially in the year of famine, when large numbers had to depend on wild fruits and roots. Indeed, had it not been for fish and game, starvation and death would have been the lot of many hundreds of helpless people.

We have already said something of the high character given to the Loyalists by prominent American and English writers. Many of the refugees could trace their descent to the early immigration that founded the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. Some were connected with the Cavalier and Church families of Virginia. Others were of the blood of the persecuted Huguenots, and German Protestants from the Rhenish or Lower Palatinate. Not a few were Highland Scotsmen who had been followers of the Stuarts, and yet fought for King George and British connexion. More than sixty graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and William and Mary Colleges found their way to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Rev. Dr. Inglis, whose diocese at first covered the whole of old Canada as well as the maritime provinces, was a rector of Trinity Church in New York, and the author of several loyal essays, among them a reply to Tom Paine's 'Common Sense.' One of his sons became also Bishop of Nova Scotia, and his grandson was a hero of Lucknow. The Rev. Mather Byles, who had charge of a church at Halifax, and later at St. John, came from Christ Church in Boston, and was descended from the eminent Puritan families of Cotton and Mather. The names of the Rev. Isaac Wilkins and Jonathan Odell, clergymen and writers of loyal pamphlets and poems, are well known in Canadian annals. The first Chief Justice of New Brunswick was George Duncan Ludlow, who had been a judge of the Supreme Court in New York, and a descendant of the general famous in the days of Cromwell. Jonathan Sewell, the friend of John Adams, one of the ablest lawyers and writers of New England, settled in New Brunswick, and was the father of a Chief Justice of Lower Canada. Chief Justice Blowers of Nova Scotia studied law in Governor Hutchinson's office. Colonel de Lancey, 'the outlaw of the Broux,' who became a member of the Council of Nova Scotia, belonged to a very distinguished Huguenot family, whose members have filled many important positions in the State of New York in the present as well as in the last century. We
still

still find in Shelburne descendants of Captain Gideon White, who came to that place in 1783, and was the great-grandson of Peregrine White, the first-born of New England, while his mother was a descendant of John Howland, the Pilgrim. Miner Huntington, who settled in Yarmouth, and was father of the eminent Reformer and friend of Joseph Howe, could trace his descent back to the Cromwell family. Joseph Howe, one of the fathers of responsible government, was a son of a Boston journalist—the printer of 'The News Letter,' the first American newspaper—whose family came out in the early migration to New England. Foster Hutchinson, a brother of Governor Hutchinson, was a Massachusetts judge, and occupied a similar position in Nova Scotia. The Hutchinsons were great-grandsons of Anne Hutchinson, who was expelled from Massachusetts for her uncompromising attacks on what she called the doctrinal errors of the clergy of that colony, and sought refuge in Rhode Island. Ward Chipman, who was for a time President of the Council and Commander-in-Chief of New Brunswick, was descended from the early settlers of Massachusetts. The first Sheriff of St. John County was a son of that Lieutenant-Governor Oliver of Massachusetts, who was descended from the early Puritan immigrants, and was literally killed by the persecution to which he was subjected for adhering to the royal cause, and whose funeral even gave evidences of the violence of party feeling in those troublous times. The Robinsons, who have filled important positions in Ontario and New Brunswick, were descended from an eminent English family who came to Virginia during the royalist migration of the seventeenth century. The Wilmots of New Brunswick, two of whom have been Lieutenant-Governors since 1867, are descended from a man who did good service during the Revolution. The same is true of Chief Justice Allen, of New Brunswick, and Chief Justice Brenton Halliburton, of Nova Scotia—not 'Sam Slick,' whose name had only one 'l,' and whose family came to the province before the loyal immigration.

Passing on to the country watered by the St. Lawrence, we find the name of Sir John Johnson, who was the son of the still more famous Sir William Johnson, who performed such valuable services for England during the Seven Years' War. Sir John was himself an uncompromising Loyalist, who sacrificed to his political convictions the largest domain in the old colonies, became Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, and died in Montreal. The historian, Sir William Smith, who had been Chief Justice and a member of the Council of New York, became Chief Justice of Lower Canada.

One of his successors in the same high office was Sir James Stuart, a son of the first clergyman of the Church of England who came to Western Canada. The Bethunes, one of whom became a Bishop, are descendants of a Presbyterian chaplain of a loyal regiment, who settled in Canada and afterwards joined the Church of England. The Macdonells of Glengarry bear the names of men who served with distinction in the King's Royal Regiment of New York, and other loyal forces, and held important positions in the early days of Upper Canada, one of them having been Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly. Cartwright, Merritt, Jarvis, Sherwood, Burritt, Ruttan, Coffin, Burwell, Hagerman, Dennis, Keefer, Lampman, Kirby, Perry, Ingersoll, Van Alstine, Powell, Jones, Macaulay, Chryster, Bowlby, Lippincott, Carscallen, Van Koughnet, Tisdale, Carman, MacNab, are among the names of the Loyalist settlers in Upper Canada.

What influence have these people exercised upon the political and social development of the country to which they came after having been subjected to so severe an ordeal of trial and suffering? The important and immediate result of their coming was of course the formation of two British provinces, one on the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, and the other within the limits of French Acadia. In other words, there was a large extension of British influence immediately in British North America. After the passage of the Quebec Act of 1774, which practically perpetuated the language and institutions of French Canada in the St. Lawrence valley, it was probably the wisest and only practical policy to have formed a separate province to the West of the Ottawa, and to have given the Loyalists an opportunity of working out their political destinies apart from the French race. Be that as it may, the coming of people who were so attached to British connexion and British institutions was most auspicious—some might say providential—at a time when the English-speaking population of British North America was so insignificant, and when in all probability, under ordinary conditions, there would have been little or no immigration into the wilds of Canada for many years. The independence of the Thirteen Colonies—the first step, some European statesmen thought, in the ruin of the British colonial empire—was actually the strengthening and perpetuation of British interests in the vast region to the north of the federal republic, the beginning of a new nation, of a new Dominion far overshadowing the old Dominion of the Virgin Queen. During the war of 1812-14 the Loyalists and their descendants formed that class in whom Mack, Drummond, and other British commanders could repose

the most perfect confidence. At the outbreak of the war the total population of the province of Upper Canada was between 75,000 and 80,000 souls, among whom there were a number of doubtful Americans who had been brought into the country by the too liberal land policy inaugurated by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe. American emissaries had been notoriously engaged for months in endeavouring to create disaffection among this class of the settlers, and General Hull's proclamation of 1812 was no doubt issued with the hope of obtaining their aid. The readiness with which the loyal population of the province, which had to bear the burden of the war, responded to the call of duty, from the commencement to the end of hostilities, is a bright feature of Canadian history. Even aged men in Upper Canada, who had borne arms in the revolutionary war, came forward, and, although they were exempted from service, they were found most useful in stationary duties. 'Their lessons and example,' wrote General Sheaffe, who took command of the defence of the province on the death of Brock, 'will have a happy influence on the youth of the militia ranks.' Even the women worked in the fields in the absence of their husbands and sons during the campaign, and the perilous journey of Laura Secord—the daughter of a Loyalist—who ventured through the wilds of the Niagara district when occupied by the enemy, for the purpose of giving important information to the British, may well be compared with Lady Johnson's escape in 1777 through the most dangerous part of New York State. The battles of Queenston Heights, Chrystler's Farm, and Lundy's Lane, in which the loyal British militia largely participated, are among the brilliant episodes of a conflict which had been forced on Great Britain at a time when her greatness was threatened as in the days of the revolutionary struggle. The Prince Regent, at the close of the war, expressly thanked the Canadian Militia, who had 'mainly contributed to the immediate preservation of the province and its future security.' The Loyalists, who could not save the old Thirteen Colonies to England, did their full share in maintaining her supremacy in the country she still owned in the valley of the St. Lawrence and on the shores of the Atlantic.

After the close of the Napoleonic Wars large additions were made to the population of British North America, especially of Upper or Western Canada. In 1837 there were at least 400,000 souls in that province, 600,000 in French Canada, and 350,000 in the maritime provinces. After the war of 1812-14, the Loyalists as a distinct class disappeared, and their children and grandchildren were merged in the new inhabitants, who

came

came mainly from Scotland, Ireland, and England. Among the new settlers were many military men released by the peace in Europe. Political parties began to form themselves in the provinces out of the mixed national elements that were now the Canadian people, and controversies arose between the Assemblies elected by the people on a limited property franchise and the Governors and Councils appointed by the Crown. Political groups associated themselves under the names of Tories and Liberals (or Reformers); the former enjoyed the public patronage and supported the Government, the latter endeavoured to reform abuses which naturally grew up under the system of bureaucratic and irresponsible administration that then existed. The men who distributed offices and lands to their friends, with a lavish and often unscrupulous hand, respected the Assembly only while it obeyed their wishes, and were ironically named the Family Compact—not so much a compact of relatives as of political friends, who practically formed a close political corporation. Members of the Church of England, notably the resolute and able Bishop Strachan, whose best monument is Trinity University, naturally contended for the exclusive advantages which they claimed were given to them by the Constitutional Act of 1792 with respect to the public lands. Some of the most influential Tories were descendants of the Loyalists, but it is not fair to separate them as a class from the rest of the people. Many of the most determined supporters of that party were drawn from the later migration that commenced in 1815.

Not a few Loyalists still cherished the heritage of their fathers' or grandfathers' fear of purely democratic institutions, which to them meant republicanism. But the questions on which parties divided were not so much questions of loyalty to the Crown and British connexion, until an insurrection broke out after years of political controversy. For a long time the matters of dispute were matters of party politics. The struggle was between the Ins and the Outs. The whole history of party government alike in its early and its latest stages—even in Great Britain sixty years ago—is full of similar efforts to keep a party in power by dividing the spoils among those who will support it through good and evil report. British Ministers across the ocean showed the same vacillating action and ignorance of colonial conditions that broke up the empire in the previous century. 'The course of policy adopted by the British Government towards its colonies,' said Lord Durham in his famous report, 'has had reference to the state of parties in England, instead of the wants and circumstances of

the provinces.' Still it must be admitted by a student of those times who looks impartially and dispassionately into their records, that the political grievances, justly complained of by the body of the people, were being made the subject of serious inquiry, and would have been sooner or later remedied by British statesmen had a few indiscreet leaders of the popular party shown some patience and calmness. Lord Durham believed with reason 'that almost the entire body of the Reformers of Upper Canada sought only by constitutional means to obtain those objects for which they had so long peaceably struggled'—such constitutional means as were successfully carried on in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the descendants of the Loyalists were in the majority, and there was no such mixed population as in Upper Canada, or division between French and English as in the French province.

The disputed points, as from 1765 until 1776, were capable of settlement by argument, petition, inquiry. It was a question of responsible government, as Howe, Baldwin, and others recognized, but which Papineau and other French Canadian agitators never understood at all. The grievances were best to be removed not by an insurrection, truly stated by Lord Durham to be 'as foolishly contrived and ill-conducted as it was wicked and treasonable'—not by the spilling of blood—not by disgraceful raids by American ruffians across the Canadian frontier. William Lyon Mackenzie himself, whose judgment was ill-balanced, and whose temper was rarely under the control of reason, in later days regretted his rashness, which led some of his unfortunate followers to the scaffold. One thing appears certain—that if Papineau and Mackenzie had succeeded in obtaining the support of a large body of people, England's imperial power on the continent might have been imperilled. American sympathizers might have precipitated a war between England and the United States, and the consequences to Canada would have been more serious than in the war of 1812-14, when it was largely the Loyalists that saved the provinces from Republican aggression. The establishment of a Canadian republic meant sooner or later absorption by the United States. Happily the disaffection, as Lord Durham pointed out, was not 'deep-rooted' in the Canadas, and the great majority of the people of all the provinces proved themselves loyal to a united British empire. It was the descendant of a Loyalist, Sir Allan MacNab, who saved York when the imbecility of Sir Francis Bond Head, who was largely responsible for the public irritation which broke out into a revolt, nearly handed over the capital to Mackenzie.

Men

Men of all shades of opinion, Reformers as well as Tories, then rallied to the support of British connexion. From Sydney to Sandwich the sentiment gathered strength that public wrongs could be best redressed by confidence in the good faith, justice, and generosity of the parent state. If some descendants of the Loyalists acted unwisely and made themselves unpopular by a too selfish adherence to the existing system of government, it is well to remember at the same time that they were men whose fidelity to the Crown was undoubted, their private characters in the majority of cases were unimpeachable, and their faults and errors chiefly those of party and party tactics, so often a curse to a country. In the ranks of the Reformers mustered many men whose pride it was they were the sons or grandsons of Loyalists. Responsible government owes more to Joseph Howe, orator, poet, and statesman, than to any other public man of those times. He and many other descendants of the Loyalists in the maritime provinces believed in constitutional agitation for the redress of political grievances, as did their fathers in the eighteenth century. One fact is beyond dispute, as we recall those troublous times, that the people of Canada, among whom the descendants of the Loyalists must have numbered nearly 160,000, carried the country successfully through its trials, and proved then, as they did in later times and will in years to come—that they cherish above all other considerations their connexion with the British empire.

At the present time the descendants of the Loyalists probably constitute one-seventh of the Canadian people of all nationalities—almost the same proportion as the descendants of the Puritans in the United States—and about one-fifth of the English-speaking people. These people still take pride in the story of the loyal men and women from whom they have sprung, and are found in all ranks of society, holding all shades of political and religious opinion. Their fealty to the union of the empire finds expression on every occasion of national rejoicing or sorrow, though in this respect now they cannot be said to form an exception among the five millions of Canadian people with whom they are absorbed. In all the vocations of life for a hundred years we find distinguished representatives of the famous migration of 1783. In the promotion of the material as well as the political and educational interests of the country we see the impress of the same class. Dr. Ryerson was largely instrumental in laying the basis, and building thereon the noble structure, of the educational system which all the provinces have copied largely from Ontario. The name of Sir Samuel Cunard, of Nova Scotia, will

Revolution.

which has been crossing
Merritt's energy and
system of inland
descendants have given
and eighteen chief
establishment of the federal
governors, three first ministers
of Canada, and fifteen
In the 'Parliamentary
names of over sixty men in
Canada who give themselves as
These facts show not only that
a pride in their loyal ancestry,
a direct influence on the
whole country.

commerce, law, divinity, and
of many men who illustrate
of the makers of British
space to mention the novelist
Roberts, Carman, and Lampman;
Canadian Counsel in the Behring
Robinson.

years have passed since the great
That was a gloomy epoch in the
Yet the dark hour of 1783 was
the dawn of her imperial great-
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the definitive Treaty of Peace a great
the United States conceived, amid the
able image of the power of England
expression at a later time on the
white. As Daniel Webster stood on
capital, so intimately associated with
able epochs of European and American
the genius of Chatham and the vic-
the beat of the morning drum, and saw
the historic citadel which crowns
the

the summit of Cape Diamond. It was then the statesman's thoughts carried him, like a lightning flash, across half a continent, still possessed by England, to Southern Africa, to the ancient cities and fanes of India, to the many islands—one of them in itself a continent—of Australasia. He, himself a descendant of the people who affectionately called their American home New England, recognized with pride the greatness of a Power 'which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.'

More than sixty years later, in the streets of the metropolis of the British empire, there was witnessed a spectacle which the world never saw before, whose illustrations of the happiness and prosperity of that empire far surpassed any exhibition which the Cæsars of Imperial Rome ever gave to their citizens in the days when all the world came to pay her tribute. It was not a spectacle of peoples marching in humiliation behind the chariots of Roman generals, crowned with the laurels of victories won from nations who had dared to resist the onward march of the Imperial legions. It was a procession which gave evidences of the magnitude and power of England, far exceeding the conception which was formed by Webster amid the rocks of Quebec. It was a procession which illustrated the content and development of the many colonies and dependencies of an empire which covers in the aggregate eleven millions of English square miles and is peopled by four hundred millions of souls, representing many races and every colour and creed. It was a great object-lesson to the world of the blessings of peace, and the prosperous development of colonies under the liberal system of government which has been one of the characteristic features of the Victorian era. Of the forty-two distinct and independent governments which gave their testimony to the excellence and justice of imperial administration eleven enjoy responsible government in the fullest sense of the term.

Great Britain's empire now comprises Canadian, Australasian, and African dependencies which may claim to be semi-independent nations. The words of Edmund Burke at last are literally true. Great Britain's Parliament can now claim 'an imperial character, in which as from the throne of heaven she superintends all the several inferior Legislatures, and guides and controls them all, without annihilating any.' The great idea of imperial unity which was suggested to the American Congress of 1774 by the Loyalist Joseph Galloway, has been in a great
measure

measure realized. Great Britain throws over her whole imperial domain the ægis of her care and influence. Each of her great dependencies exercises all those privileges and responsibilities of self-government which it is possible for communities not entirely independent to possess. Such questions of taxation, such ignorance of colonial conditions as precipitated an American revolution in days when the relations of a parent State with her colonies required readjustment, such blunders as aggravated the political difficulties which existed in Canada until the concession of responsible government, can never again occur, under the wise colonial system which during the present reign has given every possible expansion to colonial energy and ambition in all matters that properly fall under the control of a people capable of governing themselves. It took British statesmen more than half a century, from the Independence of the Thirteen Colonies to the concession of responsible government, to learn by experience of colonial conditions the best system to apply to countries which had reached a certain high stage in their material, political, and social development. Canada's position in the empire is one of which her people may be justly proud; but as Canadians review the past, with its many evidences of devotion to the empire, of capacity for self-government, of statesmanlike conception and action in the administration of public affairs, they must not forget how much they owe to the men who laid firm and deep the foundations of their national structure. French Catholics and Huguenots, Puritans and Cavaliers of the days of the Stuarts, Scots from the Highlands, the Hebrides, and the Lowlands, Scottish Irish Protestants from the north, and Catholic Celts from the south of Ireland, Englishmen from the hop gardens of Kent and the meadows of Devon, from all parts of that ancient kingdom where the Saxon and Norman have so happily blended in the course of centuries—all these have contributed to form a Canadian people who have planted themselves successfully and firmly over the vast region which stretches, from east to west, to the north of the federal republic. To some of the eminent Makers of Canada monuments have been raised, but the vast majority lie in quiet church-yards, where the finger of time has obliterated even their names from the moss-covered stones where once they were rudely chiselled. But though these pioneers may be now forgotten, their spirit still survives in the confidence and energy with which the people of the Dominion are labouring to develop the noble heritage which they possess in America, and in the loyal affection which all nationalities and classes of that people feel for the British Crown and Empire.

ART. VIII.—*Joseph Arch: the Story of his Life.* Told by Himself. Edited with a Preface by the Countess of Warwick. London, 1898.

THE story of Mr. Arch's life is largely the story of the Agricultural Labourers' Movement, of which he was the originator and chief director. Perhaps the time has hardly come for relating it impartially—certainly not the man. It is always hard for anyone who has been a principal actor in events, and whose own reputation is involved in the story, to be a sufficiently impartial narrator, and the best and most interesting part of Mr. Arch's book is, we confess, that which brings before the reader the greatest amount of local colouring, and even the strong prejudices of the writer.

Nor does Lady Warwick's patronage help much. Joseph Arch marches, like *Æneas*, under protecting guardianship, but it requires more than the sympathy of a leader of fashion and fashionable beneficence to present us with a true picture of the Labourer's Union rising of twenty-five years ago. Arch's tutelary goddess, in her Preface, 'knows of no movement which accomplished so much in so short a time,' and bids us 'compare the condition of the agricultural labourer before the Union with his condition to-day.' That there is a difference we allow, but it is accentuated in the book before us by exaggeration at both ends. The Wellesbourne meeting from which it dates was held in 1872, and in 1885 the rough hedger, the 'son of the soil,' as he calls himself, with reasonable pride, was returned as representative to Parliament.

That was indeed a change for one labourer—an apotheosis of which any man might boast.

'The day I entered Parliament,' he says (p. 357), 'as Joseph Arch, M.P. for North-West Norfolk, was a proud one, but pride was subdued by responsibility. I said to myself, "Joseph Arch, M.P., you see to it that neither the prince nor the labourer has cause to be ashamed of you."'

Like another labour leader, who drove to the House, in a workman's dress, attended by some of his mates, in a waggonette, so Mr. Arch attired himself with due self-consciousness. Nor did the cynic of old place a dirty foot on Plato's robe, to show his absolute indifference to finery, with greater pride than did the elect of North-West Norfolk march into the House 'in his rough Tweed jacket and billycock hat.

It was a veritable triumph, *dies cretâ notandus*, a great change for Joseph Arch. But if we try to estimate impartially the change in the condition of the labourer in the same period, we shall

shall not find it quite so startling. True, his position is much improved, especially if compared with that of all other classes connected with agriculture. But his condition was on the mend before, and this improvement continued steadily up to a certain point, after which, in the natural course of things, a decline began, in sympathy with the agricultural interest generally. The average of wages is higher, but so it is with other classes of operatives; clothing and provisions are much cheaper, education and improved means of locomotion have helped to better his condition by migration, while (greatest gift of all!) he can vote every few years for his M.P., and, by means of the Parish Council, can levy rates for others to contribute and for himself to spend.

'When I began,' Mr. Arch tells us (p. 401), 'the labourer had nothing. Now he has the Vote, his Board School, his County Council, his Parish Council.'

How much of this was the result of Mr. Arch's agitation, and how much does the labourer now care for all these privileges?

But it is time to turn to the autobiography. The portrait of the author which faces the titlepage presents us with a shrewd rough-hewn face, with white beard and moustache, clipped hedge-like, as with shears. The head is round and broad, with good brain capacity, the mouth large and firm-set—a fit presentation of the man as he claims to be.

Joseph Arch was born at Barford, near Warwick, in 1828, in a freehold cottage bought by his grandfather, his parents being thrifty and industrious people. His grandmother, whom he remembers well, was certainly 'a remarkably fine old woman,' if, as he assures us, she 'stood six feet four inches in height.' 'She had three brothers to match her. Each of my uncles stood well over six foot four.' Really Lady Warwick should have taken a few inches off this measurement, which makes a heavy demand on our credulity. In fact, the tendency to exaggeration and misstatement meets us at the very outset, and, as we shall see, continues to the end of the book.

First, then, he describes the agricultural labourer (say from 1836 to 1870) in terms more applicable to 1812, when the action of the old Poor Law had utterly pauperized him by enabling the employer to levy a rate for eking out insufficient wages, and, by apportioning help to the number of children of the recipient, gave a direct premium on early marriages and large families! It is, however, the new Poor Law of 1834, distinguishing between poverty and pauperism, and discontinuing the outdoor relief and allowance system so ruinous to the country, which is, we suppose, referred to on page 11:—

'If a poor man dared to marry and have children, they [*i.e.* the governing classes] thought he had *no right to claim the necessary food wherewith to keep himself and his family alive.*'

This indubitable claim on the country for support was reiterated weekly in the organ of the movement.

Young Arch grew up with a strong prejudice against the classes above him, and especially the clergy. 'Sympathy with the people was not a strong point with them,' Lady Warwick says, by way of explanation. Yet we find, from Mr. Arch's own statement, that in this benighted Warwickshire parish there was kept up (by the rector and his wife, apparently) an excellent school, where Arch got his education (he calls it, invidiously, 'a parson's school'), and that 'soup, coals, and the like were given regularly and as a matter of course, from the rectory, to nearly every poor person in the village.' His grievance in the matter is that, because this 'most despotic parson's wife' insisted on the village children having their hair cut, and because his mother opposed her and refused to allow *her* children to suffer this ignominious treatment, '*from that time my parents never received a farthing's worth of charity from the rectory*' (p. 7). This seems a little inconsistent with what we read a few pages later, where he tells us 'it had *never* been my mother's policy to take alms.' Accordingly, 'I *never* went to the rectory for soup.'

Which of these statements are we to believe? It looks as if Mrs. Arch senior, who must have been a trying person to 'the lady despot at the rectory,' used to receive 'alms,' though it was 'never her policy,' until the cruel tyrant who provided education for the village children insisted on the little girls' hair being kept tidy, for very obvious reasons with which school managers are familiar. That on this, Mrs. Arch, like Mrs. Poyser in 'Adam Bede,' showed she was 'not a dumb creature to be abused,' and gave the rector's wife a bit of her mind. 'Her children shouldn't have their hair cut; no! not they!' We can quite realize the fierce joy of saying her say out against the oppressor 'with th' abhorred shears.'

'Yes, I know I've done it,' said Mrs. Poyser, 'but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for 't all my life. There's no pleasure 't living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel.'

It warms the 'fighting blood' in him, of which Mr. Arch is so proud, to think of his mother's encounter, even at this lapse of time, and he relates how he himself fought and won a similar battle on behalf of his own child's 'hair-net studded with beads.'

Given

Given 'the lady despot at the rectory' on the one hand, and on the other, Mrs. Arch, who 'did not hold with the Church teaching,' who 'would not duck down to the rector's wife,' who 'did not order herself lowly and reverently to her betters,' who, in fact, 'had no betters'—and the whole scene stands out before us. It must be remembered that in those primitive days, when the Church of England was the only religious body that interested itself in the education of the poor, children were under a very different system of control from the present, when managers can neither refuse to admit untidy girls nor object to bead adornments, and when, without payment, a teacher can no longer require a child to sharpen pencils or dust a room.

But does not Mr. Arch draw a little on his imagination when he relates some further instances of village tyranny?

'All equal are within the Church's gate,'

sings George Herbert, and the ministration of the Word and Sacraments is, and always has been, the same essentially to peer or peasant, to emperor or ploughman. Still, it is not only old custom, derived from a time when social distinctions were more marked, but a natural instinct also, which leads Christians to yield precedence to their 'betters' in a technical sense. And the same holds good in the dissenting chapel. Surely, then, it is unworthy of Mr. Arch to represent the ordinary practice of his childhood in such an invidious light as the following:—

'In the parish church the poor were apportioned their lowly places, and taught that they must sit in them Sunday after Sunday all their life long. They must sit meekly, and never dare to mingle with their betters in the social scale. It was an object lesson repeated week after week, one which no one could mistake, and it sunk deep into my mind.'

The old tradition, too (as old as the Christian Church, and, indeed, going back to the time of the synagogue), of men and women sitting apart in the service, is strangely travestied as an invention of 'the parson's wife' at Barford. She 'issued a decree that the labourers should sit on one side of the church, and their wives on the other.' But, apparently, she had reckoned without her host, for 'when my mother heard this she said, "No! those whom God hath joined together no man shall put asunder; and certainly no woman shall!"' We are not told how this quarrel was settled, whether by arbitration or otherwise; or how Mrs. Arch senior, who apparently never went to church at all, and so was permanently 'put asunder' from her husband, arranged it in her own case.

But now we come to a remarkable story, connected with Mr. Arch's personal experience, to which has been assigned a prominent place in most notices of his book. His mother, as we have seen, was a strong Dissenter, and, as she did not 'hold' with Church teaching, naturally did not go to church. But his father was a regular Churchman and communicant. When Arch was a boy of seven, he was seized with curiosity to know what took place in church after the non-communicants had retired. Accordingly, to quote his own words—

'I went out of church, *closed the door, placed my eye at the keyhole, and peeped through.* The church door opened then in a direct line with the chancel and the *main aisle*, so that anybody looking through the keyhole could easily see what was going on inside. The door is now more to the side of the church and out of direct line with the chancel.'

(This explanation, no doubt, seemed to be necessary lest anyone should test the possibility of the proceeding under present arrangements. Still, the whole description is very curious.) What did the boy see?

'First, up walked the squire,' the farmers next, then the tradesmen, shopkeepers, &c., and then, the very last of all, 'the poor labourers in their smock frocks.' 'It was *as if they were unclean*; and at that sight the iron entered into my little heart,' &c. 'I said to myself, "If that's what goes on, never for me!"'

With regard to this striking scene, which has been commented on with more or less malevolence, we would only remark:

1st. That the parishioners of Barford seem to have been very attentive to their religious duties.

2nd. That the key-hole must have been a very large one. Let any of our readers try the experiment for themselves.

3rd. That the boy of seven years old was exceedingly precocious if he really did as described and remained at the key-hole for the best part of an hour.

4th. That communicants must approach the altar in some order, and that, at such a time, they would do what was most natural and most consistent with Christian humility.

5th. That the most incredible part of it, after all, is the impression produced on the mind of a boy of seven: 'The iron entered into my little heart.' Surely Mr. Arch must have transferred to the 'little heart' of a child the rancorous thoughts of maturer age.

Like others who have turned their weapons against the mother that bore them, Mr. Arch, as we have seen, derived the good education which was the foundation of his after-success
from

Given 'the lady despot at the rectory'—and, of course, we should on the other, Mrs. Arch, who 'did not duck down'—that in Mr. Arch's teaching,' who 'would not duck down'—that in Mr. Arch's 'did not order herself lowly and reverently'—but, in fact, 'had no betters'—and the whole was a kind, but, luckily, us. It must be remembered that the Church of England was interested in the education of the poor. For that we had when the Church of England was interested in the education of the poor. He flung the Catechism and other under a very different system of education.

managers can neither refuse to admit anybody asked him—bead adornments, and when, with the managers, longer require a child to sharpen the lady despot at the rectory.

But does not Mr. Arch drop the school for the sake of when he relates some further incident? He refused to give it, and the

'All equal are with the parson he must have been, sings George Herbert, and the whole burden of his state-Sacraments is, and always is, that the rector was a peer or peasant, to emperor or emperors. It is only old custom, derived from the ancients. It is were more marked, but a child was not. 'These Christians to yield precedence to the [the] lad] to know.' 'Of course, sense. And the same he said. Surely, then, it is unwelcome. remarks is pretty evident, as also ordinary practice of his own. the following:—

'In the parish church were parsons' schools. We call places, and taught that they are still, and will remain so all their life long. They were swept away from the face of with their betters in the world. To see that day!' repeated week after week more about the benefit club at sunk deep into my mind.

The old tradition, to the benefit fund, the parson, the farmer, indeed, going back to the time when they did their very best to put it down, women sitting apart from the men. The parson refused point-invention of 'the' of funds for it. . . . That a labourer decree that the lad should be supported even and their wives should be supported even over which the rectory had no direct reckoned without the parson. Worse still, the she said, "No! shall put asunder. remarks is pretty evident, as also not told how this was done at Barford. It seems otherwise; or been a peculiar place. But since in went to church the benefit club is helped on and from her bush the farmer, and the leading men,'

...ing generally, they have
dependence of the labourer,
satisfaction of seeing his wife

... on these early experiences
the Child is father of the
... on the rest of the narrative.
... twenty-one, and 'settled down
... seven children were born to
... above him can start in life so
... rather hard on Mrs. Joseph:—

... me in my aspirations. My father
... say, "Joe, she is hardly a companion
... of rising in the world. She wished
... had pleased the Lord to call her. . . .
... well, as far as she was able. She was a
... up to what lights she had.'
... not believe in ordering myself "lowly and
... rs," because they were never able to tell me
... I was a Nonconformist by nature and
... y soon after my marriage I began to take an
... ing and other doings of the Nonconformist
... lieve in practical Christianity.'

... he succeeded, as we have seen, in keeping
... net on in school, 'studded with white beads,'
... right to have a share in a distribution of coals,
... triumph of all—in preventing his children being
... Mr. Arch gives us a long account of this. It
... terrible oppressor the parson was the instigator of
... an Englishman's indubitable right to spread
... This was one of the parson's tricks,' he tells us.
... account of his altercation with the chairman of the
... magistrates is hardly conclusive as an argument:—

... the Chairman, as he said the Law compelled me to have
... vaccinated, whether my children belonged to the Law
... they belonged to me, and whether, if the Law were that
... were to be cut off, I must needs obey.'

... on. Yet, when it relates to another subject, he sees
... reasonable such a claim would be.

... not true,' he says, 'that a man has a right to do what he likes
... own. You cannot put a nuisance under a neighbour's
... or where you choose. . . . You must do nothing which is an
... o your neighbour' (p. 369).

... good sense; but he fails to see how it would apply to
... non-vaccination,

non-vaccination, in favour of which he employs all the fallacies which figure prominently in the magistrate's court, and have so disastrously found expression in recent legislation.

At length (*paullo majora canamus*) we come in 1872 to the birth of the great movement of which Mr. Arch became the natural leader. He describes it exceedingly well, though with his usual flavour of exaggeration. As one who was living in the heart of the district most affected, the writer can vouch for it that, although the condition of the labourer at that time left much to be desired, it was far from being so deplorable as Mr. Arch's rhetoric represents it.

'Things were so bad with the men that they were beginning to grow desperate. The trodden worms which so long writhed under the iron heel of the oppressor were turning at last. The smouldering fire of discontent was shooting out tongues of flame here and there. The sore-stricken, who had brooded in sullen anger over their wrongs, were rising to strike in their turn. The men were murmuring and muttering the country-side round, but they wanted a voice. They spoke low among themselves, but they were afraid to speak out. They were sick of suffering, but they had no physician. I took note of it all; I had been taking note of it for years, and I had thought out the remedy. There was only one remedy, and that was combination. . . . So I bided my time; I knew it must come. In 1872 that time came, and it found me ready.'

The match was laid to the train on February 7th, and again on February 21st, at Wellesbourne. A committee was appointed and notices served on the employers, asking for sixteen shillings a week. 'We first thought of eighteen. Wages then averaged twelve.' The want of funds was the first difficulty. There was only five shillings in hand. 'But the press took it up,' and money began to come in from sympathizers. On Good Friday a great meeting was held in Leamington. Drum and fife bands marched into the town. Arch was appointed organizing secretary, H. Taylor paid secretary. Several gentlemen took part in it, among them Sir Baldwin Leighton, Mr. Auberon Herbert, and Mr. Jesse Collings.

Arch's great panacea at this time was migration and emigration. By the former the labourer was assisted to move from congested districts to others with a higher rate of wages—an excellent plan if the men did not go too far afield for them to meet the somewhat different requirements of the new locality. By the latter the emigrants were to be provided with new homes and better conditions of life, and those who remained, being fewer in number, could exact higher wages.

This last plan, however, led to a terrible disaster, on which
Mr.

Mr. Arch touches very lightly in his book. That his intentions were good we cannot doubt, but how was he to know which were suitable places to recommend? He tells that he 'set his back stiff against the emigration door as long as he could.' But the Union fell a victim to the emigration agents who attended the meetings and were patronized by the agitators. One of the worst cases was the fatal emigration to Cananea in Brazil. Was not Brazil in America?—and was not the bribe held out of a 'free passage'? Men in the Midlands gave in their names by scores—some with the secret intention of cheating the cheating agents. 'Why have you been so foolish as to put your name down?' asked a clergyman of one of his parishioners. 'I gets a free passage.' 'But what's the use of a free passage to an unhealthy and fever-stricken place?' 'Well, sir,' said the labourer, 'I'll tell you, for you're a friend. As soon as I gets there, if I doesn't like the look of it, I'll just step over into the United States!' Poor fellow, how little he knew of the thousands of miles he would have to walk, of the vast rivers, the trackless plains he must cross!*

And here we are bound to add that when a parson, who had heard of this deplorable scheme, warned the poor labourers both by word and letter to have nothing to do with it—although he had been one who sympathized with the movement and had presided over a labourers' meeting in his own parish—he was met by Mr. Arch with his favourite taunt that the parsons meant no good, that *their* rule was: 'As it was in the beginning, so it ever shall be.'

The result of this ill-starred emigration to Brazil was that, after untold hardships and suffering from fever by the poor emigrants, the British Government had to send a ship to bring off the survivors. Many labourers, however, and those naturally the most active and enterprising, emigrated to New Zealand and Canada with better success. In 1874 Arch visited Canada with a view to organizing emigration on a large scale, though for some reason his plan was never carried into effect.

In England the movement had been taken up by the Radical press, and subscriptions poured in. Inevitably, but unfortunately, it began to be exploited by politicians, and its leader was drawn into the vortex. A special organ had been started in 1872, 'The Labourers' Union Chronicle,' with J. E. M. Vincent as editor. It called itself 'an independent advocate of the British toiler's rights to free land, freedom from priestcraft, and from the tyranny of capital.' This was followed by the

* Cananea is south of Rio de Janeiro, on the 25th degree of South latitude.

'English Labourers' Chronicle,' in which Mr. Arch tells us he wrote an article every week for two years. We have seen what are, or were, Mr. Arch's views on vaccination, Board schools, the Established Church, and 'parsons' in general. The 'English Labourers' Chronicle,' in addition, ridiculed political economy and the rights of capital ('la propriété c'est le vol'), and claimed that, as 'the land of England belonged to the people of England,' a re-distribution of it should be made to them forthwith. All owners of property were called 'land-grabbers,' and were represented as descendants of 'Norman robbers!' If the clergy helped the poor, they were told they were paid to do so, and that their tithe was stolen from the poor and so on. 'We don't want charity, but justice,' was the cry. 'It's no use your trying to back them up,' said a shrewd observer to his vicar; 'unless you can go the whole hog, you'll have no influence over them.'

Perhaps one of the best illustrations of this is the way in which the Bishop of Oxford (Mackarness) was handled in Mr. Arch's paper. The Bishop had been much interested in the movement, and was to some extent in sympathy with it. He had not only attended a meeting in his own parish, but induced the Committee of the Church Congress to put down the subject for discussion at Bath. But because he urged on his clergy to act as mediators between employers and employed, and not as partisans, he was virulently attacked by the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle,' and the Bishop was stated, in a leader, to have 'earned the hearty hatred and contempt of the agricultural labourers for his denunciations of their honest efforts to achieve their own social elevation by means of Unionism.' One of his clergy wrote to remind the editor of the Bishop's real attitude, quoting his words at Bath, where he had claimed that a Labourers' Union and a Farmers' Union stood on the same level, and that the duty of the Church towards the labourer was incidentally to enable him 'to work more skilfully, to earn higher wages, and to rise in the world.' The labourer, he said, had been much indebted to the Church for education; and it had been shown by the Duke of Newcastle's Commission 'that clergymen had given voluntarily to education just double what had been contributed by any other class, however rich or great.' But this argument did not suit the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle,' and the editor, Mr. Vincent, in reply, after describing the labourer as 'down-trodden,' 'ill-used,' 'social serf,' 'working like a brute beast,' 'a virtual slave,' tells us 'a Christian bishop should have shown himself a *decided partisan* of the labourers: . . . he should have said "the earth is the Lord's," and God has given it to the

common benefit of all men'; 'human justice is higher than political economy,' and so on (we quote from the paper, which lies before us).

Of course, the ordinary clergyman fared no better than the Bishop. When the same Oxfordshire vicar protested against the bitter and un-Christian abuse of his order, he was told by Mr. Howard Evans, one of the chief writers of the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle' (we quote his words), in answer to the appeal:—

"Do the clergy refuse to help the labourer?"—They refuse to help him to help himself, the only manly way of helping able-bodied men. "To whom do the allotments very often belong?"—They often belong to the clergy, and the clergy very often make 100 per cent. by letting them out. "Who raises the funds of the charities?"—Very often the parson, and he very often uses them as bribes to fill his church or to prevent men joining the Union. "Who educates 75 per cent. of the children?"—The Church; but the State pays half the cost, the parents a fourth, leaving the Church only to pay the remaining quarter, which it gladly does, in order to keep the children under its control.'

If such were the statements of the chief leaders, one can imagine to what lengths the irresponsible delegates would go. We quote from the 'Labourer's Union Chronicle' again:—

'The bishops, well paid, well fed, with sublime titles, in venerable wigs, mitres, silk aprons, and lawn sleeves, rolling in their emblazoned carriages, seated among the peers, patronizing their relatives. The chancellors, archdeacons, rural deans, and others, set down before great loaves and fishes. . . . The fat sleek rectors and vicars, with two or three good livings apiece, and the best houses and gardens in the parish, doing most of their duty by proxies paid less than gentlemen's valets,' &c.

How could such abuse and misrepresentation be answered? It was impossible. Even where the parson was on most friendly terms with his people, the latter became more or less alienated from him. Kindness was as much resented as indifference. To exchange ordinary civilities with other classes was a sign of want of self-respect; to attend church a mark of subservience and toadyism. Such lessons were easily learnt. Class feeling is soon embittered, and, as we have lately seen in the engineers' strike, few working men have independence enough to stand out against a majority of their fellows.

'He that goeth about,' says Hooker, 'to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers. . . . That which wanteth in the weight

weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it.' (Hooker, 'Eccl. Pol.' i. 1.)

Such was pre-eminently the case in the Labourers' Union revolt.

It is sometimes asked: Why, if the Church has been doing her duty in country parishes, should the labourers be so easily induced to take sides against her? The answer has been given above. We all like to think the ills from which we suffer are caused by others rather than ourselves. The writer's wonder is (and he speaks from a long experience of agricultural life) that the Church has not suffered more, rather than that she still bears the marks of the besmirching which she underwent at the hands of those who had the ear of the labourers, and who were themselves (speaking generally) aliens from her fold.

In one respect this movement stands in favourable contrast with the 'Luddite' and other risings of labour, and it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Arch and his colleagues that it should be so. True, Mr. Arch made a foolish speech at Leicester, and is so unwise as to quote it with approval in his autobiography (p. 223). He said that—

'if the cold and envious eagle eye of some foreign potentate were to be cast over our little sea-girt isle, . . . if he invaded this country, sacked it, and cut off the heads of these hard-hearted landlords who are responsible for so much of the mischief, until the streets ran with blood, I for one, should never weep a tear.'

But, with a very few exceptions, the Union had no suggestions of violence to repent of, though it was hardly to be expected that Mr. Arch should remind us of other objectionable methods which were called into existence by it. Such were the derisive songs, written by Mr. Howard Evans and others, and often chorussed out opposite the farmhouses. One of these had the burden, 'How do you like it, farmer?' The farmers are asked to—

'Feed us better than their hogs';

and the labourer claims that he should—

'Have the rights of an Englishman,
A home, a wife, and a cow.'

He quotes another song for its pathos:—

'His frame was of a giant mould,
Which time had partly broke,
His breast, his shoulders, back, and sides
And limbs were like limbs of oak.

Now the mighty man was low,
His life was feebly flying;
Old age had bound the village hind,
And the Labour-lord lay dying.'

These, if not poetry, are, at least, harmless. Not so a scandalous parody on the Catechism written by 'The Chairman of the North Essex District of the N.A.L.U.,' price one penny. It will be sufficient to show its animus if we quote part of the 'Creed':—

'I believe in the landowners and farmers, our kind and generous friends, the authors and conservators of our present condition; in the "Labourers' Friend Societies," . . . the promoters every year offering prizes to those of us who beget and rear the greatest number of children, that there may be no lack in the future of serfs. . . . I believe in the clergy of the Established Church, who condescend to distribute among us soup, coals, and blankets, bought with money collected at the village church, and supplemented by the toilers' pence,'

and so on. Besides the usual objection to the Church Catechism, misquoted as 'to do my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call me,' there was the application of the Fifth Commandment, 'to love, honour, and succour my father and mother.'

'This question of maintaining parents,' Mr. Arch tells us, 'was a burning one.' The labourer was in fact taught by the Union that his old or infirm parents ought to be supported by the ratepayers, and when the guardians required a labourer, if he was in receipt of regular wages and had not a large family of his own, to contribute towards the out-door relief of his father or mother, it was fiercely resisted. We heard ourselves with surprise, at a great out-door meeting at which Mr. Arch was present, one of the orators exclaim with indignation: 'And now they expect us to help to support our fathers and mothers!'

We may add, in passing, that the picture of the haggard half-starved men, 'gaunt with hunger and pinched with want,' which Mr. Arch paints for us, is largely coloured from his imagination. Certainly, on the occasion we speak of, the proceedings were cheerful enough, a brass band enlivening the intervals between the speeches, and the lads and lasses joining in a good dance at the end of the meeting.

In short, though both agitators and men deserve great credit for the peaceful nature of the movement, we must remember that the labourer's condition was so much better than it had been forty years earlier that we can hardly believe the farmers had

had a narrow escape (as Mr. Arch thinks) from 'the fire of the incendiary, and the knife, and the barricade.'

The idea of entering Parliament had first occurred to Joseph Arch's mind, he tells us, in 1874. It was a legitimate ambition. But the prospect made the Union officials jealous. In order to diminish their leader's power, it was proposed to 'federalize' the Society. 'Centralization,' they said, 'means Despotism.'

Charges were made against him by some of his old comrades, of self-seeking, of indifference to the real desire of the men to 'get on the ground,' which he had told them would pay 10*l.* an acre, and so on. Even Tennyson's scathing denunciation of the hypocrite in 'Sea Dreams' was quoted most unjustly as applicable to the 'Lost Leader.' But Arch stood to his guns courageously. 'Am I,' he asked, 'at the head of your movement, to bow to every dog that barks—to tamely submit to every word of insult? Never!' Even at this lapse of time his anger rises at the recollection of the abuse heaped upon him after he attained the object of his ambition, in 1885. Then,

'the Union was all wrong. It was rancorously assailed by men who up till then had declared they were its very best friends. The truth was, some of these vipers were furious because they could not get the labourers to send them to Parliament, and they tried with all their wicked spite to howl and hoot the Union down. They kept repeating that I misappropriated the funds.'

It was indeed disappointing.

After being lauded to the skies as the new Moses who was to lead the labourers forth from the house of bondage into the promised land, after being flattered and courted by politicians eager to use him for their own ends, his likeness in every labourer's cottage, his name on every man's lips, this was a bitter experience of man's ingratitude. He does not name matters. His assailants are 'Judases,' 'cowards,' 'traitors,' 'heathen savages,' even 'cannibals'! He turns with more gratitude to more generous and tolerant judges:—

'The Prince of Wales sent me two tickets for the opening of the Imperial Institute. He sent me his good wishes with them, and he pleased me most of all. I am his Member—the Prince of Wales's own M.P.'

Yes! the poor Warwickshire hedge-cutter, by his indomitable energy, and the skill with which he had conducted a great movement to its culminating point in 1874, when a franchise was given to his own class, had at length reached the House of Commons.

True he did not make much mark there, but he was

natural. Natural too that he should occasionally betray a want of education, as when he reproved an honourable member for speaking of a farm-servant as a 'hind,' and wished to know how his opponent would like to be called a 'goat.' But it was well that the labourer should see there was no obstacle to his own chosen advocate representing his interests in Parliament, and that the rash statements in which Arch had occasionally indulged, when speaking with less apparent responsibility for his words, should be assigned their true weight and importance.

As an orator he had great natural gifts. His illustrations especially were racy and telling.

"Pull the wool out of your eyes, men!" we have heard him say. "What! is Colonel Blank your Member? You might as well fill that bag with sawdust and send it up to Parliament, with 'Colonel Blank' written on it!"

His own autobiography supplies good specimens of his style.

'How are the farmers,' he asks, 'to have any money, with the parson on one hand and the landlord on the other? Why, they're topped and tailed like turnips!'

And again—

'The landlords said they and the tenants must row in one boat. Well, they rowed in one boat till the bottom was out and it was waterlogged.'

He sits in his old cottage, he tells us, and calmly reviews the past. It has its sweet and its bitter, but the sweet predominates. He believes the Union did much good, and, naturally, he is blind to any harm that resulted from it. He is dead against political economy, as against vaccination, and is quite satisfied with his own remedies. It is strange to find how contented he is with a theory which breaks down at once in practice. Agricultural depression, he tells us, is caused by the farmers!

'They want a cure for foreign competition. Well, then, they should grow more food for the people at home. If people could buy bread and beef and cheese from our own farmers, *they would of course do so*; and if they grew a sufficient quantity of food for the people, *they would not go to other countries for it*.' 'If justice were only done to the land, the people would have their food 40 per cent. cheaper than it now is.'

'Justice being done to the land,' he explains, 'means £10 an acre being spent on it, instead of only £5 10s. Then, the soil of England would take fifty million more labourers to cultivate it' (p. 304).

Fifty million labourers at 45*l.* a year means 2250 million pounds!

'Well may the laws of political economy be cast to the winds!

That

That such, however, cannot be done with impunity was soon apparent. Two schemes, especially, which the Union attempted to carry out contributed to its destruction. The labourer found that 'getting on the land,' even under favourable circumstances, and at a very low rent, meant starvation. And when, in defiance of actuaries' estimates, the Sick Benefit Society was started in 1877, and men of sixty were admitted on paying an entrance fee of eighteen-pence, while members of District Benefit Societies, irrespective of age and health, were taken over in a lump, so that ere long 'for almost every 10s. paid in, 20s. had to be paid out,' the fund was 'bound to collapse, and it helped to kill the Union too.'

The misery caused by this collapse exceeded even that of the Brazilian emigration, for it was more widespread. Doubtless Arch was blamed for many things which he tried to avert. But he had made many enemies. The landowner, the tenant-farmer, the parson (his especial *bête noire*), all of whom had been the objects of his vituperation—even the dissenting minister, whom he taunts with having to 'consider his paymasters'—could not be expected to bear him much affection, and when, at last, his old friends turned against him and he had become merely an instrument in the hands of politicians, to be discarded when he had served their purpose, it must have been a sad disillusion.

'Though much is taken, much abides,'

says Tennyson's Ulysses ; and Arch, from his cottage in Barford, tells us the same.

All the gains, however, which he claims for his movement would have come, by force of circumstances, without it—the Vote, the Board School, the County Council, the Parish Council. It hastened, no doubt, the enfranchisement of the labourer, though the labourer has used it, to say the least, in a way which Mr. Arch can hardly approve. But the Parish Councils Act has not yet fulfilled Mr. Arch's prophecies.

'It is going to revolutionize our villages. It will give England back her vanished peasantry, and add immensely to the prosperity of the country. These are surely great things to set against the loss of their influence by the squire and the parson.'

Yes ! and although, unlike Mr. Arch, we value that influence, and should be sorry to lose it, we might perhaps be content to barter it if we could secure all that he promises. But who, beyond the readers of the 'Daily News' and the 'Chronicle,' ever expected such a result at all ?

- ART. IX.—1. *The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio*. Translated by John Payne. Illustrated by Louis Chalon. London, 1893.
2. *The Nights of Straparola*. Translated by W. G. Waters, M.A. Illustrated by E. R. Hughes. London, 1894.
3. *The Novellino of Masuccio*. Now first translated into English by the same. Illustrated by the same. London, 1895.
4. *The Pecorone of Ser Giovanni*. Now first translated into English by the same. Illustrated by the same. London, 1897.
5. *Italian Literature*. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. London, 1898.

DANTE, the epic poet, Petrarch, the lyric, and Boccaccio, the great master of the *novella*, were all Florentines; and their 'Divina Commedia,' 'Canzoniere,' 'Decameron,' were the symbols of nascent humanism, and determined the course of Renaissance poetry and fiction. Giovanni Boccaccio, the depicor of the 'Commedia Umana,' was one of the very greatest of story-tellers. Nor was he only the first modern novelist. He also, as Dr. Garnett reminds us in his admirable history of 'Italian Literature,' broke new ground with his ideal and pastoral romances. He was born in 1313; but his birth-place is uncertain. The balance of evidence points either to Florence or to Certaldo, a Tuscan town under Florentine rule, though Villani, who was a contemporary, assigns the honour to Paris. The point is of little importance; but it seems most probable that he first saw the light in Certaldo, where he died, and was buried, in 1375. He called himself *Giovanni Boccaccio, di Chellino da Certaldo*, and the majority of his Italian biographers and critics, including Girolamo Tiraboschi, Filippo di Matteo, Vincenzo Martinelli, state or imply that Certaldo was his native place.

The same obscurity which hangs about Boccaccio's birth obscures most of the facts of his life. Were we attempting a biography of the great novelist, our task would be difficult, and conjecture our chief guide. Here, however, our object is only to sketch in broad outline the main features of his career, and to concentrate our attention on the mine of treasures which the 'Decameron' has proved to many of the greatest writers who have dug from it their plots or incidents.

Boccaccio's father, a man of no birth or breeding, was vaguely termed a 'merchant,' whose business led him to visit various cities. Tradition states that the mother of Giovanni was a girl
of

of France, of Paris; but no biographer knows her name, or indeed anything about her. Boccaccio himself never mentions her, a fact which strengthens the probability of his illegitimacy. The father and son were not, could not be, good friends. Writing in later years, Boccaccio says of his father and the paternal house:

'Here one laughs but seldom. The dark, silent, melancholy house keeps and holds me much against my will, where the sour and horrible aspect of an old man, frigid, uncouth, and miserly, continually adds affliction to my saddened mood.'

As we look upon the portrait of Boccaccio, and consider the well-fed, comely, intelligent, sensual face of the great storyteller, it is easy to understand that there could have been but little sympathy between such a son and a prudent thrifty father. Estrangement must, in the nature of things, have begun in the boy's youth. It was at first designed to make a 'merchant' of Boccaccio, and with this object he was placed with a mercantile house in Naples. But the boy's dislike to trade proved insuperable. Then his father decided to make him a canonist; but though Boccaccio read law at the Neapolitan University, he devoted himself only to the Muses. *Dulces ante omnia Musæ.*

The great help and stay to the success of Boccaccio was Petrarch, who supplied him with money and with books, and aided him with advice and sympathy. The two became great friends; but the advantage was chiefly on the side of Boccaccio, who, without such assistance, might easily have been compelled to desert the Muses, and to sink into the career of trade drudgery or legal chicanery which he detested. Years after, in 1351, Boccaccio was sent by Florence to negotiate the return of Petrarch, but the lover of Laura could not be induced to settle again in the fair city of the raging factions. As Petrarch first saw Laura in a church in Avignon, so Boccaccio first saw Fiammetta in the church of San Lorenzo in Naples. This was in 1338. Fiammetta was the poetical name which Boccaccio conferred upon a beautiful young wife, who was the natural daughter of Robert of Anjou, King of Naples. How far the lady and the great *novella* writer were intimate may be an open question; but Boccaccio was strongly attracted by her (in his way), and lost no opportunity of celebrating in literature the charms and merits of the high-born goddess of his worship. Her regal descent may have inflamed his vanity. Boccaccio's own statement would not be conclusive, because he was a man who might well have boasted untruly of the favours of so fair
and

and great a lady. But other facts suggest that he was a favoured *cavaliere servente* of the quasi-royal lady, and this although she had a young and handsome husband. Such amours were common in the Italy of Boccaccio's time; and he may well have been an attractive lover. The *liaison* between the poet and the lady was broken off in 1340, when he had to leave Naples to join his father in Florence; and it does not appear to have been resumed during his subsequent stay in the Neapolitan capital from 1345 to 1349.

While in Naples, busily writing for the entertainment of Fiammetta his prose romance of 'Filocopo'—which afforded suggestions to Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Cressida,' and to Shakespeare's play bearing the same name—Boccaccio was recalled by his father to Florence. Arrived there, he would seem to have forgotten Fiammetta, for he paid court to a wealthy Florentine widow, who, however, repelled his probably interested suit with contempt. Thereupon Boccaccio pilloried her in 'Il Corbaccio,' one of the most savage and the foulest of his writings. He attacked, through vindictive slander and satire, all womankind, and especially that one lady. He, no doubt, lived unhappily and unwillingly with his father, and may have hoped to win his independence by a wealthy marriage. A second visit to Naples seems to have been made in 1345, and it was there that, under the patronage of Queen Joanna, he began to write the 'Decameron,' which he is supposed to have completed in 1353.

An important event, one which deeply affected his whole after-life, was his acquaintance with a monk, Pietro de' Petroni, who assumed a kind of direct spiritual inspiration, and certainly succeeded in frightening Boccaccio. This period of fear, which belongs to a date subsequent to 1354, is called his 'conversion.' Boccaccio referred his terrors and his doubts to his friend Petrarch, who answered him in an able and manly letter. Petrarch, by no means convinced of the spiritual sincerity or ability of the monk, pointed out that 'the pursuits of poetry and literature were by no means incompatible with sincere religion.' Boccaccio retained his library, continued his studies, and did *not* become a monk, as he had purposed to do; but he became possibly a wiser and certainly a graver man. He even warned people against reading his own 'Decameron,' which might, he thought, do harm, especially to women—although he had, in the first instance, written the work, as he says, with a view to 'diverting the melancholy of women.' At this period he presented the spectacle of a man with an ever widening popularity and a deepening inward remorse.

remorse. There was much in his life and mind and character which would render him peculiarly open to religious fear, when once he was strongly thundered against by a loud-tongued, terrifying, fanatic priest. Yet he had, in his time, made much 'fun' out of ecclesiastics. No man who in his day wrote licentious tales could keep his foot out of monastery or nunnery. He says: 'It will appear from our preceding novels that the priests, friars, and the rest of our clergy have contributed their not share to our diversion'; and he knew thoroughly the manners and morals of the Italian priesthood in his day.

In his last years Boccaccio enjoyed one great delight. He paid a long visit to Petrarch, who was then residing in Venice, on the *Riva degli Schiavoni*. In 1373 a Professorship was founded in Florence for the elucidation of Dante's '*Divina Commedia*,' and Boccaccio was appointed as the first Professor or lecturer. He no doubt greatly increased the popularity of the great Florentine poet, whose mystic song needed explanation and criticism; and he wrote a life of Dante, which is, however, not now very highly esteemed. Boccaccio may have admired Dante fervently, but there could be no deep sympathy between men who had so little in common.

In 1374 Petrarch died, and Boccaccio probably felt a grief as profound as his nature was capable of. Petrarch had been a tried and true friend to the great raconteur, who did not long survive Laura's lover, but died on December the 21st, 1374, at Certaldo, where he was buried.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio typified three very distinctive elements of Florentine society and literature in the last years of the Middle Ages. Just as, in England, the earnestness of the Commonwealth was succeeded by the debauchery of the Restoration, so, in Italy, the gloom and austerity of the Middle Ages burst out into the licence of the Renaissance, which, with its new learning and new life, pushed to a dissolute extreme *la joie de vivre*, without caring for conscience, and in utter defiance of morality. Life was worn loosely, and the sweetness of sin was the chief object of men enfranchised from the obligations of duty and indifferent to things that were noble, right, or pure. The '*Decameron*,' and its ten days of more or less wanton story-telling, coloured, no doubt, the ideas and lives of the Renaissance; for Boccaccio was a supreme master of the art of story-telling, and his skill and cunning provided literary material out of which great poems have been fashioned and great dramas constructed. We may regret some qualities in his work, qualities that belonged to his day; but the world owes a debt of gratitude

to the gay and genial Florentine who, amid so much that is foul, yet succeeded in narrating with singular ability so much that has delighted succeeding generations of readers and writers.

It has seemed good to recall the leading facts known about the life of Boccaccio, and the main events of his career, and thus to attempt to catch, across the centuries, some impression, perhaps only slight and imperfect, of the man himself. We can now proceed to compare his stories with the use made of them by distinguished dramatists and poets. The riflers of his affluent quarry include writers of the brightest light and of the most distinctive leading. It says much for Boccaccio that Shakespeare should have borrowed from him the materialistic and objective suggestions for the plots or stories of plays. The related occurrence, even if fictitious, furnished the marble out of which Shakespeare, by his magic treatment of the subjective, by grasp of character, by power of passion, and by predominance of intellect, hewed statues shaped in the deathless might and majesty of some of his greatest and loveliest dramas. One copy of 'Cymbeline,' itself borrowed from Boccaccio, is buried in Westminster Abbey lying on the breast of Tennyson.

In the present attempt, the only work of Boccaccio with which we are concerned is his 'Decameron,' and even here we need merely refer to those marked cases in which this collection has served as a quarry to great writers. Many obscure and now unknown penmen may have plundered the 'Decameron'; but of their doings, even if we could attain to a knowledge of them, it were waste of time to take account. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to the work of great poets and dramatists. It is not exactly surprising, but is yet striking, to notice the reputation and popularity attained by the 'Decameron,' as compared with the small success of Boccaccio's other books, whether in prose or in verse, in Latin or in Italian. The 'Decameron' was gradually translated into almost all European languages. Before 1570 William Paynter had translated into English many of Boccaccio's tales; and this was probably the version known to Shakespeare.

Boccaccio did not himself invent all the tales that he told. For many of them he drew from external sources. He obtained various stories from the Grecian exiles and from those from Constantinople, and one can easily imagine that he would frequent the society of those who could bring him stories, or hints for tales, especially from the East, the mother-land of story-telling. No wonder that it became in Italy a favourite diversion to read aloud the 'Decameron' on winter evenings.

If

If Boccaccio did not always invent, he always improved the borrowed tales; and his rare gift for narrative fiction enabled him to furnish rich material to dramatist and to poet. On Shakespeare's debt to him we shall speak subsequently. Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' are, in their ground idea, based upon the 'Decameron'; and Chaucer made use of several of the separate tales—as, for instance, 'The Reeve's Tale,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'The Knight's Tale,' 'Griselda.' Chaucer adds length and detail to 'Griselda' ('The Clerk's Prologue'), which he says he learned 'at Padow of a worthy clerk. . . . Francis Petrarch, the Laureat poet, highté this clerk, whose rhetoric sweet enlumin'd all Itáille of poetry.' Petrarch had, indeed, translated into Latin his friend's collection of narratives, in which he took great delight. Chaucer seems to think that Petrarch was the writer of them; but he then probably knew nothing of Boccaccio, or of the friendship between the two great writers. Dryden has rendered, in his virile and sonorous verse, the 'Sigismunda and Guiscardo,' 'Theodore and Honoria,' 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' just as he has treated some of Chaucer's tales in the same manner.

In 1348 there broke out in Florence that terrible visitation of the plague which, as is reported, carried off such vast numbers by a death of horror. Among the victims was the father of Boccaccio, who was himself at the time living in Naples, and did not return to Florence till the following year. In the introduction to the 'Decameron,' Boccaccio gives a most vivid and graphic description of the awful sufferings occasioned by the ruthless pestilence, which yet suggested the structure of incomparably his greatest work. Omitting certain too gruesome details, we will quote passages from Boccaccio's narrative of the dire sickness. We make our extracts from Mr. Payne's excellent translation, a version that successfully maintains the mediæval quaintness, simplicity, and naturalness of the original, and so preserves the atmosphere which makes Boccaccio, in spite of his coarseness, far less offensive to our sense of decency, in most of his stories, than many modern novelists. In that terrible year 'one thousand three hundred and forty-eight,'

'into the notable city of Florence, fair over every other of Italy, there came the death-dealing pestilence, which, through the operation of the heavenly bodies, or of our own iniquitous dealings, being sent down upon mankind for our correction by the just wrath of God, had some years before appeared in the parts of the East, and after having bereft these latter of an innumerable number of inhabitants, extending without cease from one place to another, had now unhappily spread towards the West.'

It seems, therefore, that from the East came not only stories, but also sore plague and pestilence,

‘and thereagainst no wisdom availing nor human foresight, nor yet humble supplications, not once but many times both in ordered processions and on other wise made unto God by devout persons—about the coming in of the spring of the aforesaid year, it began on horrible and miraculous wise to show forth its dolorous effects. . . . To the cure of these maladies nor counsel of physician nor virtue of any medicine appeared to avail or profit aught; but, on the contrary—whether it was that the nature of the infection suffered it not, or that the ignorance of the physicians (of whom, over and above the men of art, the number, both men and women, who had never had any teaching of medicine, was become exceeding great) availed not to know whence it arose, and consequently took not due measures thereagainst—not only did few recover thereof, but well nigh all died within the third day from the appearance of the signs, this sooner and that later, and for the most part without fever or other accident. . . . A marvellous thing to hear is that which I have to tell, and one which, had it not been seen of many men’s eyes, and of mine own, I had scarce dared credit, much less set down in writing, though I had heard it from one worthy of belief—I say, then, that of such effieience was the nature of the pestilence in question in communicating itself from one to another that, not only did it pass from man to man, but this, which is much more, it many times visibly did—to wit, a thing which had pertained to a man sick or dead of the aforesaid sickness, being touched by an animal foreign to the human species, not only infected this latter with the plague, but in a very brief space of time killed it. . . .

‘Very many, both men and women, abandoned their own city, their own houses and homes, their kinsfolk and possessions, and sought the country seats of others, or, at the least, their own, as if the wrath of God, being moved to punish the iniquity of mankind, would not proceed to do so wheresoever they might be. . . .

‘To return to the city, what more can be said save that such and so great was the cruelty of Heaven (and, in part, peradventure, that of men) that, between March and the following July, what with the virulence of that pestiferous sickness and the number of sick folk ill tended or forsaken in their need, through the fearfulness of those who were whole, it is believed for certain that upwards of an hundred thousand human beings perished within the walls of the city of Florence.’

Then follows the meeting, in the church of Santa Maria Novella, of the seven young ladies and the three young gentlemen, charming ladies and courteous cavaliers, who agreed to live together in the villa, leading a life of virtuous joy—a virtue begotten by dread of the plague, ‘the laws of disport being nowadays somewhat straitened.’ So they retire to a villa, two short miles from Florence, which villa was—

‘situate

'situate upon a little hill, somewhat withdrawn on every side from the highway, and full of various shrubs and plants, all green of leafage and pleasant to behold. On the summit of this hill was a palace, with a goodly and great court-yard in its midst, and galleries and saloons and bed-chambers, each in itself most fair, and adorned and notable with jocund paintings, with lawns and grass plots round about and wonder goodly gardens and wells of very cold water and cellars full of wines of price, things more apt unto curious drinkers than unto sober and modest ladies.'

The device of setting his stories in a frame, though it may have been borrowed from the East, was first employed in Europe by Boccaccio, who makes an event which still filled the mind of Italy with horror the keystone of his structure. His picturesque little company, gathered in their pleasant palace, will 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world,' and reck nothing of the death agony which is convulsing near and fated Florence.

Passion and human nature are perennial; but standards of public and social duty are subject to mutability, and this resolve to flee from sorrow and from deadly danger, and to devote golden hours to diversion, dancing, and delight, while fair Florence is sunk into such abject misery, is characteristic of manners which have long passed away. Now, as then, men would flee from a city of the plague, but in our day no one would think such a scourge an occasion for living in peculiar gaiety and joy. When once the revels of the palace are started, neither lady nor cavalier thinks of the sorrow in the neighbouring city. All tidings from without are jealously excluded.

The contrast presented by the bright existence of Boccaccio's refined luxurious company, thrown into the sharpest relief by the gloomy background of unspeakable horrors, may be from a moral point of view, when we consider it somewhat too curiously, almost shocking. But as a literary device it is strikingly effective, and the impression is heightened by the levity of the tales with which the ladies and their cavaliers divert their idleness. By a whimsical freak of fancy Boccaccio calls the ladies of the *villeggiatura* 'virtuous,' but the epithet, in their case, is not convincing, and may, perhaps, be sportively applied. Chastity was recommended as a safeguard against the plague. Certain it is, these gay and merry ladies are, in their wanton stories, as indelicate and as dissolute as are their attendant cavaliers. The difference of manners between *then* and *now* does not completely account for the tone of some of Boccaccio's narratives, especially when they

are supposed to come from 'virtuous' ladies. We are not surprised at anything that Boccaccio may make his men say, but his ladies! surely they should have been of purer stuff. Among the *memorabilia* of the plague in Florence, it is recorded that monks and nuns left their cells and lived 'in the world,' and very much according to the way of the carnal world. After sharing freely in the ordinary licence and levity of life in their day and land, they, when they returned to the cloister, retained, it is said, those profligate habits and debaucheries in which they had indulged outside, and such facts would be fully known to Boccaccio.

The first instance of the use of the quarry by a great writer occurs in connexion with *novella* iii. told on the first day. This is Filomena's tale, entitled 'Melchisedeck, a Jew, who, by a story of three rings, escapes a most dangerous snare which Saladin had prepared for him'; and this narrative ripened into Lessing's 'Nathan der Weise.' It is useless to seek for any other basis for Lessing's play, since he himself states explicitly that his drama is built solely upon the 'Decameron.'

Filomena's tale is very short, and, strange to say, is not at all lascivious. The dangerous but generous Saladin, wanting to borrow a large sum of money, bethought him of a wise and wealthy usurer of Alexandria, named Melchisedeck, for whom he sent. Filomena, by the way, calls Saladin the Sultan of Babylon, overlooking his distinctive connexion with Jerusalem—but this is a very minor point. When the Jew presented himself before Saladin, the latter asked him which religion he held to be the true one, the Mahomedan, the Jewish, or the Christian. The wily Jew saw the snare, and (Boccaccio being behind him) asked leave to tell a short story, which pleased Saladin hugely, and ran thus:—

'I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding great beauty and value; and, being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should remain for ever in his family, declared, by will, that to whichever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that such son should be respected as head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given re-enacted the same law for the guidance of his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in a long succession, till it came to a man who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved of him. And the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that the father would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and, as he had promised

all, and was willing to satisfy all, privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first that he himself (the father) scarcely knew the true one; and, at his death, privately gave one ring to each of his sons. They afterwards all claimed the honour and estate, each disputing them with his brothers, and producing his ring; and the rings were found to be so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, and the case is not yet decided. And thus it has happened, my lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question; every one believes that he is the true heir of God, has His law, and obeys His commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain in like manner as it was with the rings.'

And this was the piece of marble which Lessing hewed out of Boccaccio's quarry: a tale which singularly suited and delighted the great apostle of tolerance and uncertainty.

It has been said of Lessing—of course merely in banter—that he was 'furiously tolerant.' The word 'furious' can never properly be applied to the calm, strong, thoughtful mind and work of the author of 'Nathan'; but certainly he sometimes pushed this fine mental quality so far that it overleapt the 'continent marge.' He desired to teach—or to preach—from his pulpit, the stage, the 'gospel of universal brotherhood'; and, his theories being based upon the principles of humanity, his great dramatic poem must be, as Danzel points out, a 'glorification of the Christian religion.' He believed in 'an universal religion of humanity and love,' of which the various creeds were only phases; and he held that all revelations are progressive, and ascend from high to higher. Dr. Buchheim says that Lessing was not a *Frei-denker*, but a *Recht-denker*, was not a free- but was a right-thinker. He used the interview between the Jew and Saladin, and he sublimed the story of the rings into his famous 'parable of the rings'; but he does not distinctly give the palm to Christianity. He finds it impossible to say clearly which of the three religions is the true one. They are all more or less true. 'Nathan,' the action of which takes place in 1192-93, in the third Crusade, is, in Froude's opinion, the finest didactic work produced in modern times. It was also the favourite play of the late Emperor Frederic, who never wearied of re-reading the drama. But this is not the occasion for a critical analysis of Lessing's many-sided, deeply thoughtful, and greatest drama. He is philosopher in addition to being dramatist; but he owes the idea on which his play is based to Boccaccio and the 'Decameron.'

The next instance is a memorable one, for we have reached the *novella* which suggested, at least, some striking incidents in
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the plot of 'Cymbeline.' This story is told by the Queen of the villa refugees, and is the ninth story of the second day. It seems proper to remind readers of the outline of the Queen's narrative, and we shall place before them, very briefly, a sketch of the events in the tale. A company of Italian merchants had themselves in Paris, and fall to talking of their absent wives. They express very Boccaccian sentiments on the subject of women and of their wives. They seem, as a body, to have a belief in the virtue of women. One says: 'I do not know what my wife does with herself; but I am sure, if I meet with any woman that pleases me, I forget my love for my wife, and make use of the opportunity.' Another remarks: 'And so do I, for whether I believe it or not, my wife will do what she pleases.' The third merchant was of the same opinion, and all seemed to agree that their wives at home would lose no time in their absence. One man, however, Bernard Lomellin, of Genoa, avowed a contrary opinion, declaring that he had a wife in whom were centred all the virtues that could adorn either sex: that she was young and beautiful, thoroughly discreet, and well bred; that, besides her skill in horsemanship and in the management of a hawk, there was no merchant who understood accounts better; and he declared, with an oath, that no woman on earth could be more virtuous and chaste than she was; for he firmly believed, were he to be absent from her for ten years, she would not do wrong.

A young fellow, Ambrose of Piacenza, made the greatest hit in the world of what Bernard said of his wife—asking him whether the Emperor had given him this privilege, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Bernard replied, not the Emperor, but God Almighty, had bestowed this favour upon him. Ambrose answered with a long ribald discourse upon the frailty of women, saying that they could not resist temptation, and that Bernard's wife was like the rest of her sex; adding (this is very like Boccaccio) that, if women were to have a horn grow out of their foreheads, to bear testimony of them when they sinned, few would be guilty. Therefore, what they can accomplish in secret they rarely fail to do; or, if they abstain, it is only through hypocrisy. 'If I were in company with your most virtuous wife, I could not doubt obtaining the same favours from her that I have gained from many others.' The dispute waxed hot, and at length led to a wager between Bernard and Ambrose. The latter asked for three months, and stipulated only that Bernard should neither come to Genoa nor write to his wife about the wager during the three months.

Ambrose started for Genoa. When he arrived there and

saw the lady, and heard the reports about her, he thought that he had come on a fool's errand ; but his cunning Italian brain devised a chest, in which he caused himself to be transported to the lady's chamber. When night came, he let himself out of the chest. A light was burning in the room, and he observed carefully everything remarkable in the apartment, as pictures and chasings, imprinting every detail in his memory. Then he looked upon the fair lady sleeping in innocence, and noted a mole upon her left breast. Not daring, from the lady's known character, to proceed farther, he took a purse, a gown, a ring, and a girdle, and procured himself to be removed in his chest. The lady knew nothing, and Ambrose never spoke with her. He hastened to Paris, adduced his seeming proofs, and claimed his wager. Bernard was struck to the heart to think that his Zineura should betray him ; but he was convinced by the proofs and paid the money to the triumphant scoundrel, Ambrose. Then Bernard wrote to his confidential servant, ordering him to bring Zineura to meet him on his return to Genoa, and he charged this servant to put her to death in some lonely spot on the road from Genoa. The servant obeyed his master's instructions ; but when it came to the murder he yielded to the tears and prayers of Zineura, and let her live. She adopted male costume, and meeting with Señor Encararch, a Catalonian gentleman, was engaged as his male servant and carried to Alexandria. She had assumed the name of 'Sicurano da Finale,' and when the Sultan saw her he begged the charming attendant from her employer. She soon grew into the Sultan's favour, and became a loved and trusted servant.

Now, at a certain time of the year, there was a great fair at Acre, to which Christian and Turkish merchants resorted ; and Zineura was sent there as captain of the guard which had to keep the peace and protect the foreign merchants. Ambrose, as it happened, came to Acre, and there boastfully told the captain of the guard how he had deceived her husband ; and thus poor Zineura understood for the first time under what wrong impression Bernard had tried to compass her death. Returned to Alexandria, where her husband and her wronger both were, Sicurano made Ambrose tell the story of the wager to the Sultan ; but she prevailed upon the Sultan to call both Ambrose and Bernard before him. The Sultan, instructed by Zineura, commanded Ambrose to tell how he won the five thousand florins of Bernard. Expecting to have only to refund the money, without other punishment, Ambrose related the adventure at full length. Sicurano then turned and asked Bernard what he did to his wife on account of this lie. Bernard

confessed

confessed that he caused her to be killed, and that she had been devoured by wolves. Then Sicurano fell at the Sultan's feet, and, dropping her masculine air and voice, explained that she was the unfortunate Zineura, and showed her left breast to prove the truth of her statement. The Sultan highly commended the virtue and courage of the wronged wife, and sentenced Ambrose to be tied to a stake in the market-place, with his naked body smeared over with honey, and there to hang till he should drop in pieces. It needs a Sultan to execute such very drastic justice, and the sentence was duly carried out to the general satisfaction. Ambrose possessed ten thousand noble ducats, which were awarded to Zineura, who, rich and happy at last, with her honour cleared, received a further gift from the Sultan of ten thousand ducats, and sailed with her husband for Genoa, where they, presumably, lived happy ever after.

This charming tale of romantic adventure furnished Shakespeare with several suggestions, which grew into the play of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' The incidents of the wager about a pure woman's honour, and the transport of the villain in a chest to the bed-chamber of the lady, were gladly used by Shakespeare. It is always of great interest to study his treatment of the themes borrowed by chronicle or *novella*, and to note where he follows, and when he departs from, his suggestive authority. Bernard and Ambrose were sublimed into Posthumus and Iachimo; but Zineura remains closer to the peerless Imogen. The scene and date of the action are wholly changed; but the wonder and delight caused by Shakespeare's treatment are fascinating for all time, and his work retains the magic of his individual and supreme genius.

The eighth *novella* of the third day is told by Lauretta and is very licentious; but it contains one passage which may have given a hint to Shakespeare:—

'In a few days, Ferondo went to the [adulterous] abbot, who prepared a drug which [like many of Boccaccio's stories] came to him as a present from a great person out of the East, and which was used when he had a mind to throw any one into a trance; so that, by giving more or less, he could, without doing the patient any harm, make him [or her] sleep as long as he pleased; insomuch that, while its effect lasted, you would imagine him [or her] to be dead.'

This passage suggests at once the sleeping draught used in Romeo and Juliet; but this draught is also mentioned in another story. In the *novella* number ix. told on the third day, by the Queen, we find the following narrative, which would seem to have been of help to 'All's Well that Ends Well':

Well': 'There lived in France a gentleman named Isnard, Count de Roussilon, who, because he was in a bad state of health, kept always a physician in the house, called Master Gerard de Narbonne.' This count had an only son, whose name was Beltram, who was brought up with Giletta, the daughter of the physician. She, even in childhood, was devotedly fond of Beltram, who, to her grief, was obliged to go to Paris to be near the King. She, left alone, had many offers, but refused all, without giving any reason. The King of France became dangerously ill, and Giletta made her way to Paris. She soon cured the monarch, who wished to arrange a good marriage for her as a recompense, but she would have none but Beltram, who unwillingly, under the King's command, married her, but left her at once to go to Florence, and imposed the same conditions as are stated in Shakespeare's play. Giletta managed exactly as Helena did, and with the same happy result. In this instance Shakespeare has adhered more closely to Boccaccio than he did in the case of 'Cymbeline.' 'All's Well that Ends Well' is a drama which depends greatly upon an ingenious intrigue. There are not in it such great issues as there were in the other and greater play.

Novella number v. told on the fourth day, by Philomena, was the basis of Keats's 'Pot of Basil'; and the ninth story of the fifth day, which is narrated by the Queen, supplied the idea for Tennyson's 'Falcon.' His 'Lover's Tale' is also drawn from Boccaccio. The tenth is the last day of story-telling in the 'Decameron,' and the very last tale, which is narrated by Dioneo, contains the famous story of Griselda. It seems unnecessary to re-tell here the tale of Gualtieri, Marquis of Saluzzo, and his peasant-born wife, Griselda, who pushed wisely submission to such an extreme that she awakens indignation, or almost, but not quite, contempt. No *novella* of Boccaccio is so well known or has so deeply permeated literature or stirred the compassion and pity of humanity. We are too apt to judge Griselda by the manners and ideas of our own day; but, if we would really understand her unnatural patience—unnatural as it appears to us—we must throw ourselves back into the day in which she lived and suffered and was so cruelly treated; and we must comprehend the old ideas which governed the relations between man and wife, between men and women, noble and peasant.

Shakespeare, of course, knew the tale, but the subject is full of morbid exaggeration, and has so little dramatic movement or action that he must have thought it unworthy of his treatment. Griselda has a virtue, but it is pushed almost to burlesque. Even in the Middle Ages she would have been considered as

eccentric,

eccentric, since, being mother as well as wife, her position increases immeasurably the pathos of her story. Boccaccio is emphatic in insisting upon the absolute and almost incredible obedience of the meek Griselda to her cruel lord, and makes her say to him: 'My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself.' This abject submission seems almost inhuman, because, in most women, the maternal instinct is stronger even than the sense of wifely devotion; and when poor Griselda spoke the words just quoted, her two children had been taken from her—and had been, as she then believed, put to death—while the Marquis proposed to repudiate her as his wife, and to marry a lady whose rank was more equal to his own.

A German dramatist of repute has been strongly attracted by the moving old story, and has given his version of it in his '*Griseldis*.' This dramatist is Friedrich Halm, a *nom de plume* adopted by Elegius Freiherr von Münch-Bellinghausen, who was born in 1806, at Cracow, where his father, a native of Vienna, filled the office of Councillor of Appeals. The Freiherr Elegius died at Hütteldorf, near Vienna, in 1871. He is perhaps best known in England by his drama '*Der Sohn der Wildnis*,' which we called '*Ingomar*.' His play '*Griseldis*' was first produced in Vienna, on 30th December, 1855; and quickly became very popular in Germany. It is a work which would, we think, be better liked in Germany than in England.

Halm has not considered himself bound by the legend, or by Boccaccio's *novella*; and he almost completely altered the incidents, and characters even, of the tale. Moved to indignation by the degradation of the patient woman, he desires to save her reputation for sense and honour. His treatment unquestionably confers a certain dignity upon Griselda, but it entirely destroys the very essence of the yielding character of Boccaccio's meek heroine, and misses the point of the old story. We are taken from Saluzzo, from all the colour of Italy, and from the tone of the Middle Ages, to find the scene of Halm's drama laid in the vague days, and at the court, of our own mystic King Arthur. The list of the *dramatis personæ* is distinguished by a queer jumble of names. Lancelot of the Lake, Gawin, are, of course, old friends—so far as their names go; but we find at Arthur's court Kenneth of Scotland, of whom Halm had probably heard in Scott's '*Talisman*,' while Giannucolo, Griselda's father, is transformed into Cedric, the charcoal-burner, and Gualtieri is changed into Percival of Wales, who has a servant named Ronald. A compact, almost to be termed a
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kind of wager, is entered into between Percival and Queen Ginevra—the Queen offering to kneel before the charcoal-burner's daughter if the latter will patiently, and without resistance or murmur, endure all the wrongs, insults, tortures, which Percival shall unsparingly heap upon her: and the base husband consents to do his part. He believes in his wife's blind obedience to him, and proceeds ruthlessly to put in force all the cruelties and indignities dictated by the light Queen—who is wholly unlike Guinevere. The action of the play is therefore lowered to the issue of a trivial, unfeeling, almost impossible wager contest; and with this slight *motif* before us, we have to watch the inhuman trials of the fond wife and tender mother. Percival announces to Griseldis that he intends to marry 'the King's sister,' Morgane, who is probably our old friend Morgan le Fay.

So far, Halm's Griseldis has borne all the cruel tests of husband and of Queen. Of her own will she leaves the castle of Pendennys, and returns to her old father, Cedric; whereupon Ginevra kneels before her. But when she knows of the devilish compact and wager, so wanton and so wicked, Griseldis ceases to love her brutal husband, and refuses, despite the Queen's prayers, to return to Percival. He commands her to do so, but, disobedient for the first time, she positively declines, and King Arthur decides that Percival has forfeited all authority over her; that she is at liberty to live with her father, and that her husband must expiate his savage baseness by the loss of such a wife. Griseldis goes back to the charcoal-burner's hut, and takes with her 'one shift over and above my dowry.' This is not the occasion for critical examination of Friedrich Halm's play. It is sufficient to point out how his version varies from the *motif* and meaning of Boccaccio's touching story—a story of such singular force, vitality, and mark. Halm is somewhat sentimental, but, if he had been the original teller of the legend, it may be doubted whether his treatment would have earned for it its world-wide influence and reputation. Boccaccio's narrative fiction is powerful, pathetic, and always consistent with his main idea.

The scope of this article, and the necessary limits of space, will not allow of even an enumeration of the crowd of Italian story-tellers who followed Boccaccio. We can only refer to those who were his avowed disciples, or evidently owed to him their inspiration. It may, however, be said at once that no one of the later Italian novelists can be called his rival in narrative fiction. The works of three of the principal writers, Masuccio, Straparola, and Ser Giovanni, are now accessible

sible to English readers in the admirable translations of Mr. Waters, and the attractions of his scholarly versions are enhanced by exquisite illustrations and sumptuous printing. It need scarcely be added that none of the books are to be read without a caution as to the nature of their contents.

The writer who comes nearest to the great Florentine, and who admits that he was his imitator, is Masuccio. Of him but little is known, but he was probably born in 1420, and was certainly alive in 1474, though the date of his death cannot now be fixed. He was born of the house of Guardati in Salerno, was secretary to Sanseverino, and wrote in Neapolitan idiom and forms of speech. An attempt was made, by one editor, to turn his dialect into pure Tuscan; but Masuccio remains essentially Neapolitan, and it is scarcely worth while to try to improve upon his frank vernacular style. He was the author of the 'Novellino,' which contains no less than fifty stories—stories which are very directly, if roughly, told, and are nearly always of force and mark and meaning. Boccaccio is certainly not more licentious; he is also incomparably the greater artist. Yet Masuccio, noble by birth and a courtier by profession, may claim the distinction of at least affecting to have a moral purpose. At the end of his third story of his third day—which is a pure, or rather impure, *conte galante*—and is told by Filomena, Boccaccio says characteristically, though not in his own person, when treating of the dalliance and joyance of the lady and her lover: 'To the like whereof I pray God, of His holy mercy, speedily to conduct me, and all Christian souls who have a mind thereto.' Masuccio, on the contrary, though his profession is somewhat belied by the character of his stories, may be taken at his own estimate as a moral reformer. Though his tales are permeated with the atmosphere of libertinism of his debauched day, he avows a moral earnestness which rises to professedly genuine indignation. His stories are 'diverting,' after the fashion of his time; but though Boccaccio remains the finer artist and better craftsman, Masuccio appeals to our respect by his expressions of angry detestation of depravity. His chief mission as a story-teller was, as he asserts, to be the scourge of lewd or fraudulent priests and unchaste women. He affects to detest the false 'ministers of religion,' as they were called in playfulness, who were given up to 'wicked lives and nefarious vices.'

'The greater number of monks and friars, so soon as they get a cowl over their heads, seem to fancy that full licence has been granted them. . . . For, if we take into account the great mass of open sins and crowning acts of wickedness and ribaldry which they

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[the priests] have committed in the past, and, as must be plain to any one who enquires, still commit every day that passes, we may justly write them down and call them naught else than ravening wolves, or rather soldiers of the great Satan himself. Some of the nefarious deeds of these manglers and destroyers of religion have become the subject of common talk.'

Masuccio was a powerful scourger of priestly vices. As a story-teller he can simulate a conscience, and, if we take him at his own profession, glow with the white heat of righteous indignation. He knew thoroughly the priests of his land and time, and his revolt against priestly depravity, if genuine, is creditable. Boccaccio fables and recounts where Masuccio depicts and denounces. Boccaccio is amused where Masuccio is incensed. The story (No. xxxiii.) of Mariotto and Giannozza contains some incidents which have been used in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and especially the employment of 'medicated water' in order to produce temporary trance; but while the benevolent Friar Laurence helps the lovers out of pure love, and for no other object, Mariotto and Giannozza are privately married by a base priest who has to be bribed to discharge his function. Where Boccaccio exhibits tolerance and indulgence for all vice, whether sacerdotal or lay wickedness, Masuccio expresses loathing and scorn of priestly depravity.

Such writers as Bandello, Grazzini, Morone, or Cinthio, scarcely fall within our limits, because they are not direct literary descendants of Boccaccio; but Giovanni Francesco Straparola is akin to Boccaccio, and therefore deserves our attention. He wrote the 'Notti Piacevoli,' a work in which we can detect the influence of the great Florentine; and he also tells stories derived from the 'Arabian Nights,' and from fairy lore. His Eastern tales were probably derived from wandering *raconteurs*, who brought to Venice the fictions of the magic East. But his chief distinction is that he was the first writer who used popular folk-lore as the groundwork of his fiction. Of Straparola himself little is known; it is, however, certain that his main work was published in Venice in 1550, and that the author was alive in 1557. He adds to his name 'da Caravaggio'; but the evidence we have connects him only with the city in which Aretino dwelt so long and so scandalously. He has invented a machinery or scheme of ten dainty and roguish ladies who, under the distinguished presidentship of Lucrezia Sforza, afterwards married to the Duke of Mantua, tell stories in a garden at Murano. An adequate number of cavaliers, among whom we find Bembo, bear a part in the amusements of these *gratiose ed amorevole donne*. Straparola's style is dry,
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and his grammar defective. It is clear that the 'Notti' quickly became very popular—since sixteen editions appeared between 1550 and 1570, while it took fifty years for the 'Decameron' to reach a sixteenth edition; and, certainly, Straparola's fables are clever, and good—of their sort. He adds to each tale an 'enigma' or verse, which seems, generally, on the surface to be foul in meaning, but which can, by laborious and intense explanation, be made out to seem proper.

There is no Italian story-teller of real mark who can be called a full contemporary of Boccaccio; but Franco Sacchetti is the writer who, as regards dates, comes closest to Boccaccio. The dates are guesses, but very probable guesses, and they give the time covered by the life of Sacchetti as extending between 1335 and 1400. Sacchetti's talents were not only devoted to literature. He was active in public life, and fulfilled various employments in the service of Florence. We find him appointed ambassador to Genoa, and he was a member *degli Otto*, of the Council of Eight. He wrote, like nearly all the novelists, poems as well as *novelle*, and his verses were printed in 1819, and were dedicated to Lord Byron. His *novelle* were not printed till 1724, and the fact that his writings remained so long in manuscript proves that his popularity was not very great. His chief work is 'La Battaglia delle Vecchie colle Fanciulle.' Sacchetti was a well educated man, and wrote in pure Tuscan; but his stories are often coarse, and sometimes even dull. He has little of the grace and magic of Boccaccio.

The next novelist in order of date is Ser Giovanni, who began to write his *novelle* in 1378. Of the man himself nothing is known. His life has left no record. His chief work is 'Il Pecorone,' which means, when translated literally, the 'great sheep,' but is better rendered by 'The Simpleton.' Ser Giovanni is a closer imitator of the 'Decameron' than is Sacchetti, and the machinery which he has devised, in order to get his stories told, is a friendship between Sister Saturnina, the prioress of a convent, and the chaplain to her nuns, one Aurette, a learned and a handsome youth, who had fallen in love, by hearsay, with that Saturnina who enjoyed so great a reputation for beauty and for culture. The pair managed their relationship with 'prudence and decorum,' and they met 'for private converse and mutual solace in the parlour of the convent.' In love with each other, Ser Giovanni depicts the pair as telling stories, each to the other; and these tales, sometimes amorous, sometimes tragic, included a good deal of history. The first novel of the fourth day is the story which Shakespeare has used for his 'Merchant of Venice.' It is noteworthy

noteworthy that, in the Italian version, Portia, who has such unrestrained liberty of action, is a widow.

Bandello is scarcely a very direct descendant of Boccaccio, but it may be pointed out, in passing, that he, who became a bishop, has exposed, in great detail, the lewd lives of the clergy of his land and time. The bishop is very licentious in his tales, but has a touch of tragic power. He describes the doings of his priests with a serene amusement; yet, unlike Masuccio, he never professes either indignation or anger. He narrates calmly incidents which he regards as natural, and even diverting. He knows that he cannot easily shock his readers. Of morality he takes no heed.

These Italian *novellieri* are indeed the abstract and brief chroniclers of the men and women, of the manners and morals, of their own country. During the Renaissance, the novel was in Italy much what the drama was in Elizabethan England. In Italy, marriage was merely the 'sacrament of adultery'; the privileges of husbands to attach themselves to the wives of other men were recognized, and no woman was censured for having a lover in addition to a husband. In countries inhabited by the Latin races the position of the husband was scarcely a very honourable estate. It is, indeed, difficult to understand why so many should, even for the sake of dowries, have sought the office. A husband, as Massinger says, was rather a cloak to lie on the bed than to lie in it. It was his lot to be beguiled and betrayed, either by layman or by cleric, and very often by both. When the dishonour of a husband is narrated to the dainty and fascinating ladies of the 'Decameron' their sympathies go out warmly to the adulteress. 'It seemed to them all that Madame Beatrice had been extraordinarily ingenious in cozening her husband.' Ingenuity, in this sort, delights them. 'All commended the lady for that she had done aright, and even as befitted her wretch of a husband.' In all the *novelle* there is scarcely any mention made of love in any high and noble sense. The relations between the sexes are simply those of animal sexual passion and ingenious intrigue. Conscience, honour, moral obligation, are qualities unknown. Indulgence in carnal delights reigns and rules without restraint.

The Italian novelists—differing therein from Shakespeare and other of our great Elizabethan dramatists—have, perhaps naturally, a very poor opinion of women. They do not consider them as 'pretty fools,' because they are cunning past man's thought, but they do treat women as pretty toys, full of duplicity and guile, and nearly always unchaste and without honour.

honour. They depict charming creatures, full of sexual passion, and desperately ingenious in contriving means for the indulgence of their licentious amours. Masuccio is, perhaps, the story-teller who most bitterly attacks the characters and conduct of the depraved women of his day. With such a priesthood influencing such a laity, women could scarcely be other than dissolute wantons, who indulged without restraint or hesitation in illicit gallantry and adventures. The best and most favourable interpretation which can be placed upon the loves of the period may be borrowed from Goethe's lines:—

‘In der heroischen Zeit, da Götter und Göttinnen liebten,
Folgte Begierde dem Blick, folgte Genuss der Begier’;

And yet there was but little that is heroic in the time of the Renaissance in Italy. The manners which then obtained between ardent youth and lovable ladies were not merely frailty, but were sins committed with satisfaction and with a will. The keen Florentine mind took a delight in deception, and the practice of ruses for the undetected indulgence in lawless passion.

When, in later time, the *novelle* were sacerdotally edited, indecency was not removed, and the only attempt made was to soften or expurgate the stories which narrated the loose loves of priests, monks, and nuns. A story-teller of the time could safely depict the adventures of monks or nuns, but it was not quite so safe to gibbet a bishop or a cardinal. The novelists reflected, with skill and truth, the body, form, and pressure of their time; and these were profoundly affected by the relations between the sexes. The novelists were at once romantic story-tellers and social historians; and in these literary branches of effort none was greater or had a wider influence upon literature than Boccaccio.

- ART. X.—1. *Wireless Telegraphy Popularly Explained.* By Richard Kerr, F.G.S. London, 1898.
 2. *Submarine Telegraphy.* By Charles Bright. London, 1898.

THE so-called wireless telegraphy is as old as telegraphy itself. The fall of Troy was signalled to Argos. In the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, that prince, on his departure for Troy, promised Clytemnestra that on the day when the city should fall news of the victory should be flashed by eight fires and seven intervals. He kept his word and it was done, virtually by the same means as Marconi recently signalled from the Queen at Osborne House to the Prince of Wales on board the 'Osborne' royal yacht. There is no difference but one of degree between light waves and electrical waves. Electricity, like light, is but one form of energy. If the exciting cause be only a burning of oil, as in a lamp, or the burning of zinc, as in a battery, the transmitting agency is in each case the ether, and the mode of transmission the vibrations of this space-filling medium. The difference is one of magnitude. Light waves are measured in billions and electrical waves in thousands per second. The yellow wave of sodium measures from crest to crest 0000244 inch, while a Maxwellian electric wave may measure anything from a yard to a mile. The difference is in the apparatus used for the transmission and reception of the signals; the medium for their transmission is the same—the illimitable, incomprehensible, exquisite medium, the ether. A better term for the system would be 'etheric telegraphy,' for it is not really 'wireless.' Wires are used at each end as a part and parcel of the apparatus.

Attempts to telegraph across water, without any wires spanning the rivers, date from 1842, when Morse experimented upon the river Susquehanna. David Lindsay essayed the same thing in 1854, and it was the good fortune of the present writer to have conducted in London experiments for him. In India it is now a common and practical method to bridge a river by making the water of the river form part of the conducting portion of the circuit. The dangerous rock called the Fastnet, that stands as a bold sentinel nine miles off the southern point of Ireland in the direct route of the American traffic to this country, is surmounted by an important light-house, usually the first indication of Europe to the anxious mariner. Attempts have been made to connect it with the shore by a submarine cable, but the fierce waves of the Atlantic were too powerful for the slight cable. It was so repeatedly
 destroyed

destroyed by constant thrashing against the rocks that its use had to be abandoned. Mr. Willoughby Smith has recently overcome this difficulty by terminating the cable by a copper anchor in a sandy bottom sixty fathoms from the rock. The instruments in the lighthouse are terminated on each side of the rock by bare copper conductors passing through holes drilled in the stone. The intermediate water, sixty fathoms thick, acts as a part of the circuit. In this way telegraphic communication has been practically maintained with the lighthouse-keepers since July 1895.

The introduction of the telephone in 1877 placed in the engineer's hands a new and extremely sensitive instrument, which rendered evident the presence of electrical currents that were quite imperceptible by the ordinary telegraph apparatus. The most sensitive telegraphic relay responds to currents which can be expressed in thousandths of an ampere, but the telephone is responsive to currents expressible in millionths of an ampere. Hence, in the hands of the skilful experimenter, it is a most valuable tool with which to explore hitherto inaccessible regions. This becomes possible in virtue of the fact that if these very minute currents are rapidly and rhythmically repeated they emit musical sounds perceptible to the ear.

In 1882 the submarine cable connecting the Isle of Wight with the mainland broke down. Advantage was taken of the accident to repeat Lindsay's experiment. Large metal plates were immersed in the sea at Portsmouth and Hurst Castle on the mainland, and at Ryde and Sconce Point at opposite ends of the island. These connecting points were separated from each other by twenty miles of telegraph wire in Hampshire and by sixteen miles in the Isle of Wight. The circuit was thus forty-three miles long, of which seven miles was water. Signalling by the Morse dot-and-dash alphabet formed by short and long notes—quavers and crotchets—was possible. The broken cable was rapidly repaired and has not been ruptured again, so that the opportunity has not recurred of showing how this method of telegraphy can be made practically useful under conditions so favourable to its success. Major Cardew, R.E., introduced this acoustic mode of telegraphy into our military system of field telegraphs, and it is most effective in bridging over broken and damaged wires.

In all these cases we have been dealing with conduction, pure and simple. The water has formed part of the circuit, and the currents used have been simple electric currents, following known laws, easily traced and readily picked up.

The wires of the Telegraph Department of the Post Office

pass

pass through London, and all great cities, underground in iron pipes. They are insulated with gutta percha. The wires of the Telephone Company are open in the air and are supported by porcelain insulators on iron poles fixed on the housetops. It was observed in 1884 that messages sent by telegraph through the underground wires to the North of England could be read on the aerial telephone circuits through a minimum distance of eighty feet which separated them, though they ran parallel to each other only for a quarter of a mile. This could occur either by actual conduction through the earth or by induction through the intermediate space. In the former case there would have been considerable leakage over the porcelain insulators and the gutta-percha-covered wires must have been very faulty, and the effects would vary with the dryness or wetness of the weather. In the latter case the effect would be constant and practically independent of the weather. It was very easily proved to be due solely to induction, for each circuit was made metallic and independent of the earth. All effects of conduction require the presence of matter, and involve either the actual contact of the metals used in the circuit or the presence of a continuous mass of water enveloping and connecting them, either in the sea or by the moisture present in the earth. Induction involves the presence of the ether, and it arises from some disturbance of the ether produced by the activity of energy in the one body—the *inducing* body—and its incidence upon the other body—the *induced* body. In this sense our perception of sight is an effect of induction. A lighthouse on some distant rock transmits every fifteen seconds a group of bright and rapid flashes. These flashes, produced by the combustion of oil, disturb the ether in rapid waves of light, and impinge on the retina of the observing eye, conveying to the brain not only the consciousness of light but also the identity of the lighthouse. The activity of the energy of the lamp has disturbed the ether into waves; these waves of energy impinge on the retina of the eye, and are converted into that particular form of energy which excites in the brain the sensation we call light. In the same way the rapid rise and fall of an electric current (which is simply energy in its electrical form) in the telegraph wire disturbs the ether surrounding that wire, and if a second wire be near or parallel to the first this disturbance or wave of ethereal energy, impinging on this wire, is again transformed into its current form, and induces in the second wire an induced current of the same duration and character differing only in direction. If these currents in the primary wire (the telegraph) rise and fall with that regularity and order which

characterise

characterize the Morse alphabet, and indicate by their sequence letters and words, then the same methodical sequence of secondary effects is produced by this induction in the telephone wire. A practised ear can read, by the sounds produced by these secondary currents in the telephone, the messages that are passing in the inducing wire.

Those who have used telephones, especially in the early period of their introduction, have heard sounds like the pattering of hail against a window pane, or have detected strange noises, and frequently have overheard conversations being held on other circuits. These are generally effects of induction. Very careful experiments were conducted in 1884 to determine through what distance these effects could be detected. They were clearly evident throughout a space described by a radius of 3000 feet, while they were detected on parallel lines of telegraph wire $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart. Indeed distinct conversation was held by telephone through a distance of one quarter of a mile though no wire or conductor connected the two circuits. There was no question of conduction, for in each case the circuits were metallic loops. Indeed, it may be taken for certain, in all that succeeds, that conduction may be neglected as playing an active part in the intermediate space or medium through which the active disturbance occurs. There are many cases in which the conduction of the earth does cause peculiar effects. Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard University, U.S.A., detected the ticking of time signals in a single-wire telephone circuit which happened to extend along the line of flow of the return currents through the earth of the time circuit of the observatory. The magnetic instruments in Greenwich Observatory are affected by leakage currents from the rails of the City and South London Electric Railway, as well as by a rise of pressure due to the activity of the electric-light plant at the Victoria Docks. The overhead railway in Liverpool, which is also worked by electrical energy, similarly though not injuriously affects every local telegraph circuit in Liverpool. An accident once occurred at Deptford which temporarily put one of the high-pressure alternators there to earth. The block signal circuits on the South Eastern Railway were deranged, and the safety of the traffic thereby seriously imperilled. The telegraph circuits of the Post Office terminating in London were disturbed, and effects were recorded in Lowestoft, and even in Paris. Indeed the disturbance arising from the leakage to earth from the working currents on electric railways is a very serious evil in scientific observatories and laboratories. These derangements

are, however, remediable; their cause is known, and the cure is simple.

We are far from saying that the earth plays no part in some of these experiments. In speaking by telephone across Loch Ness, a distance of a mile and a quarter, it undoubtedly assisted and improved the loudness of speech. There is no difficulty in detecting and mapping out the lines of flow of the return currents through the earth from a circuit completed by the earth, and these lines extend further and further away as the circuit itself becomes longer and longer and the initial voltage higher and higher. They have been detected at a distance of three miles from the earth-plate, in a direction perpendicular to the line of the circuit, when the powerful primary current of eight amperes was maintained, but no trace of them could be perceived upon a telephone when the primary currents were rapidly alternated. Clear good signals loud enough to be read by the telephone depend on the rapid rise and fall of the primary current. Leclanché cells give as good signals at a distance of 3·3 miles as $2\frac{1}{2}$ H.P. produced by a steam-engine transformed into alternating currents. This is owing to the smoother curves of ascent and descent of the latter, and the sharper rise and fall of the former. The earth may in this system of telegraphy become a useful friend, and not an injurious enemy; but we may ignore its presence in considering wireless telegraphy.

Experiments were made in the United States in 1886 by Messrs. Gilliland, Phelps, and Edison, to communicate between a train in motion and a wire fixed on the poles on the line, and they were so far successful that the system was adopted by the Lehigh Valley Railway, but it was abandoned because it was not wanted. The novelty of the experiment rapidly died away, and the apparatus was removed.

Mr. Arthur Heaviside succeeded in communicating by telephone between a circuit on the surface and another of equal size and similar form at the bottom of the Broomhill Colliery in Northumberland, 360 feet deep. No practical use has been made of this system, either because it is not wanted or because a cheaper or better direct system can be established through the shaft.

Complete plant is kept by the Post Office to re-establish communication with outlying islands in case it may have been interrupted by the rupture or failure of the cable. Only one occasion has as yet arisen for its use. That occurred in 1895, when the cable connecting the Island of Mull and the mainland broke.

broke. Public communication was maintained uninterruptedly until the cable was repaired.

The use of the electro-magnetic system of working involves the use of parallel wires whose relative lengths bear a distinct ratio to the distance to be bridged. It sometimes happens that the island is too small to establish the necessary circuit. It may be simply a rock upon which a lighthouse is fixed, or it may be a lightship which swings and revolves through a considerable circle by the action of the tide. In 1896 an attempt was made to establish communication between Ramsgate and the North Sandhead lightship of the Goodwins. A cable was laid to the ship, but instead of taking it on board, which is the usual practice, it was coiled in a ring on the bottom of the sea embracing the whole area over which the lightship swept. The other end was connected with the shore. The ship itself was surrounded above the water line with another coil. The two coils were separated from each other by a mean distance of about 1200 feet. Communication was found impossible. The sea water and the iron hull of the ship absorbed practically all the energy of the magnetic field due to the currents in the cable, and acted as a screen to prevent the passage of signals through the space separating the coils. Mr. Preece's system, which has been introduced into the Post Office, and is now effectively and permanently worked by the War Department between Lavernock Point and Flat Holm Island, in the Bristol Channel, is essentially based on electro-magnetic induction. The rapid alternations in a primary wire induce similar alternations, though of less intensity, in a secondary wire at some distance parallel to it. It matters not whether these circuits are circular metallic coils or whether they are stretched in two long parallel lines dipping into the earth at each end. But with the same wire the effects in the second case are much superior to those in the first. In the Flat Holm case the distance separating the two circuits is 3·3 miles. The length of the wire on the Lavernock side is 1300 yards; that on the island about 440 yards.

In the autumn of 1896 a young Italian, Mr. Marconi, called at the Post Office to describe a new plan of his for communicating at a distance by utilizing the so-called Hertzian waves, whose existence was predicted by Clerk-Maxwell, but was made evident in a brilliant manner by a young German physicist Hertz, who survived his discovery but a short time. Mr. Marconi had experimented with his system upon his father's estate near Bologna, and had obtained satisfactory results at con-

siderable distances. No one in Italy would at that time consider his system, so he came to his mother's native land, whose language he spoke with fluency, to try his fortune. The idea was perfectly novel to the officials of the Post Office. It differed from any system adopted by them in this respect, that it required no long base lines or large areas embraced by wires to distribute and pick up the electric magnetic disturbances due to the rapid rise and fall of electric currents. The apparatus at the terminals was concentrated and compact. It could be placed on the top of a tower, on the deck of a ship, on the roof of a house. It was eminently adapted to communicate with a lightship, then as now effected by a submarine cable—a costly process, for cables are frequently broken in storms at that loose and variable portion called the 'veering cable,' which connects the cable resting quietly on the bottom with the tide-swinging, pitching, rolling, tempest-tossed vessel on the surface of some much frequented channel.

An effort to establish communication with the North Sandhead (Goodwin) lightship by the electro-magnetic system had just failed. Mr. Marconi dispensed entirely with the cable. He wanted simply the air. He excited this air-space, or rather the ether in this space, with electric impulses of very high frequency by means made familiar to us in England by Professor Oliver Lodge, who has been such a clear expounder and developer of the work of Hertz. These waves permeate space just as light waves do, and the distance to which they extend is apparently unlimited, but the distance at which they are recorded depends simply on the delicacy of the apparatus—the electric eye—used to detect their presence. The waves are excited by an ordinary induction coil such as is used for producing sparks in vacuum tubes or for the now well known Röntgen rays. They are directed into space by a conductor—a wire or rod—fixed vertically to a mast or suspended by a kite or balloon. They are received by a similar suspended conductor connected to an extremely delicate detector, discovered by Branly, called by Oliver Lodge a *coherer*, and developed into a new and beautiful telegraph relay by Mr. Marconi. This relay consists of a small glass tube about an inch long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, into whose ends two silver pole pieces are tightly fitted, separated from each other by about the fiftieth of an inch—a thin air-space or disc—which is filled up with a mixture or powder of fine nickel and silver filings in slight and loose contact. The tube is then exhausted to a
high

high vacuum and sealed. In this normal condition the metallic powder is an insulator; it allows no current to pass through it. But let an electric impulse fall upon it: its condition changes, order is impressed upon its disordered ranks, it is polarized or oriented or marshalled in serried array. It becomes a conductor; it coheres, and allows a current to pass. This will continue until it is tapped or mechanically shaken, when it instantly returns to its previous irregular and insulating state. It is in fact decohered. Mr. Marconi decoheres by making the current itself vibrate a small hammer against the glass tube, which in striking emits a sound. Such sounds can be formed rhythmically into a telegraphic language, or the current so set up can actuate a Morse or Kelvin recorder and print the messages sent in dot-and-dash letters.

The apparatus is thus very simple, and in its operation is not at all dissimilar to Sir Henry Mance's heliograph, that is so much used by our frontier forces in India to signal from hilltop to hilltop, by flashing the rays of the sun by day, or the light of burning magnesium by night.

After some preliminary trials early in the summer of last year upon Salisbury Plain, Mr. Marconi conducted a series of experiments, under Mr. Preece's personal inspection, between Lavernock and Brean Down across the Bristol Channel, a distance of nearly nine miles. The signals were excellent and very promising. Subsequently, towards the end of the year, experimental trials were conducted between Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight and Bournemouth, as well as Swanage. Lord Kelvin and Lord Tennyson sent messages for 'transmission through ether' to several friends in the United Kingdom, which were duly delivered. A small steamer cruised about the neighbourhood and exchanged signals, to distances of about fifteen miles. Mr. Marconi finds communication between ship and ship easier than between ship and shore. In July last the 'Dublin Daily Express' published daily reports of a regatta taking place at Kingstown, signalled from a moving steamer that followed the races in Dublin Bay. More recently over one hundred messages passed between the Queen at Osborne House and the Prince of Wales as he lay invalided on board the royal yacht 'Osborne' in Cowes Roads. It is reported also that 'Lloyd's' is using the system to signal passing ships from Rathlin Island in the north of Ireland, seven miles from the mainland. Several experimenters, especially Professor Lodge, are working earnestly at the subject. Distances of twenty-five miles have already been bridged. The system is therefore

therefore making rapid progress, but it has not yet been placed commercially on the market.

The German Emperor has taken great interest in the system. He sent Dr. Slaby, of the Technical High School at Charlottenburg, over here to study it, and this learned professor's experiments and lectures have done much to interest the Germans in its use and development. Italy, as befits the home of the inventor, has warmly appreciated it. Mr. Marconi has been decorated by his king, and many ships in the Italian navy are fitted up with the apparatus. Our own navy has not been behind-hand. It is well known that Captain Jackson, R.N., was experimenting in this direction before Mr. Marconi arrived in England, but nothing has been published about his results or doings. The Navy is continuing these experiments. Our Royal Engineers have been working at it with great energy, and the War Department is warmly interested in its progress.

The British Post Office has been anxious to try it between Guernsey and Sark, and that Department, together with the Board of Trade and the Trinity House, have placed a lightship at Mr. Marconi's disposal. That offer has not yet been accepted.

Why has this 'wireless telegraphy' become so sensational and interesting to the public? There is no novelty in the principle. It has been actually in practical use in different forms for years past. Scarcely a meeting of the British Association since 1884 has passed without Mr. Preece having recorded his progress made in wireless telegraphy. Experiments in this direction have been ceaseless, and even the Press became excited when, in 1893, communication was maintained across the Sound of Mull for some weeks while the broken cable was being repaired. Mr. Marconi only introduced another mode of doing what had been done before, but his nationality, his youth, and the unworthy attempts made to belittle his success, attracted the attention of the Press, and a sensational article in the 'Strand Magazine' secured the interested attention of the public. The subject has become popular. It is well that the Press should occasionally awake to the rapid forward strides of practical science. Civilization has advanced more by the aid of the working engineer than by the talking politician. If newspapers devoted more space to scientific progress and less to political retardation the public would be benefited. Mr. Marconi with his beautiful development has certainly captured the Press, much to the advantage of the public.

What:

What prospect of commercial success is there in the system? We can reach inaccessible places and beleaguered towns. We can cross dangerous channels and raging floods. The sea has no terrors for us. We are not interfered with by rain or snow or storm, nor checked by mist or fog. Neither darkness nor season, temperature nor climate, impede our communications. The mariner can communicate with the land, and the lighthouse indicate its position to the passing ship. The lightship can give warning of danger and appeal to the shore for help in cases of distress or wreck. All this is theoretically if not practically possible, and full of promise, but it has not yet been made generally available. It is feared that Mr. Marconi's progress has been checked by certain financial considerations which the Limited Liability Act has done so much to create in this country. In the eye of the financier the promotion of a company is of infinitely greater consequence than the benefit of the public, and the value of shares in the market of more concern than pure scientific progress. The over-capitalization of our industries from this cause has choked our commercial progress more than any supposed German or foreign competition. It is an element of danger which surrounds the development of Mr. Marconi's Wireless Telegraph system.

- ART. XI.—1. *Notes from a Diary.* By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. (1851–72). Two vols. London, 1897.
2. *Notes from a Diary.* By the Same (1873–81). Two vols. London, 1898.
3. *Miscellanies.* Collected and edited by Earl Stanhope. (First and Second Series.) London, 1872.

‘**E**VERYTHING in literary work is done in London by favour and connexion.’ So, of the conditions of their industry in the capital during the opening decades of the Victorian age, wrote Mary and William Howitt in their frank and interesting ‘Autobiography.’ With provincial introductions, and with the record behind them of good work quietly done in their provincial home, these two, who have gladdened and instructed so many childhoods of a departing generation, had settled in the great city, their heads full of schemes, their trunks packed with manuscripts. The new-comers were not, indeed, to fail, but to win a very gradual and, in comparison with their early hopes, a very partial success. And this chiefly, as they both honestly thought, because of their Quaker descent, and their lack of powerful friends in the busy, brilliant, and thoughtless town. On leaving Lord Chesterfield’s house, after that memorable waiting in the great man’s vestibule, Dr. Johnson prophesied the day when the first care of poets would not be to know peers, when scholars, essayists, historians, and sages would find in the recognition of their services with the pen by a new and nobler public all that moral or material support which professional patrons so inconsiderately denied, so unreasonably delayed, to beginners, or so capriciously withdrew from veterans.

Yet the literary memoirs of many generations after Dr. Johnson’s day show that British letters, as a vocation, were only by slow degrees emancipated from the idea of the patron as not less essential to success than he had been when Pope wrote the ‘Prologue to the Satires.’ Even William Howitt, after innumerable disappointments, only began to hope when, on a little sheet called ‘The Constitutional,’* he placed himself under the ægis of O’Connell—a strangely truculent patron for so meek a client. All the biographies or journals belonging to this period, that have literature as their subject, are charged with the notion that to the young writer the noble patron is

* This seems to have been the name of two or three very ephemeral prints started on both political sides during early Victorian years. That now mentioned cannot, of course, have had any connexion with a journal of the same style with which the name of Disraeli has been erroneously associated.

indispensable. When, about 1820, Henry Taylor set forth to try his fortune in London, he had already written one or two articles for the 'Quarterly Review.' He trusted, therefore, to be well received by Gifford in person. He reposed even more hope in Sir Henry Holland and in the intimacy enjoyed by that physician with peers, or commoners of high degree, who could make a young man's fortune. Nor in that expectation was he disappointed. The guardian of the health of sovereigns and statesmen at once took an interest in the young man; introduced him to his most highly placed patients, who in turn secured him a clerkship as the beginning of a long and useful career in the Colonial Office. All this is recorded in Sir Henry Taylor's 'Autobiography,' which presents a panorama of literary London during the close of the patron's reign.

The intellectual clique of literary Benthamites, the account of which is a feature in this book, would, as one might have thought, have risen superior to the influences of the patron in any shape. Unconsciously perhaps, as if by a fatalism which they could not resist, the distinguished men of whom Henry Taylor was one, grouped themselves round a family that in earlier days had produced more than one typical Mæneas. At Kent House in Knightsbridge there lived, during most of the first half of this century, several scions of the family of Villiers, including the parliamentary veteran, then a brilliant, sarcastic, and careless young man, who survived till our own day. The Villiers who formed the centre of the group now spoken of was not Charles Pelham, but his brother Hyde. In him were concentrated most of the characteristics, mental and physical, of this bright and versatile clan; with him, when the Kent House days were over, Henry Taylor set up a bachelor establishment in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Here, during the thirties, much intellectual patronage was dispensed to thoroughly tested recipients. But though this substitution of a collective for an individual Mæneas foreshadowed the movement that was to supersede patronage, the patron of the traditional and aristocratic sort continued to flourish long after the young reformers of the old 'Westminster Review' were hoping, under the shadow of their Villiers protectors, to put the world right. The breakfasts in Suffolk Street were often marked by the presence of Wordsworth and Southey, outside the intellectual members of the Villiers set. That set comprised Charles Austin, Edward Strutt, afterwards Lord Belper, Romilly, the future Master of the Rolls, and, chief of all, John Stuart Mill. Under the encouragement of his Suffolk Street friends, Mill first formed the idea of entering Parliament. Together with Hyde Villiers
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and Taylor, then colleagues in the Colonial Office, Mill expressed his views about a paper on negro education drawn up by Mr. Gladstone, who in December 1845, as Colonial Secretary, had rejoined Peel, 'confirming,' as the Suffolk Street coterie condescendingly said, 'our impression that he is a very considerable man—by far the most so of our rising generation.' While their part in the intellectual fellowship of Suffolk Street tempted Hyde Villiers and one or two of his relations to trifle with the Tory tenets of their family, in the house of others of their name those principles were receiving the most effective support that social tact could render. Helped by her daughter, Lady Clementina Villiers, at her house in Berkeley Square, Lady Jersey was giving those entertainments which during the long day of Whig ascendancy formed the chief counter-attractions on the Conservative side to Holland or Lansdowne House.

The individual who concentrated in himself most of the gifts and opportunities of literary patronage on the Conservative side in society generally was indeed the man whose literary 'Miscellanies' precede these observations. Within the memory of the present generation no figure in the social organization of the literary or artistic callings has been so prominent as the fifth Lord Stanhope, the historian. Those who first knew the society or literature of London during the later sixties will recall two men as having divided between them ascendancy in the polity of letters. Lord Stanhope's rival or colleague in this connexion was, to call him by the still most familiar name, Bulwer Lytton. A little later no public gathering of writers or readers was complete without Charles Dickens or Lord Houghton in the chair. But at the date now under review the latter, though his breakfasts were already historical, still kept his earlier name of Monckton Milnes, and was not the public institution which he afterwards became. Resembling or competing with each other in their public functions, equally lovers of literature for its own sake, Lytton and Stanhope presented many striking contrasts.

In all his writings, except perhaps in those modelled on Sterne, such as the stories of English life, or those which, disguised as romances like 'Kenelm Chillingly' and 'The Parisians,' were criticisms on the social or political condition of his day, Lytton never ceased to reflect, almost as visibly as Disraeli in 'Vivian Grey,' the genius of Byron, or to justify Heine's description of the author of 'Don Juan' as the most elemental force of the century. One quality shared by Lytton with Stanhope was an honest love of their common profession for its own sake, as well as a genuine taste for literary scholarship.

ship. The affinity for mysticism in its more popular shapes, that years increased with Lytton, was represented in Stanhope by a love of literary curiosities like that of Isaac Disraeli or Charles Wentworth Dilke. The curiously interesting papers in the 'Miscellanies' on abstruse historic details abundantly prove this. Both men were obviously sincere in the discipline and the gratification of their particular tastes. In his researches into, or writings on, those aspects of supernaturalism that have perhaps detracted from his literary fame, Lytton, originally impelled by a motive not lightly to be spoken of, was almost pathetically anxious to rest his speculations on an intellectual basis. His sorrow for the death of a much-loved daughter predisposed him to the belief in the possibility of communication between the living and the dead. A like earnestness of feeling explained a similar belief on the part of Louis Napoleon, especially while he was a refugee in England, and a frequent fellow-guest with Lytton at Gore House. In view of that fact, there is something above criticism in the philosophical reasonings and metaphysical refinements borrowed by Lytton from men like Sir William Hamilton as serious arguments and justifications for the emotional frivolity that is all most people can see in 'A Strange Story.' In his relation to the new knowledge and scientific interests of the century, Lytton might be compared to an impetuous and intelligent schoolboy, so intent is he upon showing, in season and out of season, a cognizance of all achievements in departments of intellect not his own—so pertinaciously determined to meet the champions of the new science on their own ground, to astonish them by twisting their data and discourses to ends which they never foresaw, and to prove that a romancist or playwright at his best is by sheer force of intellect a match for trained physicist or metaphysician. For Lytton took himself very seriously; nor often without good reason. The references to authorities of scientific weight on supernatural subjects in his novels stand the test of verification, and show a good deal more than the knowledge of names that some of his earlier critics suggested.

In some respects Lytton's preparation for his work was not unlike that of Lord Stanhope. It was the habit of both to saturate their minds in whatever bore upon their subject before putting pen to paper. Once, therefore, the writing had begun, there was little waste of time in piecemeal reference to authorities. It was Lord Stanhope's practice, on one side of a small sheet of paper, in a sort of amateur shorthand devised by himself, to make a 'foul copy' of what he destined for the printer; always
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within twenty-four hours he wrote out the rough draft full and fair. If he delayed beyond this, he could not decipher his notes, and the process of composition had to be begun again. So Lytton occupied years with embodying in condensed memoranda for handy reference the essence of antiquarian libraries. Nor did he set any limit to the period of meditation over these data before beginning the work for which the materials were gathered. When the romantic design had clearly shaped itself, when the mind had filled in the outline and the substance of the actors in the drama, the story proceeded smoothly and swiftly enough. This method proved especially suitable for the production of books which, like 'Harold,' 'The Last of the Barons,' and 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' are to popular readers not less useful sources of historical knowledge than those 'Waverley' volumes that taught an earlier generation much of what it knew of its own or of its neighbours' annals. In the preface to the novel based on the quarrel between the Fourth Edward and Warwick the Kingmaker, the author gives his view of the office of fiction in relation to fact. Put in simple English, the doctrine is that, at obscure points of national story, romance may usefully discharge the same part which hypothesis legitimately plays in scientific investigation. In the one case, as in the other, the great point is to bear in mind Bacon's caution: *Hypotheses non fingo*—strictly to subordinate imagination to chronicle. The most historically instructive of the novels of Bulwer, however, are those probably to-day the least known. A famous social company under Wilberforce's tree in Pitt's garden at Keston, discussing the lost treasures of antiquity, if only a single such prize could be recovered, unanimously decided for one of Bolingbroke's speeches in Parliament. Some approximation to that find may be met with in Bulwer's 'Devereux'; here St. John is only one of several figures on whom the researchful genius of the novelist throws a fresh light; the personality of Richard Cromwell rescued from unreality and thin air proves more interesting and less unsubstantial than he would have been made by a writer who combined less of labour with his fancy. 'Zanoni,' to those who, deterred at the threshold, know the book only from its preface as a tale of Rosicrucian phantasies, rewards the patience of the persevering by showing itself to contain pictures of the French Revolution, and of the diseases of nature and character which it had bred, not less powerful than Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities' or the lurid panorama painted by the epic humorist of Chelsea. In a letter to be met with in Sir Wemyss Reid's 'Life of Lord Houghton,' Lytton,

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when Secretary of State, justifies his appointment of a novelist to some Colonial post on the ground that a well-constructed story, with the proper incidents, conversations, and characters fitted into their right places, is a genuine test of intellectual capacity. If he was thinking of himself the remark may recall Disraeli's characterisation of a friend as vain: 'And I have read the letters of Cicero, and known Lord Lytton.'

Yet now that Westminster Abbey contains all that is mortal of the man, his foibles need not obscure the fame or depreciate the honest toil of the writer. Much of Lytton's self-assertiveness must be imputed to a patriotic pride in his calling. There is a hit in 'Coningsby' on 'Mr. Wordy's "History of the War," in twenty volumes,' proving Providence to have been on the side of the Tories. But the work of Sir Archibald Alison was thoroughly appreciated by the satirist. It has educated two generations of Englishmen on the subject, and will educate more. The author has also bequeathed to us a singularly complete narrative of the social state of literary England and Scotland during his own time, in the course of which he confirms the view now taken of Lytton. When Lord Derby was installed as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the event was signalised by the granting of honorary degrees to the best-known men of the day. The official recipients, *e.g.* Disraeli, Mr. Secretary Walpole, Sir John Pakington, and others, were to be created on the first day; the literary honours were to be bestowed on the next. This did not please Bulwer, who, interrupting Alison at 'tea in our hotel,' said in a great rage: 'Well, Sir Archibald, what are you going to do? I'm off in the first train for London. To think of postponing such men as you and me to a parcel of political drudges who will never be heard of five years after their death!'—all this time impatiently puffing a huge Turkish pipe. But Alison, like the shrewd judge of character that he was, recognized this indignation as expressive of resentment quite as much at a professional as at a personal slight. Eventually the historian ingeniously convinced the novelist that the academic arrangement implied a compliment, not a dishonour, to the writers; the programme therefore was harmoniously worked out. It was this tendency to magnify his apostleship, however, which made Bulwer, after his fame had once been established, so loyal a champion and so real a patron of the literary craft. The same qualities indirectly produced one of the most amusing episodes to the literary reader in one of his best-known stories. 'The Athenæum,' then edited by the grandfather of the present Sir Charles Dilke,

Dilke, treated the writings of the novelist with little respect, some of his speculations with still less. The consequence was the sketch of the 'Asinæum' in 'Paul Clifford,' of its critical methods under 'Mr. MacGrawler,' and the amusing account of the rogue who, finding other trades fail, thinks of taking to respectability and of setting up as a 'moderate Whig.' The quarrel proved neither very terrible nor indefinitely lasting. It was amicably composed long before Dilke's death; the two men co-operated in many movements for the good of letters; no one appreciated more the services of the critic than did the lampooner.

The literary and artistic quality is hereditary in the Stanhopes, and the late head of that family was at once as warm a friend to these attributes in others, as notable an exponent of them in himself, as any whom the Victorian age has seen. The Conservatism of the Stanhopes has during some generations known only one solution of its continuity: that was in the case of the great-grandfather of the present peer. Charles, third Earl Stanhope, born in 1753, had been brought up at Geneva, formerly a centre of advanced political thought; there he imbibed as a child the republican ideas then in the air of the place. During a short time he sat in the House of Commons, as Lord Mahon, for the borough of Wycombe. He had married Lady Hester Pitt, daughter of Chatham, and so sister to Chatham's mightier son. But his political association with his relatives by marriage was short-lived. In the House of Lords he made himself conspicuous as an extreme reformer, introducing in that Chamber Bills to promote religious equality and to remove religious tests.

On the outbreak of the French Revolution, he at once joined Priestley, Price, and others, who out-went their leader Fox in the march to the tune of 'A bas les aristocrates.' This peer, best known as 'Citizen Stanhope,' was one of the founders of the Revolutionary Society in England; as a consequence, he was brought into violent controversy with Burke. His reply to the famous 'Letter on the French Revolution' is a pamphlet of great power and still of some interest, as well as indisputably the ablest of the earlier rejoinders to Burke's masterpiece. Of this ancestor, his descendant, now representing Burnley in the House of Commons, Mr. Philip Stanhope, is preparing a memoir which the author's access to valuable family papers outside the family limits, as well as his own political and literary acumen, should invest with unusual interest. The prospect of such a treatise enables us now to dispense with more details about the eccentric ancestor of its author. Those
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who are acquainted with the caricatures of the period by Gillray can recall the features of this eighteenth-century revolutionary earl; they may especially remember one representing Mr. Pitt at the bar of the Revolutionary Society, with a halter round his neck held by his brother-in-law, Charles Stanhope. Among friends of his own way of thinking, Charles Stanhope was the object of an enthusiasm attested by a medal struck in his honour by his associates, whereon are inscribed the radical reforms advocated by him. A striking commentary on the revenges worked by the whirligig of time is that, with the single exception of Triennial Parliaments, all these reforms have long since been added to the Statute Book.

Instead, therefore, of a revolutionary doctrinaire, the republican Earl Stanhope should perhaps be called a man in advance of his time. Advanced he was in science not less than in politics, for he invented the Stanhope printing press, with which till within a not very remote date several newspapers were produced. He was associated with the engineer Fulton in the first attempts to apply steam power to navigation. More strictly relevant to the present subject-matter is it to hear from contemporary diarists that, besides being a vigorous and acute pamphleteer himself, he was by his support of struggling writers the cause of many compositions scarcely less effective than his own, in an age when the daily 'leader' or the periodical article had not put the pamphlet out of date. This kind of patronage, on a rather different level, was forthcoming more abundantly from Lord Lytton than from any of his contemporaries, with the exception perhaps of Lord Houghton. Of Lytton's patronage no better instance could be given than that of the most versatile and distinguished newspaper writer of his day, who, having started life dangerously near to the bowl and the dagger, ended it in the odour of the highest respectability as a Gloucestershire squire at Llandogo and an ex-Justice of the Peace. When, in the revolutionary season of the forties Antonio Gallenga came to London, Lytton's name was better known by foreigners for his wide literary eclecticism than that of any other Englishman. At a time when such experiences were more rare than they have since become, he had travelled and lived abroad, mingling with the natives as one of themselves. He had set the example, so brilliantly followed by his accomplished son, of translating unfamiliar gems from continental languages into English prose and verse. He had in his magazine articles done almost as much as Carlyle, at a date when Carlyle had few readers, to create among the upper middle classes a taste for German wisdom and German poetry. From the desolations of Leicester Square

Square and its purlieu Gallenga was delivered by the helping hand of Bulwer Lytton. There were then in the West End of London several publishers, whose names now seem to belong to ancient history, to whom aspirants were naturally led, and with whom as a novelist of quality Lytton's word was of weight; he himself had published his earlier novels, 'Pelham,' 'Falkland,' and 'The Disowned,' with Mr. Colburn, whose name was once as familiar as, merged in another house, it is now forgotten. To Colburn, therefore, Lytton gave Gallenga a letter; the result was the eventual publication, if by another house, of the book on Italy which recommended its writer to the employment of Printing House Square. With that volume and some most useful lines from his patron, the refugee called on the managers of the great newspaper; he was ordered off at a moment's notice to the scene of war which had just broken out in Northern Italy—the revolt of Lombardy, encouraged by the King of Sardinia and the Pope, from the government of the peninsula. Thus began a memorable newspaper connexion and a series of the earliest specimens of picturesque reporting on the English press; for at that time Sir W. Howard Russell's letters from the Crimea had not made the special correspondent a terror to generals in the field and to official negligence at home; while the penny press, with all the ability which it has developed, practically had to come into being.

This exercise by Lytton of the patron's function may be paralleled by a like action of Lord Stanhope. His 'Miscellanies' attest his rare knowledge of the by-ways of history, as well as of those other materials of which history is made, such as are to be found in the picture collections of all great houses. One monument of these acquirements is the National Portrait Gallery. That collection began with the efforts and approval of the Prince Consort upon Lord Stanhope's initiative. The historian was himself the first chairman; he was also the earliest to discover the fitness for the position of Mr. (latterly Sir) George Scharf, who established his reputation in 1855 at the Manchester Exhibition, and was afterwards acknowledged to be the first authority in England on all subjects connected with national portraits on their technical side, as Lord Stanhope himself was unrivalled in his mastery of all that concerned their historical aspect.

Another famous example of the patronage of letters or art is afforded by the first Lord Lansdowne, who was the second Lord Shelburne. The well-known building in Berkeley Square, while still unfinished, had been bought from Lord Bute in 1768. The idea of making its interior a picture- and statue-gallery

gallery was probably due to the influences of a long stay by the purchaser at Rome. Here he made the acquaintance of Gavin Hamilton, a native of Lanark, who, having won fame by his brush and knowledge of art history, had settled on the Tiber to complete his education, and was on the look-out for so munificent a patron as he found in the first Lord Lansdowne. This was late in the eighteenth century; a full account of the incident will be found in his ancestor's biography by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. During Lord Bute's occupation, the dwelling had been literally a hall of harmony; for the Minister of George III. shared the musical taste of his royal master, and the statesman sometimes entertained the King at concerts beneath his splendid roof. Did they discuss in the intervals of the music the stroke of policy that was to cost Great Britain her American settlements? From the family papers concerning his art treasures, printed privately by Lord Lansdowne,* it would seem that the interior of Lansdowne House, as one knows it to-day, was the creation of the transforming genius of the clever Scot whom his patron had picked up under the shadow of the Colosseum. A gallery running the entire circuit of the mansion, designed to make Lansdowne House famous not only in England, but through all Europe, was indeed, to the chagrin of Hamilton and his colleague Panini, given up. The other designs were carried into effect; most of the purchases were made by Hamilton himself, the arrangement being that the agent in Rome was to supply within about four years, at a cost of 1500*l.* a year, art treasures needful to furnish forth his patron's dwelling. The operations have a public as well as private historic interest of their own, because the excavations under Roman soil for lost masterpieces of antiquity really began that movement for seeking *Romam sub Româ* which has survived the dynastic and constitutional changes that in our day have come over the Eternal City, and which cannot even yet be pronounced quite at an end. Most, if not all, of those subterranean researches that have rescued from the rubble of ages the Tiburtine villas of Hadrian and Horace were carried through by Lord Lansdowne's workmen, commissioned through Hamilton, with an industry which paused but little night or day. Here 'in holes up to the knees in stinking mud, amid toads, serpents, and other vermin,' the explorers discovered in a fair state of preservation nearly a hundred pieces of sculpture. These included the famous statues

* * Catalogue of Ancient Marbles at Lansdowne House.' (Printed for Private Circulation.) London, 1889.

of Cincinnatus, of Paris, of Antinous, both as a mortal and disguised as an Egyptian god; the group of Cupid and Psyche: the two Egyptian idols held by some experts to be the earliest specimens of Greco-Italian art. Some parts of the collection as it now exists must be ascribed to the successors of Gavin Hamilton and of the first Marquis. In 1792 that collector, wearying of his toy, contemplated dispersing his treasures. Then he thought better of it, and, with the help of other agents, completed the collection much in the shape that it passed to his son, and from him to the third Marquis, better known as Lord Henry Petty, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Grenville administration at the beginning of the century—the prototype for all time of the cautious Liberal, who held office under Lord J. Russell as late as 1846, and who only died at Bowood, in those halls which his taste had freshly enriched with paintings, books, and marbles, on the last day of January 1863.

The unwritten story of this Lord Lansdowne's concern for all that might promote the literary education of the masses has a special interest, from the efforts of his colleagues in that movement, as well as from his own. The well-known publisher of the 'Athenæum,' John C. Francis, had special opportunities of anticipating the statistics of a later day showing the direct connexion between an increase of good cheap books and a decrease of crime. The facts and figures which Francis supplied were used by Lord Lansdowne to point and strengthen the argument of the speech that, in the earliest sixties, he delivered for removing the 'taxes on knowledge.' The then proprietor of the journal, Charles Wentworth Dilke, showed a skill and resourcefulness beyond his contemporaries in the organization of wholesome literature at a low price. No man combined a life of tranquil industry with larger or deeper influence in his own sphere; to none did Lord Lansdowne acknowledge more indebtedness in this particular task.

The Administration to which Lord Lansdowne belonged had as its President of the Board of Trade Mr. Milner Gibson, and for its Paymaster no less a person than Macaulay. To Mr. Milner Gibson belongs the honour, too often ignored, of having successfully fought the battle of Paper Duty Repeal in the House of Commons. The services to journalism of Lord Russell's Board of Trade President did not end here.

The private house of no other Liberal, not even of Lord Palmerston himself, can be associated with such social usefulness to his party as that of Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson some half a century ago in Brook Street. The reception rooms of this well-remembered corner-house were the scene of

efforts to bring together the two sections of Liberalism, and promote a social acquaintance between fashionable readers of newspapers and their sometimes unfashionable writers. Up to that time the Liberals, so far from being the popular, might almost in a sense have been called the unpopular party. They were supposed to consist chiefly of faddists, doctrinaires, and others generally out of sympathy with their fellows. It seems a trifle contemptible enough to-day; but many persons now living will recollect how for the moment Mr. John Bright really prejudiced Liberalism socially, as well as marred the effect of a noble oratorical passage, by mispronouncing the name of the famous Pytchley pack of hounds as 'Pitchley.' 'Liberal—ah, yes,' shaking her head perplexedly; 'I think I know what you mean. Homœopathists, vegetarians—people who talk about chapel and dress so oddly.' This is the scrap of a conversation recorded in an unpublished letter of the period, roughly about the Great Exhibition era. As in the present day there are notably some gentlemen on the Liberal side who have laboured by precept and practice to redeem their political friends from the reproach of unfashionableness, so the actual achievement of that work will always be connected with the miscellaneous but effectively assorted parties beneath Milner Gibson's roof. But the master of the house did a great deal more than this. A sleek, white, soft-mannered man, he was himself the product of the newspapers whose writers he patronized, and in whose behalf his own tact did much to remove the absurd prejudice of a bigoted snobbery. During the best part of a generation, the editor of the 'Times,' Delane, had been welcome at every table, had culled his journalistic honey from the human flowers of every drawing-room. But journalism, outside Printing House Square, had not then become a profession; the penny press was barely in its infancy. It was in Mrs. Milner Gibson's drawing-room that writers for the press outside the dominion of Delane found themselves in much the same company as that in which, at Cambridge House, under the Palmerstons, Delane and Abraham Hayward were the two chief literary figures. The former summed up in himself the press as an institution and a power; the latter owed his social ascendancy, as in Pall Mall so in Mayfair, not merely to his experience and conversation, but to an ever-present sense of responsibility which in even casual talk caused him to express any opinion on affairs only after having mentally consulted himself with a Minister in office. Thus, at the same time that the actual society was arranging itself on its modern plan, and Lord Stanhope, a new politico-literary society,

society, not unaffected by that influence, if on a rather different plane, was being systematically developed.

Parliament itself was made subsidiary to letters and history by Lord Stanhope. As Lord Mahon, in the Administration of 1834-5, when Peel had been called to power, he served as Foreign Under-Secretary. In 1841, when Sir Robert Peel again became Prime Minister, Mahon received no office; but he identified himself with Talfourd in his efforts to secure beneficial changes in the law of copyright. On Peel's overthrow in 1846, Mahon, who in 1845 had been appointed Secretary to the Board of Control for India, and had voted with his leader for the repeal of the Corn Laws, went out of office. Thenceforward he took but little active part in politics. In office or out of office, as country gentleman or London clubman, his work was always a first object. Even his best-known parliamentary achievement is chiefly interesting to-day in its historical aspect. Till the success of his motion in 1858, the State services, which respectively commemorated the death of King Charles the Martyr, the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, and the accession of Queen Victoria, could only be omitted illegally by 'the ordinary,' and, as he saw, served only to embitter faith by unspiritual associations. But his political position helped him in his literary work at home and abroad. An author less fortunately placed would not have been able to condense all that is most valuable in the Stuart papers into his history, nor to have given to English literature the only authentic account from official sources of the rise of our Indian Empire. Office was thus not less instrumental in literary service to the public than his possession, through the first marriage of his grandfather, of the most confidential papers of Pitt. The 'History' itself is one of the few substantial works that have at once made the same mark in the United States as in England. This is the more notable because Lord Mahon's narrative caused much controversy in the most intellectual circles of Boston, and involved its writer in a very long disputation with Mr. Sparks. With the example of the consummate Gibbon before us, perhaps of Livy himself, it would not be correct to speak of Lord Stanhope as having been the first to show the priceless value to the historian of numismatics or of pictorial art. But the man who founded the National Portrait Gallery at least reminded a forgetful generation of the usefulness of the artist's brush, as of the medals of the Mint, to every conscientious historian.

The Gallery is not the only institution owing its existence to Lord Stanhope. The work of the historian is a

estimated alone by the fact that, before his work was written, the only narrative—and that but of a portion of the period—was contained in Smollett's 'Continuation' of Hume. Scarcely less useful to the cause of history in England was Lord Stanhope's encouragement of it at Oxford. Strangely enough, he does not seem to have given any evidence in 1854 before the Commission which led to the Oxford Law and Modern History Schools; but in 1855 (Easter Term) he examined in those Schools, as Hallam had done in 1853. The Stanhope Historical Essay Prize is a lasting monument to its founder.

A conversation in the early sixties at the Athenæum Club, recorded by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff in the first volume of the 'Notes from a Diary,' now being completed, contains a remark by Abraham Hayward 'that no man wrote so above himself as Stanhope.' On this Lord Lytton interposed: 'No man writes above himself; but most men are very unequal.' As an instance of this the speaker mentioned Campbell the poet, who had always seemed very tiresome till Lytton unexpectedly found himself at supper with him one night, when, in *tête-à-tête* from ten to half past one, the poet poured out a stream of conversation of the most surpassingly brilliant kind. The personal acquaintance between the historian whom the novelist in these words vindicated and Lord Lytton himself was not of a specially intimate kind; the literary friend with whom Lord Stanhope lived in the closest confidence was his brother historian, Macaulay. Nor would it be easy to conceive a greater contrast than that which, in their private life as well as in their intellectual tastes, these two latest of the patrons respectively presented. Lord Lytton when in London was a regular playgoer; but then it often happened that one of his own pieces or of a *protégé* was running at the theatre. Lord Stanhope took his stall in the spirit of one who deems it the duty of an historian to acquaint himself with contemporary as well as past intellectual interests. The first occasion, however, on which the present writer met Lord Stanhope was at the Adelphi Theatre when Miss Kate Terry was playing in Tom Taylor's 'Green Bushes.' Lord Stanhope's manner was habitually formal and constrained, not always doing full justice to the man. But at this meeting he dropped all reserve, and about the performance expressed himself with something as near to enthusiasm as perhaps he ever displayed. Lord Lytton did not live to see, as his son did, the full fruits of the literary industry which he devoted to the stage. Nor did Lord Stanhope survive to be positioned to compare the *première* of the later Victorian approximation to its French prototype, with that of the

the earlier part of the same period, when the play was often a bald translation of an inferior French drama, and the audience noticeable only for its diminutiveness or its entire absence. But apart from actors like Macready or Kean, and the Bancrofts or Sir Henry Irving and his disciples of to-day, to no one is the stage more indebted for an improvement of its intellectual tradition than to Lord Lytton. With the honest researches into history that Lytton's studies have been seen to involve, Lord Stanhope was, of course, in absolute sympathy; not so with the cheap mysticism that Lytton was supposed to encourage. The same chronicler who has been already quoted, and almost on the same page, records Lytton's conversational defence of the medium, Foster, as well as his conviction that the brain of this man had some power of putting itself *en rapport* with other brains, for he had thought of his old house-keeper, Sophy Tate, and Foster had guessed her name.

At the time of these incidents during the sixties, Lord Lytton was living in Breadalbane House, Cavendish Square; Lord Mahon was settled in the house still belonging to his family, in the row successively known as Grosvenor Houses and Grosvenor Place. Here were held those breakfasts recorded in all the literary memoirs of the time, but especially by Sir Archibald Alison, whose chronicle is really a classic of its kind. The frequent breakfasts were varied by rarer dinners. These latter would be remarkable if only for the fact that at one of them Dickens, Disraeli, and Thackeray met, probably for the only time; the only survivor of this occasion would seem to be Lord George Hamilton, then a very young man, doubtless owing his invitation to his party chief. The most sensitive of great novelists, Thackeray was also the quickest to rebuke in others the personalities that flavour his most popular writings. 'Colonel Newcome' and 'Major Pendennis' were real portraits. A former editor of the 'Herald' newspaper was caricatured in 'Captain Costigan.' Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne long chafed at being burlesqued as 'Harry Foker,' and took a small revenge, when the novelist was lecturing on the 'Humorists,' by asking him, in a very loud voice and at a very public place, why he did not have a piano 'to make the thing go off better.' It was never a secret that George S. Venables sat for 'George Warrington' in 'Pendennis.' The claimants for the original of the figure who gives his name to the story have been many. That person, however, is beyond doubt a conglomerate, though some of his traits may have been taken from the late Mr. John Ormsby. By a curious law of human nature, Thackeray, however unfitted for the task, was
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the great censor of personality in other writers ; on this point he had fallen foul of Disraeli, whose first fiction is gibbeted in 'Punch's Prize Novelists' as 'Codlingsby.' The statesman never forgave the lampoon ; in the last of his romances the author of 'Vanity Fair' without any disguise is lashed as the 'St. Barbe' of 'Endymion.' That work also contains what might be, but probably is not, a slighting allusion to the writer of 'David Copperfield.' After Lord Stanhope's dinner now referred to, Disraeli, wishing the remark to be repeated, declared Dickens, with whom he had had much conversation, to be the most charming of writers he had ever met. With Thackeray he had not exchanged a word.

Lord Lytton, though the contrary has been said, does not seem to have been present on this occasion, though he was a frequent figure at the breakfasts in Grosvenor Place. At nearly every point, excepting patriotism to the literary polity common to both, the relations between the two distinguished men now spoken of were those of dissimilarity. That, notwithstanding some defects or archaisms of manner, Stanhope was free from the extreme self-consciousness which diminished the social charm of Lytton's brilliancy and his occasionally most interesting talk, may be explained by the very different domestic environment of the two men. Those who can recall Lytton in his best vein and with propitious surroundings—the society of his son and one or two more perhaps at 12, Grosvenor Square, after Breadalbane House had been let to Lady Palmerston, or at Knebworth—will have none but the happiest memories. What was more or less occasional with the novelist was with the historian everyday life. During forty years Lady Stanhope was as real and bright a helpmeet as ever fell to the lot of a man of intellect. Able to give a good opinion on political or literary questions, she had the gift of diffusing homely happiness around her. Nor was the historian ever seen in private to more advantage than when chatting in the sitting-room of his wife or his daughter-in-law. For such seasons of relief from work he ever found time ; in his youth he had seriously impaired his health by late hours at work and scanty sleep ; in mature years he never repeated those mistakes. As to the disposition of his time, Stanhope's methods were those of Lytton. Sir Walter Scott seems seldom to have worked more than three hours a-day ; he broke down, not under that amount, but under anxiety. Lytton and Stanhope worked as a rule rather less than Scott ; both men had the faculty of breaking off for a little, then easily collecting their thoughts and, after a short ride in the Park,
a visit

a visit to a friend's house, or to the club, beginning again as fresh as when they first sat down. For both Lytton and Stanhope were clubmen, though the latter never used any other club than the Athenæum. There no one could ever have been more thoroughly in his element than the historian. Entirely without Lytton's dramatic instinct or theatrical tastes, he had little or no sympathy with actors. Writers of all kinds who were students as well, politicians—above all, ecclesiastics combining, like Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, something of both—these are the men with whom Lord Stanhope most enjoyed intercourse, and whom he could be always sure of meeting at the Athenæum. The club afforded him not only social recreation, but an outlet for that organizing energy which was ever characteristic of the man. He had an exceptional talent for supplying those happy phrases which overcome social difficulties, and remove all asperities. In Committees of the House of Lords, or those of the Literary Fund or the Athenæum Club, this faculty was constantly and successfully displayed until his health, already affected by Lady Stanhope's death and by weakness of sight, caused his retirement. No one, indeed, during the last half of our century combined more perfectly the distinguishing gifts of the scholar and the man of the world. An honest desire for justice, a real love of truth for its own sake, were at the bottom of these attributes. Accurate as a youth, he remained accurate to the end, never allowing his scholarship to rust. Consequently the two best scholars in his own Chamber, the late Lord Carnarvon and the fourteenth Lord Derby, submitted to him their Latin and Greek translations in manuscript or proof, and held back their versions of the 'Iliad' and of the 'Oresteia' respectively till Lord Stanhope had given some days to their perusal.

No picture of the historian would be complete which excluded special mention of the part he played in the club organization of the intellectual life of his day. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, though with a quasi-paternal pride dwelling most on the Breakfast Club, which a dozen years ago simultaneously supplied representatives of the Queen to Calcutta, Canada, Madras and Bombay, is the most trustworthy authority also for older associations of the same kind. Of these, first in antiquity comes The Club, no meeting of which was ever missed by Lord Stanhope. Founded in 1764, this is to-day identical in its ordering with its namesake immortalized by Boswell. Restricted to the same number as the French Academy, The Club, by tacit convention, always leaves three or four places vacant. Thus in the January of 1898 the total was thirty-six. Of its personal composition

sition an idea may be formed from the fact that during the summer of 1897 the three oldest members were the Duc d'Aulais and Mr. Gladstone, since dead, and the Duke of Argyll. The three youngest are Mr. Asquith, Professor Jebb, and Mr. Pember. Next in order of age among those societies which were to Lord Stanhope as his own home, comes the club called Grillion's. This was founded in 1812, during Lord Liverpool's Administration, for the purpose of keeping the chief men on both political sides in social friendship. That mission has been thoroughly fulfilled. Here Lord John Russell and Lord Derby met at dinner nearly every Monday in the season without talking of Westminster; here, in later years at Grillion's, when looking at Gladstone, Disraeli never sighed at separation from his great antagonist by a stout table. If, in an earlier generation, such reunions between rival chiefs did not occur, the explanation is that the society was first promoted by the younger men of their respective political annexions. Hence William Pitt and Charles James Fox could scarcely be expected to find themselves next door to each other at this club table, nor was Lord Liverpool likely to have a seat between Canning and Grattan, or Castlereagh to be the next-door neighbour of Huskisson. In some respects there is a similarity of usage between both these favourite clubs. Lord Stanhope and others, his contemporaries, like himself among the last of the patrons. In both the number is restricted to some two score; by a tacit convention, in neither is it ever quite filled up. Every newly elected member of The Club receives a printed copy of the portraits of his most famous predecessors, and presents his own portrait to the general stock. At the archives of Grillion's have been less systematically preserved; they do not therefore present a record of such broken interest—of the chief movements, and of those during in them, during the better part of a hundred years.

If an account of intellectual London at the close of the nineteenth century is ever written, which shall be as faithful as that given of intellectual London during earlier Victorian years by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff and by other authorities, the contrast between two conditions of society will be found automatically complete. The first feature as well as agent in the change produced, fatal as it has proved to the patron, is seen in the development of the newspaper press. This, as men mere familiarity people sometimes forget, is, in its present popular form, the growth of the later portion of the Victorian era. The cheap newspaper press could only become an institution after, in 1861, the statesman who, since May, rests in

in Westminster Abbey, repealed the last of the Paper Duties. The results may be summarized in a few words. In 1837, the English newspapers were 479; in 1897, they were 2396. The effects of journalism on literature may be open to criticism. But it is the periodical and, in these later days, the newspaper press which have made letters a self-respecting and self-supporting profession. To those who belong to that profession the only patron possible is the public for which they write.

Socially, the functions of the patron have been in no small degree usurped by the club. The men who once made a show of playing the Mæcenas to the wielders of the pen are now not the hosts but the guests of the industrious literary workers of the day. The public dinner at Willis's Rooms or Freemasons' Hall used to be the British equivalent of the old Greek *syssition* in the Prytaneum—the meed of diplomatists who had succeeded in a difficult negotiation, or of generals who had brought a critical campaign to a victorious close. To-day the hospitality is the same; only the venue and the hosts are changed. The scene of the dinner whereat the guest of the evening is one day Lord Dufferin and Ava, another day Lord Roberts of Kandahar, is the dining-room of a journalists' club, founded some thirty years ago by a group of industrious Bohemians of the quill. The chief society for active workers with the pen has long been the Garrick Club. Founded in or about the year of the Grey Reform Bill, chiefly by Sir Andrew Barnard, Francis Mills, Samuel James Arnold, Lord Kinnaird, and others, it held its first three meetings in 1831 at Drury Lane. The first club-house was Probat's Hotel, 35, King Street, Covent Garden. Here, on February 13th, 1832, with the Duke of Sussex in the chair, the Garrick was opened with a dinner. Thackeray joined the Garrick on the 22nd of June in the year after its opening; Dickens not till the January of 1837. The Garrick has become the parent of an entire family of similar associations, all of which have helped to make the working man of letters desist from looking beyond members of his own craft for fellowship and encouragement in his daily work. There is loss as well as gain in the disappearance of the patron. But no one will venture to assert that the gain does not vastly preponderate. Yet, in a more subtle form and with the parts reversed, there have not been wanting signs that the hard-won independence of authors is menaced by the old danger, and that subservience to the patron is exchanged for subservience to journalists who stand between the author and the public.

- ART. XII.—1. *Die politische Reden des Fürsten Bismarck*. Herausgegeben von Horst Kohl. Twelve vols. Stuttgart, 1898.
2. *Persönliche Erinnerungen an den Fürsten Bismarck*. Von Ch. von Tiedemann. Leipzig, 1898.
3. *Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of his History*. Three vols. By Dr. M. Busch. London, 1898.
4. *Briefe über Bismarck's volkswirtschaftliche und sozialpolitische Stellung und Bedeutung*. Von Gustav Schmoller. ('Soziale Praxis,' Nos. 48, 49, 50, 52.) Berlin, 1898.
5. *Briefe des Fürsten Bismarck*. Herausgegeben von Horst Kohl. Stuttgart, 1898.

WHEN the death of Napoleon was published in 1821 somebody remarked to Talleyrand that it was an event. He replied that it should rather be described as a piece of news. Talleyrand was right. The public life of Napoleon came to an end in 1815. At that time a man destined to leave a deeper mark in history had already come into the world. On the 1st of April of that very Waterloo year Bismarck was born. He has just disappeared in his turn. All Europe feels that his death is an event. Men speak of it as they did when Frederic the Great was gathered to his fathers. The old peasant woman, who, when she heard Frederic was no more, wondered how the world was to be governed, gave homely expression to the apprehensions of statesmen and philosophers in 1786. Many will remember the effect of the announcement that Wellington was dead. Germany feels now as England felt when she lost the Iron Duke. She has been deprived of a man who, notwithstanding his eighty years, could still be depended upon as a courageous and steady guide in the hour of difficulty and danger, and she sorrowfully realizes the fact that a glorious chapter of her history is finally closed.

The career of Bismarck is one of the most dramatic in history, and its influence on the imaginations of men is shown by the innumerable literary efforts which have been made in every civilized country to explain its significance. Among these, four articles by Schmoller, which have been published in the 'Soziale Praxis,' call for very special notice. They show the importance of Bismarck as an industrial statesman and reformer. We learn from them to appreciate the extraordinary energy with which he surmounted the difficulties which stood in the way of his three schemes of insurance for the benefit of working men, and the international significance of this legislation and of his attitude in regard to it. Schmoller was of the few men in a position to observe Bismarck closely, and

and who at the same time was capable of appreciating his transcendent abilities and genius, without having received favours from him or having been in any way dependent. His articles are critical, cautious, and extremely suggestive, like most of the productions of his powerful and vigorous mind. Herr von Tiedemann, who for some years was one of Bismarck's officials, has published an instructive pamphlet, which brings home to the reader the grasp of mind, clearness of intellectual vision, power of work and concentration, which enabled Bismarck to transact business with a rapidity and precision such as characterized Frederic the Great and Napoleon. The work of Dr. Busch reveals the energy and the adroitness with which Bismarck formed and guided public opinion in every country in Europe whenever he thought it worth his while to do so. Any one well acquainted with the history of the last quarter of a century may read this book with profit. It contains many characteristic sayings, and throws light on some matters of historical importance. Those, however, who have not a fairly minute knowledge of contemporary history will do well to peruse it with caution. It is full of errors and inaccuracies, and contains some serious blunders. We are told, for instance, that immediately after the commencement of hostilities between Austria and Prussia in 1866, Bismarck proposed to the former Power to make peace, join Prussia in a war against France, conquer Alsace, and divide Germany into two spheres of influence. The truth is the proposal was made on the 22nd of May. The Emperor Francis Joseph looked at it with favour, but in consequence of the opposition of some of the Austrian Ministers the negociation fell through. The Prussian ultimatum was not sent before the middle of June, and then war broke out. Dr. Busch is a person who has acquired some importance because he has served a great man. Unfortunately he was quite unable to understand his hero. He tells us himself that he was often rebuked by Bismarck for his indiscretions and want of tact. The work before us is a perfect specimen of bad taste. The admissions in it, however, enable us to realize the feelings of indignation, disgust, and anger with which Bismarck would have viewed its publication. These feelings of indignation and disgust would be intensified if he could now read the expressions published in reference to Queen Augusta, and to the Emperor, and the Empress Frederic. Bismarck no doubt considered that he had reason to complain of these illustrious personages. But no one ever accused him of unmanliness, and the publication of Dr. Busch is unmanly in the highest degree. The general impression, moreover,

gives of the personality of the Iron Chancellor is false. Dr. Busch has brought into very undue prominence certain weaknesses and vagaries which, as far as serious history is concerned, will be buried in the tomb at Friedrichsruh.

Bismarck had many of the qualities of Napoleon. His imagination was as vivid, his will as powerful, his memory, in his prime, as tenacious and accurate. He resembled Frederic the Great in a marvellous faculty of mental concentration and in a piercing clearness of intellect which enabled him to go like lightning to the heart of a subject and solve in a few minutes a complicated problem which for weeks or months had puzzled exceptionally able officials. He was a man of wide information, and had a wonderful grasp of European literature. His knowledge of most of the great English writers was marvellously accurate. He knew modern history especially well, and he more than once told the writer of this article that he was under great obligations for his education as a statesman to Leopold von Ranke. Bismarck was a true patriot, and he belongs in this respect to the same category of men as Chatham, Pitt, and Freiherr von Stein. He admired Lord Strafford, but he was very like Cromwell. His religious views especially had a strong family likeness to those of the Protector. When we think of his career we are also reminded of that of Cardinal Richelieu. Richelieu was a convinced believer in Catholic doctrine, but without religious emotion, and free from mysticism. He promoted the Catholic cause by Protestant alliances. His clear intellect showed him that reform of the Church was desirable and even necessary, but he held it should be accomplished by ecclesiastical authority. Bismarck stands out conspicuously among the statesmen of his time as one earnestly desirous of improving the conditions of life of the working classes. He was, however, firmly persuaded that the cause of social reform should be directed by public authority, and not the least important part of his work has been to bring home to the minds of thinking men the value of monarchical institutions in modern society. Richelieu, a Cardinal of the Roman Church, encouraged Gustavus Adolphus to invade Germany at the head of his Protestant Swedes. Bismarck, the greatest Royalist of his age, did not hesitate to ally himself with Republican forces in order to strengthen the Crown he was so proud to serve. Richelieu and Bismarck had both to struggle against exceptionally powerful combinations. We all know of the efforts made at the Court of Louis XIII. to overthrow the great Cardinal. Bismarck had enemies as powerful at the Court of King William.

The Queen of Prussia was untiring in her opposition. Foreign sovereigns lent their aid. Parliament was entirely hostile, and within the Chamber of Deputies Bismarck had to listen day after day to the most violent attacks of men like Schulze-Delitzsch, Unruh, and Waldeck. Mommsen made himself remarkable by the priggish insolence and political ignorance which characterized his criticisms. Gneist disgraced himself by an outrageous speech in which he accused Roon, the Minister of War, of breaking the oath he had sworn to the Constitution, although he must have known better than most men, what has since been admitted, that the letter of the law justified the action of the Government. Virchow showed his rancour and the dulness of his political perceptions by saying that Bismarck had no notion of what a national policy meant, and that under him Prussia had sunk down to the position of a satellite of Austria. Sybel spoke of 'the notorious incompetency of Bismarck in diplomatic affairs,' and expressed his fears for the safety of the ship of the State 'when a man like Roon was in the engine-room and a man like Bismarck at the helm.' The Crown Prince and all his friends ranged themselves against the Minister. On the 23rd December, 1863, the Prince sent word to Bernhardt to meet him at midnight at the station at Gotha. They travelled together as far as Weimar; during that short journey Bernhardt received a very clear hint that Bismarck would be out of office on the following day. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that in 1866 the Crown Prince was himself the chief instrument in effecting a reconciliation between his father and Bismarck.

The difficulties he had to overcome were not confined to those created for him by members of the Royal Family, by courtiers, by intriguers of all kinds, by factions and parties in Parliament. Things did not always go smoothly with the King himself. This again made the task of Bismarck much harder than that of Richelieu. King William was a very different monarch from Louis XIII. He was a man of strong character, distinct opinions, and of clear intellectual vision, though his view was circumscribed. Like his great Minister, he was an ardent patriot and keenly anxious for the prosperity of his country. For many years, however, Bismarck was unsympathetic to him. Differences of opinion sometimes led to violent scenes, and the statesman had often, in deference to the sovereign, to abandon important projects and measures which he desired to carry through.

When Bismarck took office in Berlin he was in his forty-eighth year. He belonged to one of the families which had

settled in the Old Mark in the time of its colonization by the Saxons. This race of Germans has been described as a *gens robustissima*, and the long-descended squires of the valley of the Elbe possess to this day the sturdy qualities of their warlike ancestors. These Prussian squires have much in common with the country gentlemen of England, who rendered our state such good service in the past. They are remarkable for a lively sense of public duty, of honour, of loyalty, and of self-respect. The Prussian squirearchy was the backbone of the monarchy of Frederic the Great, and it furnished most of the heroes that led to victory the soldiers of the first German Emperor. Bismarck's mother came of another stock with quite different traditions. Her father, Herr von Mencken, one of the influential councillors of Frederic William III., was deeply influenced by the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Schmoller suggests that it was from her that Bismarck acquired his remarkably sensitive feelings, his humour, and his attractive manner. No one has given a truer description of the extraordinary charm of Bismarck's personality than Mérimée in his 'Lettres à une inconnue.' This charm was one of the great factors which on more than one occasion enabled him to confound the machinations of his enemies.

Bismarck was a man of an extremely sensitive disposition. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and he was somewhat exclusive in his affections. But he was a true friend, and loved his family with intensity. His private letters, never of course written with a view to publication, show us a man of the finest delicacy of feeling and perception, and, as Schmoller truly says, place him in the first rank of the prose writers of the century. After he became the head of the Prussian Ministry he was deeply hurt, not so much by the attacks of his vain and pedantic opponents in Parliament as by the opposition of members of the Royal family. His speeches in the Reichstag continually allude to the daily outrages done to his feelings. These allusions were unintelligible when made. It is easy to understand them now. In the early days of his power Bismarck had sincere and disinterested friends to lean on for moral support. Among them was no less a man than Roon. As time went on they gradually sank into the grave, and Bismarck gradually dropped into a society almost entirely composed of sycophants and parasites. These played upon his justly embittered feelings, and they are mainly responsible for the shadow that fell on the evening of his life.

The work of Bismarck is built in granite. When he was appointed to the chief place in the Prussian Ministry, Germany

was split into some three dozen different States, which in the words of Freiherr von Stein 'were bound together by a spider's web.' The kingdom of Prussia itself was divided into two distinct parts, and the territories of Hanover and Hesse separated the old provinces of the monarchy from those on the Rhine. As long as this state of things existed Germany must remain hopelessly weak, and the homogeneous development of Prussia was an impossibility. It was certain that sooner or later Germany must be reconstructed. In September 1862 the hour had come and the man.

In the autumn of 1858 William, Prince of Prussia, as he was then called, assumed the regency of the monarchy. Hopeless illness had impaired the faculties of his brother, King Frederic William IV., and it became necessary that he should take the reigns of government. Early in 1861 Frederic William IV. died, and the Regent succeeded as King William I. The peculiar geographical position of Prussia made it essential that no trouble, exertion, or sacrifice should be spared to provide her with an army at least as efficient as any other military force in Europe. A well organized army for Prussia was as necessary as a powerful navy for England. Her military power, however, in 1859, was very inferior to that of France. Its organization was old-fashioned and unsuited to the time. Before he became Regent, the Prince of Prussia had given this matter his anxious consideration, and had been in communication with some experienced officers about it. The most distinguished of these was General Albrecht von Roon. On the 25th of July, 1858, a conversation took place between the General and the Prince at the railway-station at Potsdam, and Roon promised to draw up a scheme of army reform. This he did as soon as he could, and the plan he proposed was in the main adopted by the Prince when he became the head of the Prussian State. This scheme is now admitted on all hands to have been not only most reasonable in itself, but to have combined efficiency with economy in an exceptional degree. In those days it provoked strong opposition. The Prince Regent, however, was determined to carry it out.

Roon became Minister of War on the 5th of December, 1859, the anniversary of Frederic the Great's victory of Leuthen, and he devoted his solid abilities and the whole force of his strong and lofty character to the accomplishment of a work on the success of which, he was firmly convinced, the very existence of the Prussian State depended. His colleagues were far from being either as clear-sighted or as firm. The timidity and vacillation of the Ministry as a whole encouraged opposition. The opponents

nents of the Government became more and more violent. Men generally intelligent, sensible, and loyal were carried away by high-sounding phrases. Others, whose aims were revolutionary, acquired influence and consideration. The violence and recklessness of the opposition kept steadily increasing, and at last the Lower House of Parliament refused to vote the army estimates.

From the moment that Roon understood the temper in which the scheme for army reform was received by the public, he strongly and persistently recommended that Bismarck should be placed at the head of the Ministry. He was himself in constant communication with Bismarck, and when the latter came to Berlin they used to meet at the house of Herr von Blanckenburg, who was a very old friend of Bismarck, a nephew of Roon, and a respected member of the Prussian Diet. In September 1862, Bismarck, then Ambassador in Paris, was in the South of France. There he received several communications from his friend urging him to come to Berlin. In consequence of these he returned to Paris, and there on the 18th September the following telegram came to hand: '*Periculum in mora. Dépêchez-vous. L'ami de Maurice Henning.*' Maurice Henning were the Christian names of Herr von Blanckenburg, and the telegram was from Roon. Bismarck started at once and reached Berlin on the morning of the 20th. Roon saw him immediately on his arrival and then went to King William, who was at the Castle of Babelsberg. He found his sovereign in despair. The King knew that the entire Army Estimates would be rejected by the Diet in a couple of days. He was convinced of the absolute necessity of army reform, and at the same time pressure of every sort and kind was brought to bear on him to give it up, by Queen Augusta, the Crown Prince, by other members of the royal family, and even by some of the Ministers who had supported him hitherto with as much firmness as was consistent with their characters. Roon urged him to stand firm. 'Call Herr von Bismarck, Your Majesty,' said Roon. 'He will not be willing to undertake the task,' answered the King; 'besides, he is not here, and the situation cannot be discussed with him.' 'He is here and at your Majesty's orders,' was the reply of Roon. That afternoon Bismarck went to Babelsberg. When he was in audience the fate of Prussia trembled in the balance. The King sat at a table with papers on it. One of these was the act of his abdication already signed. He asked Bismarck whether he would undertake to carry on the Government in face of a hostile

majority. 'Most certainly,' was the reply. 'Notwithstanding that the supplies may be stopped?' continued the King. 'Yes,' said Bismarck, and, as he used to tell the story, in as decided a tone as he could command. The powerful personality and attitude of the statesman so impressed the King that he there and then tore up the act of abdication and also a long memorandum of sixteen sheets of foolscap which he had written for publication in justification of his policy and conduct. On the 23rd of September the Lower House of Parliament rejected the Army Estimates in their entirety, and the whole Ministry resigned. Roon saw the King again that day in separate audience, once more besought him not to hesitate, and at five o'clock in the afternoon Bismarck was appointed to the chief place in the councils of the Crown. The part played by Roon in securing his selection has hitherto been insufficiently known. Few, moreover, are aware that it was the supreme influence which Roon had with his Sovereign that encouraged the latter always to stand by Bismarck in the hour of difficulty and danger; and when the final judgment of history is given, he must share with the King the responsibility and glory of having selected for the work of government and maintained in office the greatest statesman of the century.

The first act of Bismarck after he was placed at the head of the Government was one of conciliation. He entered into negotiations with some of the most respected of the Old Liberals and offered them office; none of them accepted his overtures. On the 30th of September he appeared before the Finance Committee of the Lower House of Parliament. On this occasion he made his first speech as a Minister, and it contained the following striking passage:—

'It is not to the liberalism of Prussia that Germany looks up, but to her power. Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden may indulge in liberalism, but none of them on that account will be intrusted with the task of Prussia. . . . The great questions of the time will not be decided by speeches and parliamentary majorities, but by iron and blood.'

He concluded by holding up an olive branch to Bockum-Dolffs, the Chairman of the Committee, and saying: 'I broke off this olive branch at Avignon to bring it to this honourable House; it seems, however, that the time has not come to present it.' Soon after he formed his famous Ministry. The two most important persons in it were Roon, the Minister of War, and Count Frederic zu Eulenburg, the Home Se

a member of one of the most highly respected* of the noble families of Prussia, and a man of extraordinary talent, wide culture, and statesmanlike qualities hardly inferior to those of Bismarck himself.

For four long years this Ministry had to contend against an overwhelming majority in the popular chamber and against intrigues of every kind. Supplies were not voted, but Clause 109 of the Constitution provided that taxes should continue in existence till formally abolished by law. So that to do away with a tax the consent of the Upper House and of the Crown was necessary. This enabled the Ministers to carry on the government. The history of that struggle is well known, and it is only necessary to insist here that Bismarck never from first to last entertained the idea of overthrowing, or even of modifying, the constitution as it stood. When he could easily have done so, and the forces of his enemies at home and abroad had been scattered by the cannon of Königgrätz, he produced his olive branch. This time it was accepted.

On Waterloo Day, 1866, King William addressed an appeal to the German people before going to war with Austria. The next morning, the 19th of June, Bismarck sent Gerson Bleichröder, the banker, to Herr von Unruh, one of the leaders of the Opposition, with a request that he should come to his house at ten o'clock on the following evening. Unruh appeared at the appointed hour. Bismarck took him into the garden, and explained that in case of victory it would be easy for the King either to abolish or revise the constitution. He went on, however, to say that His Majesty had no such intention, and that he himself would resign rather than consent to such a policy. Unruh received permission to make any use of the conversation he liked, but when he repeated it next day to his friends, while the troops were marching through the streets, they laughed him to scorn. A few weeks afterwards Bismarck returned in triumph after Königgrätz, and on the 5th of August he brought the internal conflict to a close. He built a golden bridge over which his opponents could retreat. One of the objects he had in taking office was to reconcile Parliament and the Crown. He succeeded in doing so without impairing either the usefulness of the former or the power of the latter.

It is generally believed that when Bismarck took office he had made up his mind to the union of the States of Germany as it at present exists, and to the expulsion of Austria from the Confede-

ration. There is much to be said in favour of this view, and many authentic sayings of Bismarck may be quoted in its support. It is certain that he had not only lost for a long time previously the attachment which, like many Prussian Conservatives, he had felt for Austria at the commencement of his political life, but that he had become extremely hostile to the policy of the Court of Vienna. His governing idea, however, was to extricate Prussia from the untenable position which she was placed in by the treaties of 1815. He fully realized that it would be impossible to accomplish this without war with Austria or with France, or probably with both. The future of Germany depended to a large extent on the fortunes of Prussia, and this is what he meant when he said the German problem must be solved by iron and blood. It was just possible to come to terms with Austria. This might be done by an arrangement under which Prussia should obtain supremacy in a confederation of German States north of the Main, and that Austria should be at the head of a confederation south of that river. A proposal of this kind was made to Austria, as we have before mentioned, in May 1866. It was renewed once more after Königgrätz, but the Cabinet of Vienna let the opportunity slip.

The North German Confederation, formed after the war of 1866, was a great step in the direction of the complete union of Germany. The new Power was, however, in danger from the jealousies of its neighbours. A coalition was being formed against it of a most formidable character. France, Austria, and Italy were to attack it simultaneously. Bismarck became seriously uneasy in March 1870, lest the coalition should be firmly knitted. About this time he became extremely active in promoting the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain. Theodor von Bernhardi, who had been pushed forward by Moltke and had been employed on half-military, half-diplomatic missions in Italy, was then at Madrid. The present generation will hardly be told the work he was engaged on. The portion of his memoirs dealing with his Spanish mission is not likely to be published in its entirety for many a day to come. In March Bismarck sent Lothar Bucher, one of the ablest of his officials, also to Madrid, with a special recommendation to Marshal Prim, who was then Prime Minister in Spain, under the regency of Marshal Serrano. M. Darimon, who formerly represented the Department of the Seine in the French Chamber, asked Serrano some years after whether Bismarck had spent any money in the cause of Prince Leopold's candidature. Serrano replied

replied that he did not think so. We are, however, in a position to state that liabilities to the amount of 50,000*l.* were incurred to further it. This sum was paid at Madrid by an agent of one of the best-known financial houses of Europe. The house in question was not that of Bleichröder. Bernhardt, who was never completely trusted by Bismarck, fell into disgrace on his return from Spain. The writer of this article once asked a friend, one of the best-informed men in Europe, the reason of this disgrace, and received for answer, 'Er hat etwas zu viel gewagt.'

The leading events which led to the immediate outbreak of the war of 1870 are well known. There are, however, one or two circumstances connected with it worthy of special attention. On the 13th of July, 1870, the French Government had succeeded not only in getting the candidature of Prince Leopold withdrawn, but also in obtaining from the King of Prussia a formal declaration that he approved of its withdrawal. The success of France appeared complete. Guizot said when he heard the news that it was one of the greatest diplomatic triumphs he remembered in his life. The Cabinet of the Tuileries, however, was not satisfied, and required the King of Prussia to bind himself, for all future time, not to allow a member of his House to become a candidate for the throne of Spain. This promise was refused by King William. He was at Ems when the demand was made, and he ordered Abeken, who with Count Eulenburg, the Home Secretary, was in attendance, to inform Bismarck by telegram of what had taken place. This was on the 13th of July. That evening Bismarck invited Moltke and Roon to dine, so that he might talk over the situation with them. The telegram from Ems came during dinner, and Bismarck read it to his two guests. He then took a pencil and a sheet of paper, wrote down the substance of the telegram, and sent what he had written to be published in an extra evening edition of the official newspaper. This publication caused great excitement. It has been contended that it gave a false account of what had taken place at Ems, and even the word 'forgery' has been used in connexion with it. Bismarck is himself not free from blame that such an impression has got abroad. He was often exceedingly careless in speaking about this incident, and prided himself on his skill as an editor and on the effect he was able to produce by condensation. We place the original telegram and the communication to the press, now before our readers, and they can judge for themselves:—

THE

THE ORIGINAL TELEGRAM FROM
EMS.

‘Ems, den 13. Juli 1870,
Nachmittags 3 Uhr 40 Minuten.

‘Seine Majestät der König schreibt mir:

“Graf Benedetti fing mich auf der Promenade ab, um auf zuletzt sehr zudringliche Art, von mir zu verlangen, ich sollte ihn autorisiren, so fort zu telegraphiren, dass ich für alle Zukunft mich verpflichtete, niemals wieder meine Zustimmung zu geben, wenn die Hohenzollern auf ihre Kandidatur zurückkämen. Ich wies ihn zuletzt, etwas ernst, zurück, da man *à tout jamais* dergleichen Engagements nicht nehmen dürfe noch könne. Natürlich sagte ich ihm dass ich noch nichts erhalten hätte und, da er über Paris und Madrid früher benachrichtigt sei, als ich, er wohl einsähe dass mein Gouvernement wiederum ausser Spiel sei.”

‘Seine Majestät hat seitdem ein Schreiben des Fürsten bekommen. Da Seine Majestät dem Grafen Benedetti gesagt, dass er Nachricht vom Fürsten erwarte, hat Allerhöchstderselbe, mit Rücksicht auf die obige Zumuthung, auf des Grafen Eulenburg und meinen Vortrag beschlossen, den Grafen Benedetti nicht mehr zu empfangen, sondern ihm nur durch einen Adjutanten sagen zu lassen: dass Seine Majestät jetzt vom Fürsten die Bestätigung der Nachricht erhalten die Benedetti aus Paris schon gehabt, und dem Botschafter nichts weiter zu sagen habe.

‘Seine Majestät stellt Euer Excellenz anheim, ob nicht die neue Forderung Benedettis und ihre Zurückweisung sogleich, sowohl unsern Gesandten als in der Presse mitgetheilt werden soll.

(Gez.) ‘ABEKEN.’

THE COMMUNICATION TO THE
OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

‘Ems,
13. Juli 1870.

‘Nachdem die Nachrichten von der Entsagung des Erbprinzen von Hohenzollern der Kaiserlich-französischen Regierung von der Königlich-spanischen amtlich mitgetheilt worden sind, hat der französische Botschafter in Ems an Seine Majestät noch die Forderung gestellt, ihn zu autorisiren, dass er nach Paris telegraphire, dass Seine Majestät der König sich für alle Zukunft verpflichtete, niemals wieder seine Zustimmung zu geben, wenn die Hohenzollern auf ihre Kandidatur wieder zurückkommen sollten. Seine Majestät der König hat es darauf abgelehnt, den französischen Botschafter zu empfangen und demselben durch den Adjutanten von Dienst sagen lassen, dass Seine Majestät dem Botschafter nichts weiter mitzutheilen habe.’

ORIGINAL TELEGRAM FROM EMS.

'July 13th, 3.40 P.M.

'His Majesty the King writes to me:

"Count Benedetti caught me on the Promenade, to ask me, in a manner which finally became very pressing, to authorize him to telegraph immediately that I bound myself for all future time, never again to give my consent, should the Hohenzollerns resume their candidature. I waived him aside, at last somewhat sternly, on the ground that such engagements neither ought nor could be entered into *à tout jamais*. I told him, of course, that up to now I had received nothing, and considering that his information from Paris and Madrid was earlier than mine, he was able to judge for himself that my Government was again out of play."

'His Majesty has since received a letter from the Prince. Having told Count Benedetti that he expected to hear from the Prince, having regard to the above-mentioned importunity, His Majesty resolved, on the suggestion of Count Eulenburg and myself, not to receive Count Benedetti again, but merely to let him know through an aide-de-camp that, His Majesty having now received from the Prince the confirmation of the news, which Benedetti had already received from Paris, His Majesty had nothing more to say to the Ambassador.

'His Majesty leaves it open to Your Excellency to decide whether this new demand of Benedetti and its refusal should be communicated at once to our diplomatic representatives as well as to the Press.

(Signed) 'AUREEN.'

BISMARCK'S COMMUNICATION TO THE PRESS.

'EMS, 13th July.

'The news of the renunciation of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern having been officially communicated by the Royal Government of Spain to the French Imperial Government, the French Ambassador at Ems demanded from His Majesty the authorization to telegraph to Paris that His Majesty the King bound himself for all future time never to give his consent, should the Hohenzollerns resume their candidature. His Majesty the King declined thereupon to receive the French Ambassador, and sent him word, through the aide-de-camp in waiting, that His Majesty had no further communication to make to the Ambassador.'

It seems to us that the communication to the press is an accurate but condensed rendering of the substance of the telegram sent by orders of the King. That it is a true account of what took place is perfectly certain. This is proved by the French official documents. Benedetti sent a telegram to the Duc de Grammont at 10.30 in the forenoon. He says in it that he had seen the King, and that he had asked for the assurance required, but that '*le roi a absolument refusé de m'autoriser à vous transmettre une semblable déclaration*'; and in a despatch written later in the day he states, '*le roi s'est absolument refusé à y acquiescer*'; and he goes on to say that he could not succeed in modifying the attitude of the King, '*qui a bientôt mis fin à notre entretien sur la promenade publique, en m'exprimant ses regrets de ne pouvoir nous faire ce qu'il a appelé une concession nouvelle et inattendue.*' † Benedetti sent another

* Benedetti, '*Ma Mission en Prusse*,' p. 372.

† *Ibid.*, p. 379.

telegram

telegram to Paris on that same 13th of July at seven in the evening, and in this he says: 'A ma demande d'une nouvelle audience, le Roi me fait répondre qu'il ne saurait consentir à reprendre avec moi la discussion relative aux assurances qui devraient, à notre avis, nous être données pour l'avenir.' *

The real responsibility for the war of 1870 rests with the French. It is quite idle for them to try and shake it off. For four years the authorized organs of opinion had been calling for it. Veuillot, who had certainly a right to speak for French Ultramontanes, declared that a war with Prussia would be most popular. The 'Français,' the organ of the liberal Catholics and Orleanists, and the 'Gazette de France,' which expressed the views of the Legitimists, held similar language. The 'Siècle,' which spoke in the name of Republicans and unbelievers, wrote in the same sense, and newspapers representing such different interests and habits of thought as the 'Soir,' the 'Paris Journal,' the 'Liberté,' the 'National,' the 'Figaro,' took up the tale. Neither Thiers nor Gambetta opposed the war on the ground that France had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany. On the contrary, the few opponents of the war merely contended that the moment for making it was not happily chosen. It is only justice to bear all this in mind when we criticize Bismarck's conduct in forcing on war. The moment was favourable for his country. Delay was highly dangerous. We know on the unimpeachable testimony of General Lebrun that an elaborate plan for the combined invasion of Germany by Austria, Italy, and France had been carefully prepared. The treaties of alliance between these three Powers were drawn up and were ready for signature. Bismarck, in taking up with eagerness the gage of battle when he did, saved his country from this coalition. The charge made against him of falsifying official documents is untrue. Such a charge, however, can be substantiated against the Duc de Grammont. He read to the Committee of the French Chamber appointed to investigate the situation at the outbreak of the war a despatch which was only written on the 12th of July, insinuating it had been sent several days previously. This false insinuation was made in order to prove that the demands of France with reference to the Hohenzollern candidature had been the same all through the controversy. This was not the case. The chairman of the Committee was the Marquis de Talhouet. He was a man of the highest honour and integrity. The writer of this article has heard from Talhouet's own lips the story of how he and his colleagues were

* Benedetti, 'Ma Mission en Prusse,' p. 376.

deceived by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. France rushed into war with enthusiasm, led by Ollivier, Le Bœuf, and Grammont; and under the guidance of Bismarck, Roon, Moltke, and King William of Prussia, Germany stood to arms.

The spirit which was roused through the length and breadth of the land, the victories gained, the ardent desire to provide against the danger of future divisions and consequent weakness, rendered a movement irresistible which then grew up to form a closer union between the States south of the Main and the Confederation to the north of that river. There was also an idea of establishing a centralized and democratic Empire which would have obliterated the different States and destroyed much that is venerable, characteristic, and elevating in German life. Bismarck resisted it with all his might; and the manner in which he brought about the union of the kingdoms of Würtemberg and Bavaria and the Grand Duchy of Baden with the States of the Northern Confederation, while preserving for them the fullest measure of independence compatible with the interests of Germany as a whole, is most certainly not the least of his many splendid services to his country. His difficulties were numerous and great. The advanced Liberal party, the remnant of the movement of 1848, and many whose enthusiasm obscured their judgment, were in favour of a centralized Empire. On the other hand, the extreme Particularists were by their blindness playing into the hands of their enemies. This was especially the case in Bavaria, and there the king, whose reason even then was not truly balanced, might at any moment have been led to favour influences hostile to the national movement. The inevitable result of his doing so would have been that Bavaria would have shared the fate of Hanover, and the disappearance of the largest State in Germany after Prussia would have rendered the creation of a centralized Empire an immediate certainty. To avoid this, it was desirable to persuade the King of Bavaria to propose that the King of Prussia should assume the style and title of German Emperor, and thus commit himself to the national movement. The King of Saxony and the Grand Duke of Baden made efforts to induce him to make the suggestion. They failed. To the astonishment of everybody Bismarck succeeded, and King Louis wrote a letter, which was in reality drawn up by Bismarck, expressing his desire that King William of Prussia should assume the Imperial dignity. The King of Bavaria was arranged with for a sum of money, not very large, which was paid annually till his death. This money came from the sequestered property of the King of Hanover. Only one or

two persons knew of this annuity till it was discovered by Count Caprivi. Very few know about it now, and the true story in connexion with it has not been published. Some will be shocked at the transaction. It appears to us that Bismarck, in inducing King Louis to act as he did, when the German Empire was about to be established, rendered service to the House of Wittelsbach, and placed the foundations of the new Empire on the solid rock of tradition and respect instead of the sandy basis of fleeting popular enthusiasm supported by military force. Dr. Busch appears to know nothing about the transaction with the King of Bavaria, but he confirms the report that King Louis imagined the new Imperial title was not to be inseparably connected with the Prussian Crown. In his view, the Emperor was to be elected, like the head of the old Roman Empire. No matter what his motives may have been, his action saved Germany from a sudden change which would have violently severed her present from her past, paralysed the regular development of the nation, and exposed her to humiliation and even partial disruption in the future. The Empire was founded at last without friction, and Germany has been since then completely transformed. Her trade has grown up to an extent that is marvellous, her ancient cities have become active centres of industry, and some of them have quadrupled their population. She has become a great Power, not merely in Europe, but in the world. All this is largely owing to the circumstance that the changes absolutely necessary in the interdependent relations of the various German States were made with as great regard as possible to their histories, with scrupulous respect for their feelings and even prejudices. This is what makes the German Empire a solid edifice, and that such a policy was adopted by its founders is almost exclusively the work of Bismarck.

The German Empire is composed of twenty-two self-governing States, three Free Cities—Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg—and the Reichsland Elsass-Lothringen. Its legislative functions are discharged by a Federal Council, or Bundesrath, and a Diet, or Reichstag. The Federal Council is a body composed of 58 persons who are the representatives of the Governments of the different States and the Free Cities. Elsass-Lothringen, not being an independent State, is not represented in the Federal Council. In this body Prussia has 17 representatives; Bavaria, 6; the Kingdoms of Saxony and Württemberg, 4 each. The Grand Duchies of Baden and Hesse, 3 each; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 2; and Brunswick, 2. The remaining fourteen States and the three cities have 1 representative each. The

Chamber of 397 members, elected by universal suffrage for five years. The Kingdom of Prussia sends 236 members to the Diet ; Bavaria, 48 ; Würtemberg, 17 ; Elsass-Lothringen, 15 ; Baden, 14 ; Hesse and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 9 each ; Oldenburg, Hamburg, Brunswick, and Saxe-Weimar, 3 each ; Anhalt, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Saxe-Meiningen, 2 each ; the remaining nine States, 1 each ; and the two cities, Lübeck and Bremen, also 1 each. The King of Prussia has the title of German Emperor, has charge of foreign relations of the Confederation and command of the army in time of war. In time of peace his power over the military forces of the Empire varies. He cannot declare an offensive war without the consent of the Federal Council. He has no legislative power whatever, and not even a suspensive veto on any measure which has been adopted by the Federal Council and the Diet.

The Imperial Diet recently elected is divided into fourteen distinct political groups. The largest of these groups is the Centre or so-called Catholic party. It is 105 in number. Its real importance may be to some extent gauged if it is borne in mind that the number of persons in Germany entitled to vote is about 11,200,000. Of these only 7,600,000 went to the poll, and 1,330,000 recorded their votes for the Centre. This party has now reached the highest point of power it is likely to attain. The Catholic population in Germany is not increasing in the same proportion as the Protestant. In the year 1880 there were about 16 millions of Catholics to 28 millions of Protestants. In the year 1890 there were 17 millions of Catholics to 31 millions of Protestants. When the German Empire was formed nearly two-fifths of its inhabitants were Catholics ; very soon the Catholics will only be about one-third of the population. The Centre was formed after the war of 1870, against the desire of some of the most devoted and influential Catholics, by the action of three men, Windhorst, Ketteler, and Savigny, the son of the famous jurist. Windhorst was a man of resource and talent, and a party leader of great skill, but he had the mind of a cunning attorney, and was without broad views or statesmanlike gifts. He desired in 1870 the formation of a party which he saw he could lead. Savigny was actuated by a personal dislike of Bismarck, by whom he considered himself slighted in 1866. Ketteler was Bishop of Mainz, a man of high character and undoubted piety, but domineering and narrow-minded. He wished a political group to be formed in which he would occupy a leading position and thereby increase his power in the German Church. : party on its formation instantly assumed an aggressive attitude,

attitude, and, under the influence of its leaders, one of personal hostility to Bismarck. Extreme Ultramontane doctrines were proclaimed, and Bismarck, partly in consequence of personal irritation, partly persuaded by leading Liberals, rushed into open war with Ultramontanism. In this struggle with the forces of obscurantism he showed himself as a statesman very inferior to Cavour. When the latter was urged to adopt towards them a policy of repression, he declined on the ground that Ultramontanism was for practical purposes feeble, and that if left alone it would gradually wither and die. It is true that Cavour was a friend of Gioberti, and knew the difference between Catholicism and Ultramontanism. The German statesman never really understood the distinction, and the consequence was he proceeded to interfere in questions clearly within the province of ecclesiastical authority, and by so doing drove many earnest Catholics who were not Ultramontanes into opposition to him. The hostile elements to the Empire then gathered round the Centre. Particularists, the ultra-Conservatives in the South, and Radicals of various kinds joined the party, hoping under the cloak of religion to further their political aims. Thus the Centre grew and became a great power. It is a party, however, composed of most heterogeneous elements held together by the advantage which the ecclesiastical organization of the Church gives them in their electioneering struggle. The outlook of the party is not bright, and it is living an unreal life. If it ever supports heartily the Imperial Government the Ultramontanes will fall away from it. If, on the other hand, it maintains a tactious attitude it will, now that persecution cannot be pleaded, surely rouse national feeling against it. Its dissolution would be hastened were it not that intellectual Catholicism in Germany has been paralyzed by various causes. In criticizing the ecclesiastical policy of the early days of the Empire it is only fair to add that Bismarck constantly contended he was not mainly responsible for it. The writer of this article is able in some degree to confirm this statement. The great Chancellor cannot, however, escape the censure of history for having contributed, by ill-judged repression, to strengthen for a time the forces of obscurantism, and this will be all the more heavy because he had misgivings as to the wisdom of his councillors.

After the Centre, the most important, though not the most numerous, group in the Diet is the Social Democratic party. It is the outcome of two distinct ideas, one represented by Lassalle and Schweitzer, the other by Marx, Liebknecht, and Bebel. The two former persons desired that State help should
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be given to co-operative effort, the three latter that the entire existing social edifice should be overturned. Lassalle was a philosopher and a man of learning. He had also striking practical talents, knowledge of the world, and power, of governing men. His influence with the working classes was enormous. He was, however, unfortunately killed in a duel in August 1864, and then his followers began to listen to other advisers. The present Social Democratic party was formed in 1875. It has grown greatly since then. In the general election of 1878 437,000 votes were cast for the party; in the one which has just taken place, 2,125,000 polled for its candidates, and it secured some fifty-six seats in the Diet. On the other hand, the recent election, as compared with some former ones, shows that it has lost ground in several large centres of population, such as Berlin, Kiel, Strassburg, Munich, generally looked upon as the seats of its power.

One reason for the growth of the Social Democratic party is the change in the economic life of the country which has taken place since the establishment of the Empire. Within the last five-and-twenty years, from being mainly an agricultural country, Germany has become a great industrial nation. When the Empire was established in 1871 its population was forty millions. It is now fifty-two, and the next census will surely show that it is close on sixty millions. In the middle of the seventies Germany exported corn, meat, and other articles to Scandinavia, Switzerland, France, and England. She now imports these articles. In the early eighties about 42 per cent. of the population was engaged in agriculture; at the present not more than 36 per cent. follow any agricultural calling.

The immediate result of this sudden change has been that administrative problems have presented themselves in Germany for solution to men who have grown grey under quite different conditions of life. This explains to some extent methods of administration very difficult for an Englishman to understand. Ministers of State in Germany are men of integrity and honour, but they are almost always men who have spent their lives in reading and commenting on files in an office; from early youth they have been engaged in work of detail, and hence are clerks and not statesmen. If our Cabinet Ministers were to be selected from the ranks of our permanent officials, administrative reforms would be more difficult than they are. Germany requires at the head of the great departments men of the world, of wider culture and broader vision than those who for the most part preside over them now. She will get them in due course.

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A good deal of the discontent which has led to the growth of the Social Democratic party is the result of narrow administrative methods. This might be remedied without legislation. The chief grievance of Prussian workmen, for instance, is the Prussian law of association. Societies which occupy themselves with political matter are forbidden to associate. It is not easy to find an exact definition for political matter. Protective duties, laws regulating the length of the working day, the question of the labour of women and children, and many other questions, may be considered political or not. In practice the unions of employers or other owners of property are allowed to do as they like. Associations of workmen, formed with a view to promote the interests of their class, are immediately suppressed. On the one hand the employers are allowed and even encouraged to combine, and on the other the workmen are prevented from doing so. The result is to throw the great body of the working men into the arms of the Social Democrats. The whole force of public authority is used against them, and it is not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, if their feelings of attachment to it should not be warm. It is the gravest error to imagine that the strength of the Social Democratic party consists in the wild unpatriotic and irreligious doctrines and sentiments of some of its leaders. On the contrary, the attacks made by them upon institutions held sacred by the great mass of the people have prevented the party becoming much stronger than it is. Some of its members perceive this, and men like Heine in Berlin, Kloss in Stuttgart, Vollmar in Munich, are endeavouring to persuade their comrades to renounce their revolutionary attitude, and work for practical reforms. They are looked upon askance by the older members of the party. The measure of their immediate success will depend upon those responsible for the government. The Emperor has recently announced that there is to be further legislation regarding the relations between workmen, to employers, and to each other. In so far as it will be effective for the prevention or punishment of crime it will be received with general approbation. If unfortunately, however, it should be so framed as to impede the working of the forces of social progress, very serious trouble will be the sure result. The other political groups in the Diet are less interesting. The Polish party is active, but it is hardly likely to become of much importance, and, on the whole, there is no domestic question in Germany that statesmen should have serious difficulty in dealing with.

As regards foreign affairs, a real danger to Germany, to her power and development, would at once arise should the Austrian Empire fall to pieces. We are of opinion that there is a great deal of exaggeration in the hopes or fears of those who look to that event as likely to occur when the present reign is over. At the same time it is impossible to deny that the situation is serious. The Empire is composed of the most heterogeneous elements. Beyond the Leitha there is an Imperial Parliament consisting of two Houses, and a Provincial Parliament for Croatia. On this side there is also an Imperial Parliament with two Houses and seventeen Provincial Parliaments. Altogether there are twenty-one Parliaments with twenty-four Houses. There is a delegation for each of the two Imperial divisions. These complicated forms pretty fairly represent the checkered ethnographical and historical forces of the Empire. The forces of disintegration are undoubtedly strong, and were they to prevail Germany would at once be brought face to face with a very serious state of things. The Czechs of Bohemia would turn at once to Russia, with the inevitable result that the Russian power would extend to Ratisbon and threaten the very heart of Germany. Although, however, we are not disposed to assume that the death of the Emperor of Austria would be followed by the dissolution of the Empire, it is nevertheless certain that the actual internal struggle going on there, as well as recent events in Italy, have gravely, and perhaps permanently, weakened the Triple Alliance. It must be perceived at Berlin that an understanding with England would bring to this combination a new element of strength. On the other hand, it is being daily more widely understood in England that it will be impossible to maintain much longer, without the greatest possible danger, isolated action. England cannot shut her eyes to the fact much longer that her position in the world is seriously menaced. We may smile at the ravings of Mommsen as to the probabilities of a coalition being formed between France, Russia, and Germany for the purpose of falling upon England and partitioning her Empire; but it is hardly wise to ignore altogether the remarkable exposition of the views of Russian policy recently made in the '*Preussische Jahrbücher*' on the authority of Prince Uchtowski. This nobleman accompanied the present Tzar on his travels in the East. He was the chief of the last special embassy sent by Russia to China, and he is the man who really directs Russian policy in Asia. Nothing can exceed the frankness of this authorized communication. The Prince holds that an invasion of India

is not only possible and easy but that 'the state of things there actually requires it.' Germany is offered large concessions as the price of her alliance. The Prince seems to think rightly enough that France will take from Russia the word of command. Germany, however, is beginning to realize that the undue weakening or destruction of British power is not likely in the long run to be for her advantage, and an Anglo-German alliance would not be by any means impossible to conclude. There are difficulties on both sides. Nevertheless we are convinced that the Sibylline books are offered to both nations, and that a transaction is now possible.

The first thing for England to consider is what Germany ought reasonably to require. On a former occasion we pointed out what appeared to us the policy for England to pursue as regards German interests in Africa. That policy has been now adopted in its general lines. Another of the problems which English statesmen have to consider is the attitude to be assumed by their country in view of the condition of the Turkish Empire. Of all countries now under the rule of the Turk there is none more capable of development than Asia Minor. There has been of late years a marked tendency for German capital to go there, and under German influence it would soon become a prosperous land. If England were to use her power to further German interests there, and assist Germany to secure a solid position in the country, she would render service not alone to the German Empire but to the cause of civilization. But, over and above all questions that may arise in consequence of the break-up of old empires or the development of new countries, it appears to us in the interest both of England and Germany to come to a firm agreement to stand by each other under certain clear conditions with the whole force of their power. If such an alliance is to be entered into, the present is the psychological moment for the negotiation.

The writer of this article has closely followed with ever-increasing interest and sympathy the progress of Germany for the last thirty-eight years. He has had the privilege of a long and intimate acquaintance with most of her leading statesmen, men of letters, and trusted national guides. The unpleasant relations which have existed between England and Germany have always been to him a matter of regret—all the deeper because in his conviction English statesmen have been mainly responsible for them. They have persistently taken up an attitude of hostility to German aspirations, and ignored or misunderstood the scientific, social, and political forces which were transforming

transforming Germany. In this respect, at least, Mr. Gladstone was true to the traditions of Lord Palmerston. The mistakes of the past may however to a great extent be remedied now. There is no reason why England should look askance at the expansion of Germany beyond the seas. If this makes for the industrial progress of Germany, it does not follow that it is a loss to England. German trade with England has increased with German prosperity. Both countries have profited by growing exchange. Germany is now acquiring vast possessions, and aims at forming one of the great empires of the world. England has now to make up her mind as to her attitude to this movement. It is the inevitable outcome of the work of Bismarck. If English statesmen follow a policy in regard to it analogous to that adopted towards Germany hitherto, the result will be misunderstandings and bickerings which may prove disastrous to both countries. If, on the other hand, Germany and England stand shoulder to shoulder, Germany can proceed with confidence on her Imperial Mission, and England go forward in the great work of knitting together in a vast confederation the various members of her Empire.

ART. XIII.—1. *Correspondence with the French Government respecting the Valley of the Upper Nile.* Parliamentary Papers (Egypt, No. 2, 1898). London, 1898.

2. *With Kitchener to Khartum.* By G. W. Steevens. Edinburgh and London, 1898.

A PART from Egypt, the Soudan has no history. This fact must be borne in mind in any discussion concerning the Soudan and the attitude of England towards the provinces which have just been restored to Egypt by her aid. The Soudan, to put the matter plainly, forms part and parcel of that 'Dark Continent' which up to the present century was practically a *terra incognita* to the outer world. It is possible or even probable that in the Soudan, as in other portions of Tropical and Southern Africa, there may have been kingdoms, dynasties, races, which in their days played a prominent part in the history of mankind; but they have left behind them no record of their existence save the vaguest and most untrustworthy legends. To enter into an enquiry as to whether the Soudan may have had at any time an independent existence as a civilized community, would throw no light on the subject of this paper, even if the limits of space did not preclude such an investigation. What we may call the prehistoric history of Central Africa has no practical bearing on the present relations between England and the Soudan. We think even the most enthusiastic of Egyptologists would hardly dispute the assertion that the records of the various dynasties which have ruled in the valley of the Nile tell us little about the status of the Soudan beyond the broad fact that it formed part of the so-called 'country of the blacks.' All travellers in Egypt cannot fail to be impressed by the belief that at some period of Egyptian greatness the population of the country must have been infinitely larger than it is at present. Egypt, too, there is every reason to believe, was at one time the granary of the world. It follows, therefore, if these assumptions are correct, that in by-gone days the cereal produce of Egypt must have far exceeded the present supply. On the other hand it is difficult to see how this could have been the case. The geographical conditions of the Nile Valley cannot have altered appreciably during so brief a period, geologically speaking, as a few thousands of years. The land available for irrigation, and consequently for culture, along the banks of the Nile can hardly have been larger in extent than it is at present, and therefore it is not easy to explain how Egypt could have not only supported a far larger population than she possesses to-day,

to-day, but have also exported cereals to foreign countries. A not unpalatable explanation of this problem is found in the supposition that the wide fertile lands of the Soudan were at one time worked for the benefit of Egypt, or, in other words, were under Egyptian dominion. Hitherto there has been no exhaustive antiquarian study of the Soudan: and it is conceivable that a study of this kind may discover decisive vestiges of Egyptian rule in the Soudan at some remote period. But up to the present the explanation above referred to is a mere supposition, and rests on no evidence of ascertained facts. Indeed, the evidence, such as it is, points rather to the conclusion that Egypt proper did not at any time extend south of Assouan. There were no doubt constant raids on the part of the Egyptians against the savage negro tribes which occupied the valley of the Nile from the first cataract to the Equatorial lakes; but the probability seems to be that these raids were undertaken for the purpose of capturing slaves or of compelling the chiefs and kinglets of the Soudan to pay tribute to the paramount power of Northern Egypt. So far as there are any data for forming an opinion, the first real connexion between the Soudan and Egypt seems to date from the period of the Mahometan invasion.

It is very difficult for men of the present day, with their knowledge of Islam as an obstructive and unprogressive religion, to realize the fact that in its early days it represented a great civilizing and humanizing agency. The creed of Mahomet, fanatical and cruel as it was in many respects, was still infinitely loftier and purer than that of the savage communities of Central Africa. There is a well-known verse of the Koran in which the Prophet, while dwelling on the duty of extirpating the heathen, makes an exception in favour of all such as believe in God and in a day of judgment. This passage may be cited not unfairly as illustrating the brighter side of Mahometanism. To idolaters and fetish worshippers the idea of Allah, the one supreme judge, to whom all men must render an account, came like a heaven-sent evangel. Even to the present day the simple creed of Islam, with all its failings and shortcomings, is in virtue of its simplicity the one best adapted to take hold of the savage imagination. What is even more singular, the effect produced upon its converts has almost invariably proved of an improving and a permanent character. Wherever the followers of the Prophet—we are speaking now of Africa—introduced the faith of Mahomet, either by persuasion or by force, the moral status of the converted community became more elevated than it had been

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previously. With Islam the rudimentary ideas of law, justice, and humanity were introduced also: and till a recent date such advance towards civilization as has been made in Central Africa is due almost exclusively to the influence of the savage tribes who adopted the creed that there is one God and that Mahomet is his Prophet. It is necessary to bear this fact in mind, in order to understand the authority which Islam held, and still holds, in such countries as the Soudan. It is also well to remember that patriotism, in our sense of the word, is unknown in the East. The sentiment which binds Eastern communities together is not love of a common country, but belief in a common faith. Questions of race, language, or colour are unimportant in Oriental lands, as compared with questions of creed. Throughout Islam the fact of a man being a Mahometan outweighs amidst the followers of the Prophet all considerations of blood, kinship, similarity of speech, or identity of colour.

About the only fact we know with any certainty about the early history of the Soudan is that not long after the Arab invasion and conquest of Egypt, and the establishment of the Mameluke dynasty at Cairo, the inhabitants of the Soudan proper were converted to Mahometanism. It is not an unreasonable assumption that the Arab caliphs, who did so much for the development of Lower Egypt, extended their sway to the remote regions whose inhabitants had been converted to Islam by their armies. But, apart from this general assumption, community of faith could hardly have failed to bring about some sort of political community between the Soudanese and the Moslem rulers of Egypt, and from that day to the present, if we except the last few years, the fortunes of the Soudan and of Egypt have been indissolubly associated with each other. It may be as well to state here that by the word Soudan we refer to the so-called Egyptian Soudan, the area whose waters flow through the Nile Valley into the Mediterranean, and which includes Sennaar, Darfur, and Kordofan.

Of all the obscure periods of Egyptian history, there is none about which so little is practically known as that of the interval which elapsed between the Turkish conquest of Egypt and the reign of Mehemet Ali. Nubar Pasha, the most intelligent and enlightened of Egyptian statesmen, caused researches to be made some years ago into the archives of Cairo, with the view of learning whether there existed any material for compiling a history of Egypt under Turkish rule. But these investigations proved absolutely barren of result. The authority of the
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Ottoman Government was represented by a series of Pashas who resided for the most part at Cairo. But the country was administered, so far as it was administered at all, by a number of military chiefs who held a sort of feudal sway over different districts, and who practically only recognized the supremacy of the Sultan as being by virtue of his lineage the representative of the Prophet. The sole function of the Turkish Pashas consisted in levying as much money as they could from the chiefs, and then leaving them to recoup themselves with interest at the expense of the tribes subject to their authority. These chiefs again were engaged in perpetual wars, feuds, and raids, and were virtually independent. The Nile Valley was the favourite abode of these quasi-independent princes, no small part of whose profits were derived from exactions levied upon the traders with the interior, who either sailed down the river or followed its banks. When the chiefs were at peace, the Turkish pro-consul for the time being probably got very little money either for the Ottoman treasury or for his own use. But when the chiefs were at war, the pro-consul was enabled to exact tribute for Constantinople and backsheesh for himself, and it was therefore the policy of the Turkish authorities to stir up ill-blood between the robber chiefs of the Nile. The history of Egypt from the era of Turkish supremacy to that of the accession of Mehemet Ali is, so far as it is known at all, one long blood-stained record of local wars between the Mameluke chieftains. Whatever may be thought of the act by which Mehemet Ali, having secured for himself the favour of the Porte, became Pasha, and then at one and the same time rid himself of his enemies, and Egypt of her oppressors, by the wholesale massacre of the Mamelukes, there can be no question about the benefit he thereby conferred upon his adopted country. As soon as Mehemet Ali had consolidated his power, he sent armies to the Soudan, in whose remote fastnesses the surviving Mameluke chiefs had taken refuge, and in turn conquered Nubia, Sennaar, and Kordofan. Very little is known of the administration of the Soudan after its occupation. The probability seems to be that the local chiefs were left in a position of practical independence, and were allowed to go on much as they liked, provided they supplied the government of Cairo with the tribute, the slaves, and the recruits which were constantly demanded. The reforms by which Mehemet Ali converted Egypt into a homogeneous country did not, we imagine, extend south of Assouan. The distance, and the difficulties of communication between Cairo and the Soudan, reduced to a minimum the direct intervention of Egypt
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in Soudanese affairs. Still, from the year 1822 up to the evacuation in 1884, there was always an Egyptian Governor of the Soudan, the seat of government being at Khartoum, the city founded by Mehemet Ali at the junction of the White and the Blue Niles. If therefore our view is correct, the Soudan cannot, at any known period of its history previous to 1884, claim to have been an independent kingdom. It was always a sort of adjunct, if we may use the phrase, to the territory of Egypt, over which a more or less active supremacy was exercised according as Egypt was held by a strong ruler or a weak. The Soudan being, as we have said, an outpost of Islam in the land of the blacks, was connected by strong religious ties with Egypt, the nearest of Mahometan kingdoms.

During the reigns of Abbas and Said Pashas the Soudan remained, we take it, in much the same state as it was left under the vice-royalty of Mehemet Ali. It was only under Ismail Pasha that steps were taken to render Egyptian suzerainty in the Soudan a fact as well as a name. Both for good and for bad Ismail Pasha was a strange compound of conflicting qualities. He united a lofty ambition to sordid greed, remarkable ability to almost incredible folly, genuine kindness of disposition to unscrupulous disregard of human life and human suffering. In the earlier part of his reign the Khedive was smitten with the idea of extending his dominions till Egypt had been converted into an African empire. The discovery of the sources of the Nile had turned the attention of the world to Central Africa; and Egypt seemed to Ismail's imaginative mind to be the destined owner of the new regions disclosed by the researches of Speke and Grant and Baker. If these conceptions were to be carried into effect, the Soudan must clearly be made the first stepping-stone for the advance of Egypt towards the Equatorial lakes; and with his wonted shrewdness Ismail realized that, for the accomplishment of his object, the Soudan must be connected directly with Cairo by railway. The idea was no sooner conceived in that fertile brain than it was put into practice. Plans and surveys for the Soudan railway were made for the Egyptian Government by Sir John Fowler; and sections of the work were actually commenced at different points along the banks of the Nile. The railway, however, at that period was only carried for working purposes as far as Assiout. As usual, Ismail had entered on an undertaking of which he had not counted the cost. In the present instance some excuse must fairly be made for his neglect of ordinary prudence. The Soudan railway, if it had been constructed by Ismail, would, unlike most of his infatuated and extravagant enterprizes, have proved an immense

boon to Egypt. Moreover, at this period the opening of the Suez Canal had conferred a fictitious credit upon the ruler of Egypt. The facility with which his loans were raised in Europe had imbued Ismail with the conviction that he was possessed of the purse of Fortunatus. He believed firmly in his star, and that star pointed southwards to the tropical lands of Central Africa, which, with or without justice, were then regarded as mines of agricultural and mineral wealth. Sir Samuel Baker's services were secured by the Khedive as the Governor of the Soudan; and it was confidently expected at the period, when the potentates of Europe were the guests of Ismail during the gorgeous festivities by which he celebrated the piercing of the Isthmus, that before the termination of Sir Samuel's governorship the Equatorial lakes would have become Egyptian waters, and that railway trains would have been running between Cairo and Khartoum. These dreams were all fated to vanish like a mirage, owing to the prosaic fact that, before the railway had been carried a hundred miles or so beyond its starting point, the funds of the Khedivial treasury had run short and Ismail had entered upon the hopeless struggle with overwhelming financial embarrassments which ended in his deposition.

From a military point of view, Sir Samuel Baker's governorship was a success. He conducted a number of campaigns with Egyptian troops, and met with but little opposition in the districts which he traversed. He erected a series of forts, planted the Egyptian colours in all the principal towns, and may fairly be said to have established what is called in modern diplomacy 'an effective occupation' of all the vast region between Khartoum and the Equatorial lakes. But with regard to the re-organization of the Soudan he seems to have effected little or nothing. To re-organize a country, to replace savagery by civilization, and to substitute law and order for tyranny and anarchy, is a task which requires above all things a large and liberal expenditure of money. Now within a very short period of his arrival at Khartoum, Sir Samuel discovered that, far from Egypt spending money on the Soudan, it was the Soudan that was expected to supply money to Egypt. We have no doubt Baker did whatever was in his power to restrain the exactions to which the Egyptian officials were driven to resort in order to comply with the constant demands of the Khedive for fresh remittances, and at the same time to fill their own pockets, which were depleted by the non-payment of their salaries. We have still less doubt that the presence of a courageous, kind-hearted English gentleman did something to check the malpractices of his

his subordinates and the ill-treatment of the natives. But from all we can learn, Sir Samuel, when he found that he could not introduce any permanent reforms into the administration of the Soudan, thought it best to leave things pretty much as they were.

On the completion of the period for which his services had been secured, Sir Samuel retired from the governorship and was succeeded by General Gordon. If the end had not been so tragic there would have been an element of comedy in the selection of 'Chinese Gordon' as the right-hand man of the most tortuous and unscrupulous of Oriental potentates. Gordon for the time believed implicitly in Ismail's professions of humanity and in his declarations that his one ambition was to abolish the slave trade throughout his dominions. Ismail, on the other hand, with his keen insight into character, felt confident that by playing on Gordon's vanity he could really use him for his own purposes. Both were mistaken in their estimates of one another. The date of Gordon's appointment coincided with the period when Ismail, almost driven to the wall by his financial difficulties, looked to England as his last hope. The purchase of the Suez Canal Shares by the British Government, and the Cave Mission, had encouraged the Khedive in the idea that England might still save him from his creditors; and with this object in view he was ready to jump at anything which might influence English public opinion in his favour. It struck him that to pose as the suppressor of the slave trade might prove a trump card, while Gordon's known hostility to slavery rendered it likely that his nomination as Governor of the Soudan might induce the British public to consider this appointment a proof that Ismail was really in earnest in his professed conversion to anti-slavery principles. Moreover, Gordon's policy for the extirpation of the slave trade by killing or ruining the slave dealers happened to coincide with Ismail's views of his own personal interest. The Soudanese chiefs, half warriors, half traders, represented the only elements in the Soudan which offered any effective opposition to the reduction of the Soudanese to the same subjection as that to which the Egyptian fellahs had been brought under the rule of Ismail. If these chiefs could be wiped out of existence as slave dealers, as in fact they were, and all, the Soudan might easily be converted into a fresh cash cow for the Khedivial treasury. It is possible, too, that all, who was by no means unsusceptible to generous impulses of transitory character, may really have been impressed by Gordon's transparent honesty, just as Gordon was unquestion-

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ably influenced by the charm of manner and the apparent frankness of speech which Ismail knew so well how to employ whenever it suited his purpose.

Be this as it may, Gordon entered on the government of the Soudan with far larger freedom of action, far higher authority, and far greater personal influence than had ever been possessed by Sir Samuel Baker. Yet, we believe, ourselves, the main practical outcome of General Gordon's pro-consulate in the Soudan was the subsequent insurrection of the Dervishes, which not only resulted in his own death, but which caused grievous loss to Egypt and England, and inflicted terrible sufferings on the population of the Soudan. The administration of the Soudan, as it existed then, may be briefly described as follows. The Khedivial Government compelled the Egyptian officials to procure money in one way or another; the only way these officials could obtain money was by calling on the chiefs to meet their demands; and the sole method by which the chiefs could raise the funds required was by the exercise of their regular trade—that of slave dealers. A more hateful system cannot well be conceived, but its existence was due, not so much to human depravity as to the action of natural causes. The slave trade of the Soudan was due to the difficulties of transport. The Arab traders used to fit out hunting expeditions which raided the savage *Hinterland*. When they had collected a sufficient amount of ivory they attacked some of the native villages and made use of the prisoners captured as slaves in order to carry back their spoil to some point of the Nile whence it could be shipped down to Cairo. A small number of the more comely captives were doubtless retained for sale in the harems of the Soudan or Egypt, and these captives for obvious reasons were treated with a certain amount of care, so as not to spoil their market value. But the great mass of these wretched creatures were employed simply and solely as beasts of burden. They were loaded with as much ivory as they could carry, and driven down in gangs to the river side. In a country where there were no roads or railroads, and where transport by horses or donkeys was very costly and difficult, slave gangs were, from the Arab point of view, the only available form of portorage. Experience had taught the slave dealers that it was cheaper to capture new and able-bodied porters on their next raid than to take back the half-starved and disabled wretches who had survived the hardships of one journey. Such of the slaves therefore as reached the river alive were left to starve unless they could find some master willing to provide them with food as his chattels.

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No words are too strong to describe the horrors of this employment of human beings as pack-horses under the lash. But the slave trade in the Soudan, in common with every other trade in the world, was regulated by the laws of supply and demand. If the slave dealers had had at their command any means of transport cheaper and more speedy than that provided by their slave gangs they would have availed themselves of it readily. Gordon, however, instead of using such funds as were at his disposal for constructing roads, opening up communications, and encouraging European traders to establish themselves in the Soudan, exerted all his extraordinary energy in getting rid, by one means or another, of any slave dealers on whom he could lay his hands. He succeeded for the time in rendering the slave trade well-nigh impossible; but, as soon as he left, a fresh crop of slave dealers sprang up, like mushrooms; and the old trade was once more carried on in the old channels. The sole practical result of his gallant crusade against the Arab man-hunters was to excite a bitter personal animosity against Egyptian rule amongst the leading families of the Soudan. The rule of Cairo became identified in Soudanese opinion with the murder of their relations, the seizure of their property, and the ruin of the trade which formed their only source of livelihood. To put down the slave trade in the interior of Africa is a noble work, to which every right-minded man must wish God-speed. We hope and believe that this work will be accomplished under British influence. But the suppression of the slave trade must be accompanied, if not preceded, by the construction of roads and railways. If this should not be done, any attempt to uproot a system based upon the physical conditions of the Soudan must result in failure. What Gordon did was to put the cart before the horse. We know that this was the view of Mason Bey, who was one of the ablest of Gordon's lieutenants in the Soudan, and who, notwithstanding his personal admiration of his chief, was keenly alive to the defects of his administration.

No doubt there were many other contributory causes. Owing partly to their race, partly to their never having come into contact with European influence, the Soudanese were, and are, far more fanatical followers of the Prophet than the Mahometans of Egypt. The laxness with which the Egyptian civil and military officials observed the precepts of the Koran offended the religious convictions of the Soudanese. Reports of the way in which the Khedive and his Court associated with unbelievers, took part in Giaour festivals, drank wine, and, in some instances, allowed their womenkind to appear unveiled, spread throughout the country. The attempt to suppress the slave trade

was regarded in the Soudan as the first step towards the abolition of slavery itself—an institution which had been recognized by Mahomet himself as being in accordance with the will of Allah. The officials sent from Cairo hated their enforced exile, and had, as a body, no desire except to extort as much money as possible from the inhabitants of the Soudan, so as to facilitate their own return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. The destruction of the slave-dealers had deprived the population of their natural leaders, and had facilitated wholesale exactions on the part of the Pashas and Beys who represented the Khedivial Government. The Egyptian troops, ill-paid, ill-treated, debilitated by the heat of the climate, and always on the eve of mutiny, inspired far less terror than they had done in the days of Mehemet Ali. The ground was, in fact, ripe for insurrection. The short-lived triumph of Arabi had made manifest the weakness of the Khedivial Government. The hour had come, and the man was forthcoming in the person of Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola.

There have been any number of Mahdis in Egypt, as in every other Mahometan country. Every now and then in all Mussulman communities there appears a reformer, sometimes a fanatic, sometimes a knave, more often a compound of the two characters, who acquires a reputation in his own neighbourhood, as a man of learning above his fellows and of exceptional zeal in the service of Allah. He begins by denouncing the shortcomings of the rich and powerful in respect of religious observances, calls upon his followers to revert to the laws of the Prophet in their strictest interpretation, and dwells upon the delights which in the world to come await the poor and humble, provided that in this mortal life they have remained faithful to the true creed of Islam. If the reformer is content with enunciating abstract dogmas he is revered as a prophet in his own locality, is supported by his neighbours in comfort, if not in luxury, and dies in the odour of sanctity. If, however, he tries to carry his dogmas into practice, he is put down as a nuisance by the strong arm of the civil power. In the latter years of Ismail Pasha's reign a Mahdi made his appearance in the valley of the Nile north of Assouan, and called upon his hearers to obey the precepts of the Koran. Emboldened by impunity he proceeded to denounce the Government of Cairo for not observing the laws of Islam, and exhorted his adherents to refuse paying any further taxes to a ruler who consorted with infidels. The advice was followed, and on his next visit the tax-gatherer went away empty-handed. Thereupon troops were sent down from Cairo, with orders that the village should
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be surrounded, that no living thing, man, woman, child, or animal, should be allowed to leave the village, and that salt should be strewn over the lands of the villagers, so as to render them barren henceforward. The orders were carried out; and no more was heard of that particular Mahdi. Had Ismail been on the throne when Mohammed Ahmed raised the standard of revolt on an island in the White Nile, we suspect the insurrection would have been nipped in the bud. But Ismail had been succeeded by Tewfik; and a half-hearted attempt to seize the Dongola Mahdi and convey him as a prisoner to Khartoum failed of its purpose; and gradually the Mahdi contrived to unite the fanatical and the slave-dealing elements of the Soudan in a common attempt to throw off the rule of Egypt, under his own guidance and direction. The testimony of all the few Europeans who had personal knowledge of the Mahdi points to the conclusion that he was a man of remarkable ability, and of a more or less genuine religious zeal. Nubar Pasha, who was Prime Minister during the period of the Mahdi's triumph, used to say that the system by means of which he received intelligence of what was going on in Egypt proved him to be a man of an extraordinary organizing faculty. After Hicks's defeat the Mahdi had agents in Cairo who used to telegraph to him constantly all news about political or military movements, under the form of commercial news addressed to native merchants in Souakin; and from the latter town these telegrams were sent on by camel to Khartoum. The success of the Mahdi was due, doubtless, to his personal ability, to the fact that he was a born leader of men, to the fanatical zeal which he contrived to enlist on his behalf, to the misgovernment and incompetence of the Egyptian officials, and to the demoralization of the Egyptian army. But these causes would not have sufficed to secure his triumph if the chapter of accidents had not identified his crusade on behalf of a reformed Islam with the interests of the one great trade of the Soudan, that of the slave hunters and slave dealers. Rightly or wrongly the Dervishes believed that their trade was threatened by the continuance of Egyptian rule, so long as that rule was influenced by Western as opposed to Eastern ideas. It was on this account that they took up arms. When about this period Mr. Gladstone, with his usual wrong-headedness in all questions of foreign affairs, described the Soudanese as a gallant people fighting gallantly to be free, he would have been far nearer the truth if he had described them as a gallant people fighting gallantly to uphold the slave trade. About the gallantry there can be no manner of doubt. The Dervishes have shown it to the bitter end, when only the other day they

they hurled their forces time after time on armies as superior to themselves in organization, equipment, and weapons of precision, as they with their matchlocks were superior to the savage tribes of the interior, whom they hunted down like vermin. But admiration for the courage with which the Dervishes fought and died ought not to blind us to the fact that the cause for which they contended was an outrage on humanity.

The annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army dealt for the time being a death-blow to Egyptian authority in the Soudan. Throughout the East all news is practically derived, in as far as the natives are concerned, from the reports current in the bazaars. The effect produced by the sudden destruction of an army of some ten thousand strong was heightened everywhere, and above all in Egypt, by the mystery attaching to the occurrence. Gradually the truth, or something like the truth, leaked out. But for months or years after Hicks was known to have suffered a disastrous defeat, the circumstances under which it had occurred, and the magnitude of its proportions, were only imperfectly known at Cairo. To show how completely the Soudan at this period was cut off from Egypt, it may be worth while to recall an incident within our knowledge. In the spring of 1884 news was received in Cairo from a private source, in which it was believed full confidence could be placed, to the effect that several thousand Egyptian troops had made good their escape from the field of battle on which Hicks had fallen, and had taken refuge on an island in the White Nile some distance south of Khartoum, where they were supplied with food by the neighbouring tribes, and had hitherto repulsed every attempt of the Mahdi to dislodge them from their position. This report was seriously believed in for some time by the Khedive and his Ministers, and we have reason to believe was communicated by them to the Consuls-General. To any one at all acquainted with the East it is intelligible enough how the disaster which befell Hicks's ill-fated expedition, affected popular imagination in the Soudan and in Egypt itself. Even in Cairo, the idea that the Mahdi was about to march northwards, at the head of his victorious Dervishes, to depose the reigning dynasty, to drive out the British army of occupation, and to restore the supremacy of the Moslem over the Giaour, was firmly entertained by a large section of the population, long after it had become obvious to any intelligent observer that the Dervish insurrection was on the wane.

The strength and the vitality of the Mahdi movement was strangely over-estimated, not only in Egypt, but in England. The idea of evacuating the Soudan had been first put forward
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by Lord Dufferin during his residence in Cairo as the representative of the Power by whom the Arabi insurrection had been suppressed, and whose armies were still occupying the country. It is very easy to be wise after the event; and it might have proved the wisest, and in the end the cheapest, course if our Government had co-operated with the Khedivial Government in restoring Egyptian rule throughout the Soudan. But the objections to such a policy were very obvious and very potent. The Egyptian troops had been shown, by their conduct under Hicks and Baker, to be completely disorganized and utterly unable to hold their own against the Dervishes. It was more than doubtful how far, previous to the death of Gordon, public opinion at home would have sanctioned an armed invasion of the Soudan by British troops. Such an invasion would have entailed in any case a very large expenditure. The Egyptian treasury in those days was well-nigh empty. Under the law of liquidation, which in common with all the other international institutions of Egypt, we allowed to remain in force after Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt had not the power to borrow the required funds, even if her credit would have then sufficed for the purpose. The British Government would not entertain the idea of advancing money for a Soudan expedition. Given these conditions, it is difficult to see what other course the British advisers of the Khedive could have adopted after the destruction of Hicks's army, than to recommend the withdrawal of the remaining Egyptian garrisons, or, in other words, the evacuation of the Soudan. The mistake of our Government was that they intended the evacuation to be of a permanent, not of a temporary character. When this intention was made known at Cairo, the policy of evacuation met with unexpected opposition on the part of the Khedive and his Ministers. Ismail Pasha was then on a visit to London as an exile, and was asked by an old English acquaintance of his what course he should have adopted if he had been still on the throne. His answer was to the following effect:—

‘Not being cognizant of the exact military position I cannot answer such a question definitely. But the general principle on which I should have acted is this. I should have selected the southernmost point of the Nile which our troops could be secure of holding against any Dervish attack, and should have made this point our frontier for the moment, and then whenever an opportunity presented itself I should have pushed my frontier step by step southward till we had reached Khartoum.’

This policy is the same as that which has just been carried on with such brilliant success under Lord Kitchener. It is a policy

policy dictated by common sense and by the most elementary acquaintance with the conditions of Egypt. It was not, however, the policy adopted by the British Government of the day. Instead of following the French proverb '*Reculer pour mieux sauter*,' our British representatives in Cairo were instructed to advise, or, to use the real word, to order, the Egyptian Government to abandon the Soudan, not only provisionally, but permanently. The motives which led our Government to come to this decision are intelligible to all who are acquainted with what may be called the inner history of England's relations with Egypt. To such persons there is something extremely humorous in the accusation habitually brought against us by our Continental critics, that our policy has been directed, ever since the period of Arabi's insurrection, with the one end and aim of obtaining possession of Egypt by hook or by crook. No accusation could be less deserved. It was against the grain that the British Government under Mr. Gladstone intervened in Egypt; and, having been compelled to intervene, the honest wish of the Premier and of most of his colleagues was to terminate their intervention as soon as possible. It was obvious that any attempt, on the part of Egypt, to suppress the Dervish insurrection and thus recover her lost provinces, might probably retard our evacuation of Egypt, and on this account alone the Khedive was ordered to withdraw his troops and to accept Wady Halfa as the most southern point of his territory in the Nile Valley. It is probable that if the British Government had not been in such hot haste to remove an obstacle which might conceivably delay the withdrawal of our troops, an arrangement might have been made with the Mahdi by which the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan would have been allowed to depart without molestation, in return for the formal evacuation of the Soudan. If so, however disastrous this policy might have proved ultimately for Egypt, it would have saved the lives of many thousands of Egyptian troops, would have rendered unnecessary the fatuous despatch of Gordon to Khartoum, would have saved England the 'indelible disgrace' of his desertion, and would have spared us Lord Wolseley's abortive expedition to Khartoum and our subsequent ignominious retreat. As it was, no provision was made for the withdrawal of the garrisons. The results that ensued from this sudden resolution to settle the Soudan difficulty by cutting the Gordian knot need no recital.

One would have thought, however, that the consternation with which the orders for immediate and permanent evacuation were received in Egypt might have given pause in their execution.

Tewfik

Tewfik Pasha remonstrated most strongly against the surrender of the Soudan, as being fatal to the welfare of his country. His Highness, however, was not in a position to do more than protest. He had only recently been replaced on the throne by British troops. The little authority he retained as Khedive had been reduced to a negligible quantity by the refusal of the British Government to allow Arabi and his fellow-conspirators to be punished according to their deserts; and the only result of any serious resistance on his part to the instructions of the British Government would have been his own deposition. The then Prime Minister, Cherif Pasha, resigned the premiership sooner than sign the order for the evacuation, which, as he declared at the time, was in his opinion the death-warrant of Egypt. For the first time in the political history of Cairo, no Egyptian statesman could be found to take the vacant post. At last our Consul-General, then Sir Evelyn Baring, announced with his usual courage that if a Ministry could not be formed to carry out the instructions of the Power whose troops occupied Egypt, he should go down himself next day to the Public Offices and carry on the administration till a Government could be formed prepared to accept the surrender of the Soudan as an accomplished fact. It was only when Nubar Pasha learnt the extreme peril of the crisis that he consented to discharge the unwelcome duty of carrying out as Premier a policy of which he personally disapproved, but which, under the peculiar position of affairs, he had no choice save to accept. Public opinion, in our Western sense of the word, can hardly be said to exist in Egypt, or if it does exist, it is unable to find expression. But the dismay created by the enforced abandonment of the Soudan found utterance not only amidst politicians, but amidst the official, the land-owning, the professional, and the mercantile classes of the community. Nobody in Egypt ever did, or could, believe in the possibility of the Dervishes forming an independent State in the Soudan. The well-nigh universal belief was that either the Dervishes would attack and overrun the whole of Egypt, or that they would fall to pieces from internal disorganization and dissension, and that then the Soudan would pass into the hands of some civilized Power, who, by her command of the two chief branches of the Nile, would hold Egypt at her mercy. The former belief was that of the Egyptian populace, the latter that of the educated classes. But all native Egyptians, in as far as they had any opinion at all, held, though on different grounds, that the retention of the Soudan was indispensable to the welfare if not to the existence of Egypt.

It is possible that if our Government had been able to carry out its policy of absolute non-intervention in the Soudan some sort of temporary *modus vivendi* might have been established between Egypt and the Soudan. But Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, in common with all weak Ministries, had not the courage of its own opinions. The disgrace to England of the Egyptian garrisons being left to be massacred in the Soudan while English troops occupied Egypt, took hold of public imagination at home. Something, the Ministry felt, had got to be done; and, according to a well-known remark attributed to Lord Palmerston, when people say that they have got to do something, this means that they intend to do something foolish. In lieu of an army they sent Gordon to Khartoum, on a mission which only failed to be ridiculous from the sublimity of its termination. They delayed any attempt to rescue their envoy till the time had passed when such an attempt could be made with any chance of success. At last, in obedience to popular outcry, they sent an army which only arrived in sight of Khartoum to learn that Gordon had been murdered, and which was then ordered to scuttle back without taking any precautions to protect the tribes, which had assisted our advance, against the vengeance of the victorious Dervishes. The chapter of English history concerned with Gordon's mission, failure, and death, is not one on which Englishmen can dwell with satisfaction. Good, however, sometimes comes out of evil, and the irresolution of our then Government, and their inability to leave the Soudan sternly alone after they had insisted on its evacuation, brought about the chain of events which has led to the overthrow of the Dervishes by British troops, and to the indefinite prolongation of our virtual protectorate over Egypt.

In ascribing the victory to British, not, in the orthodox phrase, to Anglo-Egyptian troops, we have done so on purpose, not by an oversight. As the view thus indicated has considerable bearing on the policy it would be wise for us to adopt in the future with regard to the Soudan, it may be well to say something as to the Egyptian army. We have no doubt ourselves that the theory of the possibility of re-organizing the administration of Egypt under British supervision, the theory originally propounded in Lord Dufferin's report, was accepted in good faith by the Gladstone Ministry. We might possibly have a higher opinion of their intelligence if we could suppose that they knew the theory to be a delusion; but we are convinced that, on the principle of the wish being father to the thought, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues honestly believed that a brief period of British control would enable the Egyptian Government to

maintain order at home, and to preserve its independence against attacks from abroad, without the assistance of a British army of occupation. The first step towards the realization of this theory was the re-organization of the native army. This re-organization has been absolutely and entirely the work of the British officers who have been allowed to take service in the Egyptian army. They have had, what the British officials in other departments of the Egyptian administration have not had, a free hand. They have accomplished a marvellous transformation. To everyone acquainted with the troops of the Hicks and Baker era, who fled like dogs before the Dervishes, it must seem almost incredible that time after time Fellahien regiments, when led by British officers and supported by British soldiers, have been able to hold their own against the armies of the Mahdi. The Fellahien, whatever their other military qualities may be, are quick in learning drill and in assuming a soldier-like appearance. It should, however, be remembered that the chief evidence as to their military capacity is derived from their British officers, who from the most natural and creditable motives, are inclined to somewhat over-estimate their prowess. We have no doubt that under the training of such commanders as Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Francis Grenfell, and Lord Kitchener, the Fellahien soldiery have been converted into useful adjuncts of a British force. But we question whether there is as yet adequate evidence of their being of much use unless they are not only commanded by our officers but backed by our troops. The Egyptian army consists of Nubian or black regiments, and of Fellahien or white regiments. The blacks are a fighting race, though they are not easily amenable to discipline and are inclined to mutiny if they take offence. The white Fellahien are amenable to discipline and are too timid, as a rule, to mutiny; but unless they have completely changed their nature, they are not troops that can be relied upon to fight unless they are in a position where it is more dangerous to run away than to advance, or unless, owing to the possession of superior weapons and discipline, the odds are overwhelmingly in their favour as against their assailants. To anyone who can read between the lines of the official reports, it is manifest that during the late campaign the Fellahien troops were kept as much as possible in the background, and that the only instances in which the advance of the invading army was ever seriously retarded was when Egyptian regiments had to bear the brunt of the onslaught of the Dervishes. We say this with no desire to disparage the improvement of the Egyptian army, but when we are told

a few years of good treatment, regular pay, and official training have converted a race with no military instincts or soldier-like traditions into trustworthy troops, we do say that we require more evidence of the transformation than we as yet possess. It may be that so long as the Fellaheen troops are led by their English officers they might be able to conduct themselves with credit in action, even if they had no British troops by their side. But if ever the time comes when the British troops are no longer stationed in Egypt, the days during which British officers will be retained in the Egyptian service are numbered. Without European officers the Fellaheen troops are, we are convinced, utterly unreliable; and therefore any system of Egyptian military administration which rests for support on Egyptian troops led by Egyptian officers is in our judgment foredoomed to failure.

It is only just to admit that the policy of non-intervention in the Soudan, which after Hicks's defeat commended itself to the Gladstone Ministry, never had a fair trial. There is no necessity here to revert to the painful controversy as to whether Gordon's life might possibly have been saved if more resolute and prompter action had been taken on the part of the Ministry by whom he was despatched on his ill-fated mission. For our present purpose, it is enough to say that Gordon's death rendered it impossible for any British Government to establish a *modus vivendi* between Egypt and the Soudan. The Dervishes were aware that if they wished to retain their independence they could not afford to remain inactive, and thus the instinct of self-preservation dictated an advance on Egypt. Had it not been for the presence of British troops at Cairo their advance would probably have proved temporarily successful. But, on every occasion when they tried to cross the frontier, they found themselves confronted either by British regiments or by Egyptian regiments commanded by British officers and led into action under conditions which caused their superiority in weapons of precision to more than counterbalance their inferiority in respect of courage. Thus, from the fall of Khartoum in 1884 to its recapture in 1898, the relations between Egypt and Soudan may best be described as a state of intermittent warfare. At no time throughout these years of waiting did direct official communications pass between the Governments of Cairo and Khartoum. Certainly no step was ever taken which could fairly be represented as constituting a recognition on the part of the Egyptian Government of the claim of the Soudan to the status of an independent State. In theory, the Soudanese provinces were regarded by the Khedive and his Ministers as forming

part of the territories of Egypt, occupied for the time being by rebels. In conformity with this theory a sort of commercial cordon was drawn round the Egyptian frontiers, prohibiting the entry of Soudanese produce into Egypt, or the import of Egyptian goods into the Soudan. It is obvious that the establishment of trade relations between the two States afforded the only hopeful prospect of the policy of evacuation eventuating in a permanent acceptance of accomplished facts on the part of Egypt. It might therefore have been expected that the British Government, who were the authors of the evacuation policy, would have placed a veto on the attempted isolation of the Soudan. As it happened, however, the cordon system commended itself to approval on the ground that, if the ports on the Nile and the Red Sea and the caravan routes were thrown open to the trade of the Soudan, the Dervishes would obtain arms by the sale of their produce, and would use these arms in order to make fresh attacks on Egyptian territory. Whether the system was wise or unwise is a question very difficult to decide on abstract grounds. There can, however, be no doubt that the exclusion of Soudanese produce from Egyptian markets inflicted a heavy loss on the trade of the Soudan, and increased the distress and discontent created by the rule of the Mahdi and his successor—a rule, we may add, infinitely more oppressive and cruel than that of the Egyptian officials, even in the worst days of Ismail Pasha. The cordon policy therefore proved effective as a means for undermining the authority of the Dervishes.

We doubt, however, whether the British Government can fairly claim much credit for having acquiesced in the measure to which we have referred. Our conviction is that the more the history of our occupation of Egypt becomes known, the more manifest it will appear that up to a very recent date our Government never made up their minds, or even tried to make up their minds, as to the policy to be pursued by England with regard to Egypt in general and to the Soudan in particular. During the Gladstone *régime* from 1881 to 1886, the one desire of the Premier and of the majority of his colleagues was to 'scuttle out' of Egypt as soon as they saw a possibility of doing so without such discredit as might impair the electoral prospects of the Liberal party. From 1886 to 1892 Lord Salisbury's Ministry were occupied with the Home Rule controversy. Moreover, though they did not share the desire to get quit of Egypt at any cost, they were hampered by the engagements of their predecessors, and in so far as foreign affairs were concerned, their attention was directed to subjects of more pressing importance than the condition of Egypt.

Lord

Lord Rosebery's stop-gap Ministry from 1892 to 1895 was too weak and too distracted by internal dissensions to occupy itself with the Egyptian question, though we have reason to believe that the Premier's views on this subject were of an entirely different character from those which had found favour with the leader to whose reversion he had succeeded. It was only after the great Conservative reaction of 1895 had replaced Lord Salisbury in power, not only as Premier, but as the head of an overwhelming majority, that a British Government had the courage to look facts in the face about Egypt and to realize that our occupation had developed into a virtual protectorate, which we could not relinquish without grave loss to our Imperial interests and still graver loss to the interests of Egypt.

Not for the first, or probably the last, time in her history England has profited by the incapacity and the blunders of her Ministers. If from 1881 to 1895 the British Government had had any definite policy in respect of Egypt our representatives at Cairo would not have had the free hand which they practically enjoyed. During the major and certainly the most important period of these fourteen years, British policy in Cairo has virtually been directed by Lord Cromer. He had the rare advantage of knowing the country, and still more of knowing what he wanted and the means by which his object could best be realized. This object, if we are not mistaken, has been to maintain the *status quo*, under the conviction that the maintenance of this status must of necessity consolidate the position of England in Egypt as the protecting Power. Under Lord Cromer's able guidance British officials in Egypt have been able to carry out the task of reorganizing the institutions of the country, a task which they could never have accomplished successfully if they had been compelled to work upon lines dictated from Downing Street. It is no disparagement to Lord Kitchener to assert that the campaign which he has conducted with such brilliancy, and which has led to the restoration of the Soudan to the territories of Egypt, would have been an utter impossibility if Lord Cromer had not laboured patiently and silently for some dozen years to render our British protectorate over Egypt supreme in fact if not in name. That this is so the Sirdar would, we are sure, be the first to acknowledge.

At the same time the fact that our Government was never able to make up its mind what policy we ought to adopt with regard to the relations between Egypt and the Soudan, as modified by the enforced evacuation, of the Soudanese provinces, may not improbably involve us in difficulties at no distant date. The truth is that, during the early years
succeeding

succeeding the evacuation our Government, which enormously overrated the strength of the Mahdi insurrection and underrated the recuperative powers of Egypt, considered that the contingency of Egypt ever recovering her lost territory was one which need not be taken into serious account. It is only on this hypothesis that we can account for the action of the Ministry. Beila, Harrar, and Lado had all formed recognized portions of the Egyptian Soudan. The first of these districts we took possession of ourselves; the second we handed over to Italy; the third we made a present of to the Congo Free State. We have reason to believe that all these cessions of territory were made without the consent of, or even without previous consultation with, the Khedive or his Ministers, and we know that this high-handed action gave considerable umbrage at the time to Tewfik Pasha, on the ground that it was not only an offence to his dignity, but an infraction of his claim to be the *de jure*, though not the *de facto*, sovereign of the Soudan. On the other hand, when we consented to the Italians taking possession of Kassala, we stipulated that in the event of their relinquishing the stronghold they must return it to Egypt. Against this indirect recognition of the suzerainty of Egypt over the Soudan there may be set the startling fact that the advance from Wady Halfa to Khartoum was ordered from London without the Khedive or his Ministers receiving notice of the orders issued till they had been actually put into execution. No explanation has ever yet been given of the reasons which, in the opinion of the British Government, rendered it imperative that the advance southwards should be commenced without a day's delay; and it is probable there are diplomatic considerations of an international character which render it undesirable these reasons should be disclosed. It would, however, be impossible to furnish stronger evidence of our protectorate than the fact that the Egyptian army was ordered from London to undertake the reconquest of the Soudan without the cognizance of the protected Power. Yet until the present day our Government has never, in as far as we can ascertain, made any public declaration as to whether the Soudan is henceforth to be considered Egyptian, or English, or Anglo-Egyptian territory. No doubt we are in possession, and possession is nine-tenths of the law. But while our title-deeds are open to such grave and obvious criticism Great Britain would be well advised to take her stand upon these nine-tenths of the law, and to avoid any controversy in which her claim to Fashoda might be disputed in virtue of considerations based upon the remaining one-tenth.

We are anxious there should be no mistake about our meaning. By right of occupation, of geographical position, of economic considerations, and of historical traditions, Egypt is the one lawful owner of the Soudan, and more especially of the Nile Valley. England therefore, as the Power which holds Egypt under her protection, is bound to maintain the Egyptian claim to the Soudan against the pretensions put forward by France or any other European nation. The occupation of Fashoda by Major Marchand under the French flag, gallant exploit though it is, is a distinct violation of Egyptian territory. So long as we insist upon this plain contention, and demand the immediate withdrawal of the Marchand expedition, we stand on firm ground. If we once allow France to discuss the Egyptian tenure of the Soudan as an open question, we may find it difficult to reconcile our present contention with our previous vacillation.

The subject of the Soudan is far too large a one to be discussed within the limits of a single article. It is not too much to say that the future of the Dark Continent depends upon the questions whether the Soudan is capable of being developed into a prosperous and civilized community, and thus forming a connecting link between Northern and Southern Africa; and whether, if this development is within the realm of possibilities, there is any reasonable prospect of its being carried into execution. To the second of these queries, we have no hesitation in saying that, if the Soudan is to be developed, this result can only be obtained on the assumption that the administration of her recovered provinces by Egypt is conducted under British control and supervision. It is on this account that we regret the declaration made by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in the course of last session, that our Government had no intention of proceeding beyond Khartoum or of retaining British troops in the Soudan after the immediate object of the expedition had been achieved. We should have thought our previous experience had been sufficient to impress upon British statesmanship the inexpediency of committing this country beforehand as to the course she intends to pursue under conditions which must of necessity be unknown at the time the commitment is made. The saying, 'Man proposes and God disposes,' is pre-eminently true in all matters concerning Egypt. Already we have been compelled to send a British force to Fashoda, hundreds of miles to the south of Khartoum, and no human being can predict with any certainty what complications may not be introduced into the Soudan question by the action of France. Our strong conviction is, however, that no Continental power, and France last
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of all, will seriously contest our hold of the Soudan, so long as we make it clear that the position which England has obtained in Egypt at her own cost and risk, England intends to keep. We do not deem, therefore, there is any possibility of British troops being required to repel any external attack on the Soudan; but we cannot feel equal confidence with regard to internal disturbances. The Khalifa seems to have got clear away, and, if he has succeeded in so doing, it may be assumed that he has still a considerable armed force at his command. But even if the Khalifa should be killed or captured, there must be for many years to come embers of disaffection amidst the surviving Dervishes, which would only require a very slight effort to fan into open flame. According to our Western ideas, the terrible slaughter sustained by the Dervishes in the late campaign would suffice to deter them from any further overt insurrection. But the East is not the West; and the ideas which influence human action in the two regions are by no means identical. We may take it for matter of certainty that from time to time Mahdis will arise in the Soudan who will call upon their followers to take up arms against the infidel; and, strange as it may seem, their appeals are not likely to fall upon deaf ears. To Orientals uninfluenced by European surroundings Islam is a living faith: and all true Mahometans believe firmly in the promise of the Prophet that immediate entrance into the joys of Paradise is secured to all the faithful who die fighting for Allah against the worshippers of false gods. Thus, however hopeless the prospects of a fresh rising in the Soudan might appear from a military point of view, such a rising must for some time to come remain a possibility, if not a probability. Whether an Egyptian garrison, even if commanded by British officers, but unsupported by British troops, could be relied upon to withstand a Dervish onslaught, is a question upon which the opinions entertained by the British officers of the Anglo-Egyptian army are by no means unanimous. As soon, however, as the Nile railway is completed to Khartoum, troops could be conveyed so rapidly from Cairo that it would probably be unnecessary to retain more than a very small British force in a climate so trying to Europeans engaged in active work as that of the Soudan. But even from a military point of view it seems to us essential that for years to come there should be some purely British garrison, however small, in the Soudan in order to impress upon the Dervishes that the Egyptian garrisons have behind them the force and might of the British army. Moreover, if the Soudan is to be reconstructed on a sound basis, the reconstruction

must

must be conducted under the direction of some Englishman, who, in fact, if not in name, will discharge the functions of a British Resident; and, in order to uphold his authority, this Resident must have a certain number of British troops under his orders. If the administration of the Soudan should be left in the hands of Egyptian officials, the abuses which rendered Egyptian rule so unpopular in former days will infallibly revive with renewed vigour. Just as Egyptian soldiers can be converted into fairly effective troops under British officers, so Egyptian officials can be rendered fairly honest and capable under British superiors. But in both instances British control is an absolute necessity.

We have already pointed out that the slave trade forms the basis of the social organization of the Soudan. It is hardly necessary to remark that under British control the trade must be rendered impossible. No doubt, if the administration were left in the hands of Egyptian officials, this difficulty would not have to be confronted. Edicts forbidding slave raids would be issued in order to satisfy public opinion in England; and every now and then some notorious offender might be brought to punishment. But, as a rule, the slave trade would go on undisturbed, with the connivance, if not with the complicity, of the local officials. But, if the Soudan is to be governed under British control, it is clearly the duty of England to undertake the suppression of this inhuman traffic throughout the Soudan. Now, as we have remarked previously, the slave trade of the Dervishes can only be permanently suppressed by providing the Soudan with means of communication, such as roads, navigable streams, and railways, which will render transport by land, boat, or rail, cheaper and more expeditious than by slave portage. The construction of these new modes of communication in a remote country, and under a tropical climate, must necessarily involve a very large outlay of money and life. Before, therefore, we can determine definitely whether the British Government would be well advised in undertaking, not only the reconquest, but the reconstruction of the Soudan, it is necessary to determine whether the Soudan is capable of being developed into a prosperous community, whose development is likely to prove a remunerative speculation.

To the above question it is hardly possible as yet to give any positive reply. For the last fifteen years the Soudan has been, so to speak, blotted out. We have learnt already enough to know that the rule of the Mahdi and his successor resulted in the impoverishment and even the devastation of the country.

The disaffected tribes were coerced into obedience by a reign
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of terror, especially in the districts north of Khartoum, which used to be the most prosperous part of the country. But the industrial organization of the Soudan was of so simple a character that it can easily be replaced, and as the fertilizing influence of the Nile remains the same, we expect the mischief wrought by the cruelty, greed, and ignorance of the Dervishes will soon be repaired. The accounts of the Egyptian Treasury, during the period previous to the British occupation, and especially during the reign of Ismail Pasha, were so muddled and so purposely confused that it is impossible to discover what the real yield of the Soudan may have been. All we can say is that, in the opinion of the leading Egyptian Ministers, who had some means of ascertaining the truth, the receipts from the Soudan up to the date of the insurrection were always in excess of the expenditure. Sir Samuel Baker, who was a good judge of such matters, concluded that the Soudan, as an agricultural country, would, under decent government, prove more productive and more fertile than any other part of Egypt. In support of his own belief in this assertion we may mention that Sir Samuel, within a few years of his death, was in negotiation with certain financiers in Berlin, with the view of obtaining a concession from the German Government, in virtue of which the Soudan was to be reconquered, with the assistance of German troops or of native troops drilled and commanded by German officers, and then developed by a Company holding its charter from Germany. The scheme was favourably received at Berlin, but was not carried further, on representations being made to its author that the prosecution of his project might hamper the action of our own Government in Egypt.

As another proof of the supposed fertility and productiveness of the Soudan we may further cite the fact that as soon as the advance on Khartoum was announced, a group of Egyptian financiers, whose houses had formerly been interested in the Soudan trade, offered a very large sum of money down—we believe a million sterling—and engaged to undertake the cost of the administration of the Soudan for a considerable period at their own risk, provided that they were granted a concession to govern the Soudan after its reconquest, on terms which would have left Egypt a substantial share in any profit derived from the operations of the Company which the concessionaires proposed to found. The offer was declined, partly from political considerations, and partly from a general conviction, on the part of the Egyptian authorities, that the development of the Soudan was too profitable an enterprise to let pass out of their own hands. It is commonly believed, by all residents in Egypt who have
had

had any acquaintance with the Soudan, that the area included between the Blue and the White Niles consists of very fertile soil, which might easily be irrigated and rendered productive; that the climate is one in which white men can live, and carry on business as overseers, though manual labour can only be performed by the natives; that the population are industrious under proper guidance; and that the general conditions of the country offer no formidable difficulty in the way of its development. It is believed, too, that there is great mineral wealth in the Soudan, and this belief is confirmed by the fact that in old days gold-dust was one of the staple articles of the trade between the Soudan and Egypt. It seems from the statement of such men as Baker, Gordon, Emin, Slatin, and Gessi, all men personally acquainted with the country south of Khartoum, that cotton, sugar-cane, and maize can be grown there successfully and produced in large quantities under any decent administration, while large supplies of gum arabic, ivory, palm-oil, and Indian rubber will also prove forthcoming.

We admit, however, that the evidence as to the extraordinary fertility and productiveness of the Soudan rests mainly upon hearsay reports and passing observations. Nor can we say that the potential wealth of the Soudan is a fact as yet sufficiently established to justify by itself the British Government in assuming the responsibility of re-organizing the territories just liberated from the tyranny of the Khalifa, supposing this country had no other reason for the undertaking than the prospect of commercial profit by opening up new markets for British industry. Our intervention, if justifiable at all, must be justified on other and higher grounds. By the virtual protectorate we have assumed over Egypt we are bound to protect Egyptian interests in the valley of the Nile: and these interests can never be adequately secured, as we have endeavoured to show, unless the Soudan is not only restored to Egypt, but provided with a Government under which the country can be rendered peaceful and prosperous. Moreover, our own imperial interests in South and Central Africa already far surpass those of any other civilized Power. To create and keep open free communications between the North and the South of the African continent appears to be part of our imperial mission, and that mission cannot be fulfilled unless we retain and develop the territories which British troops have rescued from the hands of the Dervishes. If the cry that Gordon's death must be avenged is anything more than an outburst of hysterical passion, the best and indeed the only way to do honour to his memory is to carry out the idea for which he sacrificed
his

his life, that of redeeming the population of the Soudan from hopeless misery and brutal oppression. In Africa, as in half-savage countries, the railroad is the best instrument for the introduction of civilization: and on the day, if that day should ever come about, when the tide of traffic from Europe passes by rail across the Soudan, on its way to the Equatorial lakes and the Zambesi, a fitting monument, more lasting than any erection of brass and stone, will have been raised to the memory of the English hero whose name is connected for ever with the story of the Soudan.

INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHTH VOLUME OF
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

Abbott, Dr., on Mrs. Pott's Formularies of Bacon, 41.

Addison, J., on ballad poetry, 68—appreciation of 'Chevy Chase,' *ib.*

American Revolution, The Loyalists of the, 430—history of the migration, 431—immigration of Puritans, their character and aim, 432—the coming of Royalists to Virginia, 433—population of Canada in 1680, *ib.*—migration of the Loyalists, 434—ceded to Great Britain in 1763, *ib.*—War of Independence, 435—number of Loyalists, *ib.*—character, 436, 437—moral principles and patriotism, 438—grievances, *ib.*—relations between the colonies and the imperial state, 439—plan of a proposed union, 440—failure of the scheme, 441—sufferings 441, 443—vindictiveness against them, 442—heroism, 443—treatment by the Republicans, 444—forced to leave the country, 445—various destinations, 445–447—trials and privations, 446—distinguished refugees, 447–449—result of their coming, 449—their help in the war of 1812–13, 450—the new settlers, 451—party politics, the cause of dispute, *ib.*—question of responsible government, 452—influence of J. Howe, 453—number of descendants, their fealty to the union, *ib.*—development of industries, 454—procession of 1897, 455—position of Canada in the Empire, 456.

Arago, on a collision of the earth with a comet, 135.

Arblay, Mme. d', extract from her 'Diary,' on Rousseau, 394.

Arch, Joseph: the Story of his Life, 457—portrait, 458—birth, *ib.*—prejudice against the clergy, 459—instances of tyranny, 459–461—the village school, 462—benefit club, *ib.*—marriage, 463—views on vaccination, *ib.*

tion, *ib.*—on the condition of the labourer, 464—result of the emigration to Brazil, 465—articles in the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle,' 466—attacks against the Bishop of Oxford and the clergy, 466, 467—speech at Leicester, 468—derisive songs, *ib.*—parody on the Catechism, 469—question of maintaining parents, *ib.*—enters Parliament, 470—ingratitude of his comrades, *ib.*—natural gifts as an orator, 471—remedy for agricultural depression, *ib.*—collapse of the Sick Benefit Society, 472.

Austria, Empire of, danger to Germany of its dissolution, 543.

Azcarraga, General, 254—his work of training the army, 256.

B.

Bacon, Sir F., 31. See Shakespeare.

Bacon, Miss Delia, the mother of the Baconian theory, 31.

Baker, Sir Samuel, his administration of the Soudan, 551.

Balfour of Burleigh, Lord, on the Church of Scotland, 282.

Ballads, English and Scotch, 66—disrepute, 67—critical appreciation, 68—various publications, 69–71—charm of the authentic, 71—compared with modern poetry, *ib.*—characteristics, 72—style, 73—recurring phrases, 74—employment of certain numbers and precious metals, 75—metrical laxities, 76—theory of community of authorship, 77–79—the minstrel, 80—numerous versions, 81—resemblance in various European countries, *ib.*—differences, 82—historical, *ib.*—Robin Hood, 83—poetical qualities, 84—inferiority of the English, *ib.*—influence of scenery, 85—treatment of the supernatural, *ib.*—references to scenery, 86—pathos and power, 87—medieval superstitions, 88.

Charter, The Evolution of the, 183—
view of historical study, *ib.*—neglect,
184—use of the term 'diplomatics,'
185—preservation of early treatises,
ib.—charter of King Offa, 186—
mode of attesting, 187—backward-
ness of English students, 188—
sources of the *diplomata*, 189—
uneven distribution, 190—grants of
'*boe-land*,' *ib.*—the '*Codex*,' 191—
tests of authenticity, 192—forgeries,
193—difficulty of detection—194—
Old English writing, *ib.*—gradual
conversion to the Franco-Roman,
195—the term '*curtive*,' 196—
worthless authority of the modern
theory, *ib.*—continuity of writings
from the sixth to the twelfth century,
197—earliest mention of a chancery
establishment, 198—system of
foreign chanceries, 199—reputed
Chancellors, *ib.*—Regenbald, 200—
position of Churchmen, 201—Æthel-
wold, Bishop of Winchester, *ib.*—
existence of the seal, 202—evidence
of a highly developed style of
diplomatic composition, 203—
influence of the Anglo-Saxon Church,
204—method of composition, 205—
proposed classification of formulas,
205, 207—failure to identify the
common sources, 206—use of the
glacial curve, 208—rapid develop-
ment of a new system, 209—style,
ib.—source, 210—its relations with
the Anglo-Norman writ, *ib.*—out-
ward dissimilarity of the catch-
words, 211—the '*new model*,' 212—
use of the writ, 213—departmental
warrants of the Courts of Law, 214—
Letters Patent and Letters Close,
ib.—origin of the Privy Seal, 215.
Chaucer, G., his use of Boccaccio's
tales, 478.
Child, Francis James, '*English and
Scottish Ballads*,' 66 *et seq.*
Church Reform, Possibilities of, 266—
Suggested Draft of a Bill, 267—
support of high ecclesiastical autho-
rities, 268—Canon Gore's essays,
269—contributors, 269, 270—Bene-
fices Bill, 271, 285—right of the
State to control, 272—mutual rela-
tions of Church and State, 273—
Mr. Lyttelton on proposed freedom
of legislation for the Church, 274—
Mr. Raekham on the position
of the laity, 276-278—definition of
the laity, 278—the communicant
test, 279—love of power of the
clergy, 280—duties of the State, 281

—Lord Balfour's account of the
principles and conditions of the
Scottish Church, 282-284—appeal
for the removal of scandals, 284—
Mr. Sturgo on the reform of patron-
age, *ib.*—constitution of standing
Church councils, 286—apostolic
ideal, 287.
Clairaut, his calculations on the return
of the comet, 119.
Clerke, Miss Agnes, extract from her
'*System of the Stars*,' 190.
Club, The Athenæum, 520—Grillion's,
521—The Garrick, 522.
Comet, A Famous, 113—ancient re-
cords, *ib.*—apparition of 1456, 114—
of 1682, 116—Dr. Halley's observa-
tions, 117, 131—its return in 1759,
119—in 1835, 123—appearance, 121,
124, 125—difficulties of an accurate
computation of its movements, 122—
varying aspects, 124—its immense
tail, 126—velocity, 127, 129.
Corelli, Miss Marie, '*A Romance of
Two Worlds*,' 307. *See* Novels.
Courthope, Prof., on the ballad, 78.
Craik, Sir Henry, extract from his
report on education, 145.
Croll, Dr., on '*Climate and Time*,' 133.
Cromer, Lord, his able administration
of Egypt, 565.
Cuba, 216—insurrections, 217, 257—
cruelties of the Spaniards, 219—
establishment of autonomy, 220, 221.
Curtis's '*Botanical Magazine*,' 49.

D.

Darwin, Charles, his experiments on
cross-fertilization, 57.
Davenport, Mr., places Wootton at
Rousseau's disposal, 395.
Davy, Sir H., on the Grayling, 423.
Demolins, M., on colonial expansion
for France, 177—'*Les Français
d'Anjourd'hui*,' 178.
Dickson, Dr., extract from '*The Uni-
versity Library*' (Glasgow), 155-157.
Donnelly, Ignatius, '*The Great Cryp-
togram*,' 33.
Dörpfeld, Dr., '*Das griechische
Theater*,' 360.
Duff, Sir M. Grant, '*Notes from a
Diary*,' 517, 520.

E.

Edinburgh University, its position,
142. *See* Scottish.
Egypt, discoveries in, 93—first con-
nexion with the Soudan, 547.
Eliot, George, on the work of Burne-
Jones, 356.

- Emerson, extract from, on poetry, 71.
 Eucke, Professor, on the velocity of the comet of 1680, 127, 129, *note*.
 England, relations with America, 222, 239, 264—possibilities of an alliance with Germany, 543-545—and the Soudan, 546. *See* Soudan.
 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' the first collection, 19—tone of Letters, 20—Papal condemnation, 21.
 Evans, Howard, extract from the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle,' 467.

F.

- Fab, Prof., prediction of a collision of Tempel's comet with the earth, 138.
 Faure, M. F., his position in France, 175.
 Ferment, International, 242. *See* Spain.
 France, influence of the Revolution, 165—catchwords of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' 166—INFRINGEMENTS of liberty, 167—religious restriction, 168—persecution of the poor citizen, *ib.*—right of equality, 169—increase in the number of titles, *ib.*—the peasant's knowledge, 170—practice of fraternity, *ib.*—aimless vituperation, 171—survival of the Napoleonic system, 172—failure of the composite constitution, 173—rejection of the privilege of voting, *ib.*—flagrant nonchalance, 174—position of the President, 175—lack of dignity, *ib.*—work of the Chamber and Senate, 176—various remedies, education, *ib.*—colonial expansion, 177—decentralization, 178—cultivation of grapes, 179—possession of the genius of life, 180—life of the provinces, 181.
 Froude, Mr., extract from, on Reuchlin, 2.
 Fry, Dr. T. C., his socialistic essay on Church reform, 270.

G.

- Gardening, Victorian, 49—its progress, 50—garden design, *ib.*—abandoning the landscape style, 51—bedding-out system, *ib.*—discovery of new plants, 52—from China, 53—Africa, *ib.*—America, 54—number of plants imported, 55—marigolds, lilies, and orchids, *ib.*—benefits of scientific research, 56—improvement of 'florists' flowers,' 57—experiments by cross-fertilization, *ib.*—with flowers, 58—change in the size and colour of plants, *ib.*—investigations of orchids, 59—the 'florists' feasts,' 60—formation of various societies, *ib.*

- spring flowers, 61—rock-gardens, *ib.*—Kew Gardens, 62—the London parks, 63—the modern gardener, 64.
 Garnett, R., 'Italian Literature,' 473.
 Geiger, Dr. L., his life of Reuchlin, 2.
 Geikie, Sir Alexander, on the changes on the earth's surface, 134.
 Germany, qualities of the ballad, 81—composition of the Empire, 536—the Imperial Diet, 539—number of Catholics and Protestants, formers of the Centre, *ib.*—Social Democratic party, 540—change in the economic life, 541—administrative methods, 542—danger from the dissolution of the Austrian Empire, 543—possibilities of an alliance with England, 543-545.
 Gibbon, E., opinion of Rousseau, 415.
 Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Milner, their exercise of patronage, 514.
 Gordon, General, his administration of the Soudan, 552—suppression of the slave trade, 554—his mission to Khartoum, 561—death, *ib.*
 Gore, Rev. C., 'Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church,' 266 *et seq.*
 Grayling, 419—number of angles, 420—found chiefly in Norway, 421—time of spawning *ib.*—rules for catching, 422—flies used, *ib.*—distribution, 423—requirements, *ib.*—case of acclimatizing, 424—fishing, 425-427—not rising readily to artificial flies, 427—in poetry, 428.
 Greece, The Spade in Prehistoric, 90—discoveries at Hissarlik, 91—in Mycenæ, 92—result of further explorations, 93—problem of the fate of prehistoric civilization, 94—the stone age, 95—bronze age, 96—influences on Mycenaean art-work, 96-100—connexion between Homer and the Mycenaean epoch, 100—correspondence in the themes and fabrics, 101—points of divergence, 102-104—date of epics, 104—question of the composition of epics, 105—'Æolian' Asia, 105—Carians, 106—Pelagis, 107—Achæans, *ib.*—wars of a pre-classical culture, 108—popularity of the Greek epic, 109—truth of the story, *ib.*—unique situation of the circle cemetery, 110—arguments on the theory of re-sepulture, 111—contents of graves, *ib.*
 Greek Play, the setting of a, 360—modern reproductions, 361—use of masks, 362, 368—distinction between ancient and modern art, 363—character of Greek sculpture, *ib.*

laws which governed the dramatist, 364—avoidance of naturalism, 365—dress of the actor, *ib.*—size of the theatre, 367—first requisite clearness and distinctness, *ib.*—conditions of the comedy, 368—masks for men, *ib.*—for women, 369—features of the tragedy, the chorus, *ib.*—use of music, 370—construction of theatres, *ib.*—size and form of the auditorium, 371—the stage-buildings, *ib.*—history of the gradual development, 371-373—the stage, 373—size and construction, 374—the fifth century, 375—stage effects, 376—scene-painting, 377—no curtain, 378—simplicity of setting, 379.
Gummere, Francis B., 'Old English Ballads,' 72.

H.

Haigh, A. E., 'The Attic Theatre,' 361.
Halley, Dr. Edmund, 116—his observations on the comet of 1682, 117, 131—'Synopsis Astronomice Cometicæ,' 117—predicts its re-appearance, 118—on the earth being struck by a comet, 131, 133.
Halm, F., his play, 'Griseldis,' 487.
Hannay, David, on Señor Castelar's claims on Spain, 253.
Herschel, Sir John, his observations on the comet of 1836, 125, 126.
Hochstraten, Jacob von, Dean of the Theological Faculty of Cologne, 16—proceedings against Reuchlin, 17—'Destructio Cabbalæ,' 21.
Holmes, Nathaniel, 'The Authorship of Shakespeare,' 32.
Homer, possibility of a connexion with the Mycæan epoch, 100.
Hosmer, Prof., 'Life of Samuel Adams,' 437.
Hume, David, his readiness to assist Rousseau, 387.
Huntington, A. M., extract from his 'Note Book in Northern Spain,' 247.

I.

International Ferment, 242. *See* Spain.

J.

Jews, their position in the Middle Ages, 9—difficulty of conversion, 11.

K.

Kew Gardens, number of visitors, 62.

L.

Lalande, his calculations on the return of the comet, 119.
Lang, Andrew, on the distinctive qualities of ballad poetry, 81—on

the inferiority of the English ballad, 84, 85—on angling, 429.
Lansdowne, Lord, his exercise of patronage, 512.
Laplace, on the effects to the earth of a collision with a comet, 132.
Lecky, on the character of Washington, 435—tribute to the Loyalists, 441.
Lemaître, M. Jules, his denunciation of France, 176.
Lessing, suggestions for his play, 'Nathan der Weise,' 481, 482.
Lockyer, Sir Norman, on the phenomena of comets, 130.
London parks, improvement, 63.
Loyalists of the American Revolution, 430. *See* American.
Lyttelton, Mr., Essay on freedom of legislation for the Church, 274.
Lytton, Bulwer, contrasted with Lord Stanhope, 506, 517—method of writing, 507, 519—pride in his calling, 509—exercise of patronage, 511—domestic environment, 519.

M.

Mackarness, Dr., attacked by the 'Labourers' Union Chronicle,' 466.
Mahan, Captain, 'Interest of America in Sea Power,' 221 *note*.
Marconi, Mr., 499—his system of telegraphy, 500—apparatus, *ib.*—series of experiments, 501.
Morley, Rt. Hon. J., M.P., his monograph on Rousseau, 381.
Morris, William, his friendship with Burne-Jones, 341—death, 354.

N.

Newton, Sir Isaac, effect of his discovery of the law of gravitation in heavenly bodies, 128—on the comet of 1680, 130.
Nordau, Max, extract from, 323.
Novels, Religious—Marie Corelli, 'Romance of Two Worlds,' 306—her electric dogma, 307—view of omniscience, 309—her Christianity, *ib.*—mission, 310—origin of Heliobas, 311—her names, 313—angels, *ib.*—demons, 314—faulty expressions, 315—hatred of clergymen, 316—derides the apostles, 317—style of writing, 318—'Barabbas,' 319—distortion of the sacred narrative, *ib.*—character, 320—effect of the book, 321—tone of erotic mysticism, 322, 328—her heroes, 322-324—'The Mighty Atom,' 324-328—various criticisms, 328—Mr. Hall Caine, his characteristics, 330—'The Bondman,' *ib.*—

'The Manxman,' 331—'The Christian,' 331-336—the Brotherhood of Bishopsgate, 334.

O.

Olbers, Dr., his disruption theory, 136.
Orchids, number of plants imported, 55—structure, 59—fertilization by insects, *ib.*

P.

Palitzsch, George, the first to see the return of the comet in 1758, 120.

Panizzi, Anthony, assistant-librarian of the British Museum, 292—his code of rules for the new Catalogue, *ib.*—opposition to printing, 293.

Patrons, The Last of the, 504—substitution of a collective for an individual patronage, 505—contrast between Stanhope and Lytton, 506—their method of writing, 507—qualities of Lytton, 509—Earl Stanhope, 510—their exercise of patronage, 511—Lord Lansdowne, 512—Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson, 514—development of the newspaper press, 521—the Garrick Club, 522.

Payne, John, his translation of the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio, 478.

Percy, Thomas, 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' 69.

Petrarch, his friendship for Boccaccio, 474—death, 476.

Petrie, Mr., his discoveries in Egypt, 93—on the date of the circle graves at Mycenæ, 94.

Pfefferkorn, John, his conversion, 11—'Der Judenspiegel,' *ib.*—his crusade against the Jews, 12—controversy with Reuchlin, 14—'Handspiegel,' *ib.*—'Brandspiegel,' 16.

Phillimore, Mr. Justice, his essay on 'Legal and Parliamentary Possibilities,' 267, 270, 271—on the proposals of the Church Reform League, 268.

Poetry, modern, compared with ballads, 71.

Pontanus on the comet of 1456, 115.

Pott, Mrs., 'The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies of Bacon,' 40.

Preece, Mr., system of telegraphy, 499.

R.

Rackham, Mr., essay on the position of the laity in the Church, 276.

Ramsay, Prof., on the causes of the middle-class defection from the Universities, 149.

Religious Novels, 306. *See* Novels.

Reuchlin, Johann, 1—birth, 3—at Freiburg University, *ib.*—early

career, 4—friendships, 4, 6, 7, 24—'Vocabularius Breviloquus,' *ib.*—studies in Greek and Law, 5—private secretary to Count Eberhard, *ib.*—Doctor of Civil Law and proctor for Germany, 6—ennobled and advanced to the dignity of Pfalzgrave, 7—Hebrew studies, 7, 9—treatise 'De Verbo Mirifico,' 7—Privy Councillor at Heidelberg, 8—appointed Confederate Judge, *ib.*—'Rudimenta Hebraica,' 9—his tolerance to the Jews, *ib.*—desire for their conversion, 10—his 'Opinion,' 13—'Augenspiegel,' 14—vindictory pamphlet and his 'Defence,' 16—cited to appear at Mainz, *ib.*—resigns all his offices, 17—controversy with Hochstraten, *ib.*—appeal to the Holy See, 18—letters from his supporters, *ib.*—appearance of 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' 19—tone of the letters, 20—condemned by the Pope, 21—his treatise 'De Arte Cabbalistica,' *ib.*—the Papal judgment, 23—effect of his defeat, *ib.*—Professor of Greek and Hebrew at Ingoldstadt, 24—at Tübingen, *ib.*—his death, 25—intellectual power, *ib.*—fascination for the Cabbalah, 26—religious opinions, 28—pioneer of the modern scientific method in philology, *ib.*—conception of the importance of Hebrew, 29.
Richelieu, Cardinal, compared with Bismarck, 525.
Roos, General A. von, his scheme of army reform, 528—share in securing Bismarck's appointment, 529, 530.
Rossetti, Dante, influence over Burns-Jones, 342, 344—on his work, 346.
Round, J. H., 'Ancient Charters,' 184.
Rousseau in England, 381—persecutions, 382—removes to Motier, 383—proscription of his writings, *ib.*—conspiracies against him, 384—takes refuge in the Ile de Saint Pierre, 385—notice to quit, *ib.*—popularity of his works in England, 386—advised to go there, 387—in Paris, 389—escorted by Hume, *ib.*—reception in London, 390—difficulty of managing him, 390-393—pension granted, 393, 400—decides to go to Wootton, 394—suspicions against Hume, 395-398—accusations, 401—quarrel, 402—his threatened appeal to posterity, 403—publication and translation of the account of the quarrel, 404—reprobation of his conduct, *ib.*—supporters, 405—'Desert de Village,' 406—life at W

- 407-409—relations with his host, 409—applies for his pension, *ib.*—insanity, 410—flight from Wooton, *ib.*—at Spalding, 411—petition to the Lord Chancellor, *ib.*—reply to Mr. Jessop, 412—travels to Dover, 413—letter to General Conway, *ib.*—at Calais, 414—his motives for leaving, *ib.*—influence of Thérèse, 415—inordinate self-consciousness and vanity, 416—treatment by the English, 417—impressions, 418.
- Ruskin, J., on the work of Burne-Jones, 347.
- S.
- Sagasta, Señor, champion of the Progresistas, 253.
- Sampson, Admiral, in command of the American fleet, 225.
- Schliemann, Dr., his discoveries in Hissarlik, 91—at Mycenæ, 92.
- Schmoller, Gustav, his articles on Bismarck, 523.
- Scotland, Church of, principles and conditions, 282.
- Scott, Sir W., 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 71.
- Scottish Universities, 139—continuity between school and University, 140—result of the Acts of 1858 and 1889, 141—position of Edinburgh University, 142—various Acts, 143, 144—improvement in the condition of secondary schools, 144—establishment of 'Leaving Certificate' examinations, 145—need for reform, 146, 157—decrease in the numbers, 147—reasons for the 'fashionable' defection, 148—the middle-class, 149—serious situation, 150—reputation of the four, *ib.*—work of the Executive Commission, 151—admission of women, *ib.*—improvement in the position and stipends of Professors, 152—under control of the Courts, *ib.*—necessity of strengthening the professoriate, 154—endowment of post-graduate research, 155—want of books, 155-157—report of the Finance Committee, 159.
- Shakespeare and Bacon, 31—the Baconian theory, *ib.*—upholders of the argument, 32—classical scholarship, 32-36—poetic genius of Bacon, 37-39—parallel passages, 40—Mrs. Pott's theory, 41-43—ignorance of the Baconians, 44, 46—reasons against Bacon concealing his identity, 44—evidence of Ben Jonson, 46—the missing manuscripts, 47—suggestions for his plays, 483-485.
- Silveira, Francisco, 254—on an active foreign policy, 255.
- Smith, Prof. G., on the Loyalists of the American Revolution, 445.
- Smith, William Henry, 'Bacon and Shakespeare,' 32.
- Somerville, Mrs. Mary, extract from 'The Connection of the Physical Sciences,' 122.
- Soudan, The, 546—first connexion with Egypt, 547—effect of the Mahometan creed, *ib.*—conversion of the inhabitants, 548—era of Turkish supremacy, 549—accession of Mehemet Ali, *ib.*—Ismail Pasha's reign, 550—plan of a railway, *ib.*—Sir Samuel Baker appointed Governor, 551—result of his administration, *ib.*—appointment of General Gordon, 552—system of obtaining money, 553—slave trade, *ib.*—result of the attempt to suppress, 554—fate of reformers, 555—revolt of Mohammed Ahmed, 556—annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army, 557—opposition to the policy of evacuation, 558—orders for the withdrawal of the troops, 559—remonstrances against the surrender, 560—mission and death of General Gordon, 561—theory of re-organizing the administration, *ib.*—native army, 562—intermittent warfare between 1884 and 1898, 563—exclusion of Soudanese produce, 564—indefinite policy of the British Government from 1881 to 1895, *ib.*—result of Lord Cromer's administration, 565—cessions of territory, 566—evidence of the British protectorate, *ib.*—occupation of Fashoda, 567—question of its future, *ib.*—probability of fresh risings, 568—necessity for British control, *ib.*—means of suppressing the slave trade, 569—fertility and productiveness, 570, 571.
- Spade, The, in Prehistoric Greece, 90. *See* Greece.
- Spain and United States, 216—her administration of Cuba, 217—treatment of the inhabitants, 219—establishes autonomy, 220, 221—diplomatic relations suspended, 223—military position, *ib.*—disadvantages, 224—condition of the navy, 225—quality of the personnel, *ib.*—probable action of the two navies, 230—inaction of Cervera, 231-233—coals at Curaçao, 233—arrives at Santiago, 234—destruction of the squadron, 236—loss of Manila, 237—characteristics, 243, 246—productive-

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